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LIFE OF MRS. AUGUSTUS CRAVEN

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PAULINE DE LA FERRONAYS

(MRS. AUGUSTUS CRAVEN).

A MEMOIR

OF

MRS. AUGUSTUS CRAVEN

(PAULINE DE LA FERRONNAYS)

AUTHOR OF 'LE RÉCIT D'UNE SŒUR'

WITH EXTRACTS FROM HER DIARIES AND CORRESPONDENCE

BY

MARIA CATHERINE BISHOP

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.

LONDON

RICHARD BENTLEY AND SON

Publishers in Ordinary to Her Majesty the Queen

1894

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PREFACE.

I ASK the indulgence of those friends of Mrs. Craven to whom her memory is dear for this imperfect sketch of her life as it was known to English people.

It is, I have reason to hope, only a prelude to an adequate French memoir, in which her large experience of European society in its various phases will be treated with the fulness it deserves, and with more ample knowledge.

By the great kindness of Mrs. Craven's niece, the Duchesse d'Ursel, and of the Comtesse François de Grünne, I have been allowed to translate parts of those private journals which, with Mrs. Craven's letters, give interest to this book.

My thanks are largely due to Miss O'Meara for her kind offices in obtaining the loan of these precious records of Mrs. Craven's inmost thoughts.

To the friends who have lent letters, I offer my grateful thanks, especially to Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, at whose suggestion the task of editing them was undertaken. The late Lord Emly, by his advice and approval, gave me encouragement, and I feel

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keen disappointment that he did not live to see the book in print.

To the Duchesse Ravaschieri, from whose Italian memoir of Mrs. Craven I have largely borrowed, my thanks are offered; also to the Princess Sayn Wittgenstein, who so well summarizes Mrs. Craven's character in a letter to me.

To Lady Herbert, Lady Amabel Kerr, Mr. Aubrey de Vere, Mr. Fullerton, and Mr. Robert Percy ffrench I am much indebted.

To the three friends through whose hands this memoir has passed while preparing for publication, I cannot sufficiently express my gratitude.

My task was a happy one. Of the numerous biographies by which the private records of society illustrate the century, few so well prove that it is possible to live in the world and yet be not of it.

Mrs. Craven's letters to her English friends were, for the most part, written in that language. The reader will see with what ease she managed it, though the style of her English letters may sometimes be wanting in the grace and fire of her native prose.

Her 'Récit d'une Sœur' reflects light on the first half of our century. Mrs. Craven's perseverance in the upward path, her unfailing faith, and hope, and charity through a long and troubled career, will bear witness to the realities of Christian life at all times.

M. C. BISHOP.

WHITE HOUSE, TUNBRIDGE WELLS,
October 27, 1894.

LIFE OF
MRS. AUGUSTUS CRAVEN

I.

In 1852, most of those living in London society and familiar with Lady Granville's and Lady Palmerston's world, with Holland House and Broadlands, Bowood and Worsley, had met Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Craven. Some of the people best able to judge, as, for instance, Mr. Charles and Mr. Henry Greville, could appreciate the perfectly accomplished woman of the world, the finished actress in drawing-room comedy, the woman of shrewd political instincts, the singularly well-read and cosmopolitan lady, who, as a good judge remarked, was 'the cleverest woman he ever met.' Few could have guessed that in 1852 Mrs. Craven had begun that 'Récit d'une Sœur' which is, and will remain, her title of honour throughout a wider world than her friends of that date imagined to exist, and for a long future when the gold is slowly sifted from the mixed products of human civilization. No one better than

this lady of the great world has by her genius and sympathy renewed faith in the Christian conduct of life, and restored hope that in the glittering dust of European society the forms of saints and confessors are still as present as at any time these eighteen hundred years.

Mrs. Craven in 1852 began to arrange the materials which supplied her story of family life. The portraits she drew had rare beauty, and the artist added her own distinction to theirs. She brightened their light by her own reflection of heaven. She fitted their examples for the use of pilgrims on the highway of social life. In writing of her family, it was consistent with Mrs. Craven's character and taste that mention of herself should be excluded, except when it was necessary to enhance the merits of others or to connect and explain their circumstances. But surely it may be well to point out, however imperfectly, her own well-marked footprints in the same track by which they had preceded her. The author of 'Le Récit d'une Sœur' lived for forty years beyond the date at which the story concludes. What seal was placed on the truth and consistency of that record by the witness of her own after-life? The aim of this memoir is to show how its author herself fulfilled the ideals she had set before her readers.

Pauline Marie Armande Aglaé Ferron de la Ferronnays was born on April 12, 1808, at 36, Manchester Street, London. Her parents had emigrated during the French Revolution, and they were attached by special friendship to the Duc de Berri,

and by special loyalty to his father, afterwards King Charles X. The child was baptized in the French chapel in King Street, Portman Square, and even twenty-six years later she was described at Rome in her marriage certificate as an Englishwoman. Her father Comte Auguste Marie de la Ferronnays was of that Breton stock which has illustrated France during the last century and a half. An ancestor of his was companion at arms of Bertrand du Guesclin, and the modern noble possessed his full share of Breton susceptibility where honour is concerned. In his 'Mémoires d'Outre Tombe,' Chateaubriand says of him: 'Everyone respects my noble colleague and friend, and no one hates him because his character and mind are upright and tolerant.'

There is a remarkable strain of Celtic nature in some of the personages of 'Le Récit d'une Sœur.' They were of the race of Chateaubriand and of La Mennais, of Rio and of Renan, though with widely different records of achievement. Their gift of music, their enthusiasms, their faith in the unseen, their power of language, were distinctively Celtic, as was that vivacity which in its subtle spirituality differs so essentially from the mobility of the Gascon or the Provençal.

Mrs. Craven's mother, Marie Charlotte Albertine de Sourches de Monsoreau, was of a family that counted in its alliances many historic names, but in the pages of 'Le Récit,' as in the report of all who knew her, she had the rarer merit of being a singularly perfect wife and mother. By her were laid the foundations of the family unity and mutual

affection of her children. Her courage and tact were always ready alike in the trials of the emigration, in the perhaps less manageable difficulties of the return to France with the Duc de Berri, and in the ruin of 1830. Her father and her husband's father were attached to the Prince de Condé's army; and she was married to the young La Ferronnays at Klagenfurth, in Carinthia, just before the break-up of the Royalist camp.

Auguste de la Ferronnays, had distinguished himself in the eight futile and forgotten campaigns of which we know the miseries as they are described by Chateaubriand, who himself took some part in them.

Of eleven children born to the La Ferronnays four died in infancy. Charles was the eldest who survived, and Pauline was the first-born of the four sisters who live in the pages of 'Le Récit.' It is to be hoped that some day the journal of her mother during the emigration may be published. It tells of the faithful loyalty and courage with which the family bore poverty and discouragement during exile. It is possible that the personal friendship of the Duc de Berri may have hindered M. de la Ferronnays in a more independent career than that of a courtier, for he had more than sufficient ability to secure success in any. But he and the young Prince were at least serious in their study of the somewhat dim chances of their return to France. At last the hour arrived. The Duc de Berri and his aide-de-camp M. de la Ferronnays landed together at Cherbourg. On the occasion of the Prince's marriage to Princess

Caroline of Naples, Madame de la Ferronnays was appointed lady-in-waiting to his wife. To her mother, the Marquise de Montsoreau, was given the important office of governess to the expected children of France. Madame de Montsoreau was niece to that Duchesse de Tourzel who nobly filled the same post after the Duchesse de Polignac had resigned, during the flight of Louis XVI. to Varennes and in the prison of the Temple. The Duchesse was godmother to Pauline, the subject of this memoir.

To Madame de la Ferronnays was entrusted the 'corbeille,' Louis XVIII.'s gift to the future wife of his nephew, the Duc de Berri, and she was one of the ladies commissioned to meet her at Marseilles, where her practical kindness in visiting the Princess at the lazaretto somewhat offended the other ladies of the mission.

All smiled on the La Ferronnays family when a hasty and insulting word of the Duc de Berri touched its honour to the quick. The word was struck from him in the heat of a misunderstanding touching the hesitation of the Marquise de Montsoreau, who had made a mistake in Court etiquette. She did not know whether the King's orders were to be obeyed without confirmation by the Duc de Berri in the disposal of the baby clothes prepared for his first child, who had died at birth.

The Prince offered to measure swords with his friend, but M. de la Ferronnays rightly refused a duel with the heir-presumptive to the throne. Two hours later, to the bitter annoyance of the Duc de Berri and of his father, the La Ferronnays family

had left the Tuileries, where they had apartments, never to return there as residents.

During the Revolution they had lost nearly all their estate, and the indemnity provided for *émigrés* whose property had been confiscated had not yet been adjudged. To abandon his position at Court, and to mar the prospects of his children and connections, was a serious sacrifice, but M. de la Ferronnays did not hesitate, and for months he was adrift without prospect of employment. The Duc de Berri meantime privately urged on the King the claims of the friend he had estranged. The Duc de Richelieu, then First Minister, gladly backed them, and M. de la Ferronnays was nominated Ambassador at St. Petersburg. Through every change of Ministry at Paris he retained his post for eight years. He was a personal friend of the Emperor Alexander, and when the conspiracy broke out on the accession of the Emperor's successor Nicholas, it was from M. de la Ferronnays that the new Czar sought sympathy. When the moment came that he could be alone with the French Ambassador, the Emperor, leaning over a table, buried his head in his hands, and tears came to his relief. For a strong man it was a moment of confidence not to be afterwards easily recalled. The readers of 'Fleurange' will remember with what intimate knowledge Mrs. Craven writes of that crisis in her novel. She was seventeen at the time, and had already made friendships at the Russian Court which lasted for life. In her 'Reminiscences' she describes her impressions when Lord Francis Leveson Gower*

* Afterwards first Earl of Ellesmere.

and the Duke of Wellington arrived on a special mission of congratulation to the Emperor Nicholas.

M. de la Ferronnays belonged to that school of Liberals in France who, though loyal to the Bourbons, did not anticipate, or even wish for, a return to the social state which was shattered in 1789. He desired reform and progress in the system of government, as much to correct Napoleon's absolutism as to satisfy the aspirations of a people at once stunned and excited by the events of the Revolution and of the Empire. He was anti-Turk and phil-Hellenic; opposed to Metternich, and equally opposed to Canning, he represented France at the Congress of Verona, and many of Mrs. Craven's sentiments in after-life are doubtless traceable to her early habits of feeling on these points. In 1827 M. de la Ferronnays returned to Paris and became Minister of Foreign Affairs by the special request of Charles X. In vain the ex-Ambassador pleaded his ignorance of France, its parties, and its general policy, which had resulted from his frequent and prolonged absences at his post in Russia. He urged his unfitness to cope with dangers he foresaw.

'If there are dangers,' exclaimed the King, 'will you refuse to share them with your friend?' Further objection became impossible, and a brilliant life at the summit of Parisian society opened to Pauline de la Ferronnays at nineteen. Any parents must have rejoiced in such a daughter; and there was no haste to exile her, by marriage, from the happy home presided over by her mother. Her intelligence had been developed by the vicissitudes of her life. She

was reared in that piety which is the inheritance of well-born girls in France, and it had been strengthened by the circumstances of her childhood. In her case the ties which bind a mother and her child together were drawn closer by the unlimited respect and the full sympathy that always existed between Madame de la Ferronnays and one who, dearly as she loved all her children, was ever her favourite daughter. It is not common to find so artistic, so enthusiastic a character as Pauline's anchored by a mother's side as she was. She threw her heart into all she had to do with—politics, religion, or social life; 'grande dame' in all, too much so to conceal her remarkable spontaneity, yet ever 'true to the kindred points of heaven and home.'

The La Ferronnays family were at no time enervated by secure wealth. The members of it were trained to hardihood and sacrifice, and to a certain elasticity in change which gave to some among them that sense of pilgrimage on earth, and that habit of 'detachment,' which almost startles readers of 'Le Récit.' Their frequent changes of fortune did much to knit their devotion to one another. The identity of feeling and unreserve in its expression, which is so rare and touching a note in Mrs. Craven's narrative, is in some measure traceable to the pressure of circumstances which, when their story was given to the world, made the group she describes standard-bearers for the Christians of their class. But a yet larger share in the attractiveness of home to each member of it, in their several positions, is owing to the calm excellence, the tact

and sympathy, of Madame de la Ferronnays. Breton ardour and spirituality, imagination and genius, were not wasted, but, under her influence, raised the members of her family to their singular beauty of Christian life.

When Pauline was first launched on the society of the Restoration, it was in its most sparkling effervescence. Lamartine was the rising star of poetry, eclipsing all former ones. Talleyrand and Châteaubriand, in their tents, made their influence felt through the rising journalist-statesmen of that seething period. Even in religion the socialist Catholicism of La Mennais seemed to be singing the swan-song of the old order. Long-haired romanticists of the *Cénacle*, and the yet remaining spectres of the *Œil de Bœuf*, were making those strange fusions and confusions described by Stendhal and Balzac. In politics M. de la Ferronnays and his friends, Hyde de Neuville, Lainé, and Martignac, thought that the King should keep the pledges of the *Charte*, and from him, no doubt, his daughter Pauline inherited a desire that whatever was good in the Revolution of 1789 should be retained, and the legitimate rights of men be developed in the best way. The air was full of generous impulses and utopian schemes. Reconstructions were planned of all human institutions from the Papacy to the *Maison de Molière*. With her keen sympathies, Mdlle. de la Ferronnays entered into the burning thoughts of the day. Disputes in all questions of art were especially interesting to her, for she was an artist in temperament, but of that art which always served religion as its first and final

cause. Small and slight, her large dark eyes scanned her wide horizons with a certain dignified reserve until her sense of beauty, moral and material, illumined them. In them was the dominant charm of her countenance. Her smile was sweet, but it showed a hint of satire when her good sense was offended. She had beautiful teeth, perfect to the last, but in her indescribable dignity and distinction special criticism of perhaps too aquiline a nose, and too long a head for her height, disappeared. At Naples her young friends used to call hers 'il profilo del Dante'; but the charm of her expression removed from it all the severity of the poet's face. The carriage of her head, the grace of her pose and gestures, were characteristic. Her decisive judgment in every moral question, her energy of enthusiasm for all noble thought and action, her instant appreciation of social circumstance, were qualities that sparkled on the surface of a faith, and hope, and love, too profound to be stirred by superficial excitements. To those she loved, and who knew her well, her inner and mystic life could sometimes be seen behind the veil of customary talk and every-day pains and pleasures. Never was the epithet, a 'golden voice,' better applied than to hers. Its modulations were accordant with her words—indignant, sympathetic, or severe—with changes that exactly suited her meanings. In the cosmopolitan world she lived in she only heard the best foreign idioms, and her vocabulary was enriched by her acquaintance with many tongues. Not that she confused them; but her gift as a linguist enabled her to converse with

friends of such varying nationalities that her sympathies were indefinitely widened. When she spoke English or Italian she could not only use the intonations, but enter into the habitual thoughts and manners which were embodied in their idioms to an extent that indeed was said to have impaired the purity of her French. Her peculiar accuracy of diction was rare. She spoke rapidly, yet every word was well placed. In short, she possessed distinction of style in speech which is a yet rarer gift than is distinction of style in writing. Without conscious effort her conversation was a fine art.

Possibly her love for English ways even then inspired her claim to select a husband after her own choice. More than one aspirant presented to her by her parents was put aside with grace, but decision. She had her happy place by her parents' side. Her brothers and sisters thought of her as of a wise oracle on all mundane subjects, until they had tasted the world for themselves, and then she became their tender confidante.

A slight attack of paralysis towards the end of 1828 warned M. de la Ferronnays that he must for a time have rest, and he resigned his ministry without regret. He did not approve the Royalist drift towards the *Ordonnances* of 1830. At a later period Mrs. Craven threw the main incidents of her family's history, during 1829 and 1830, into a short narrative. Our readers will probably remember fragments of it given in 'Le Récit d'une Sœur.' They are the best authority for her movements during those years, though Mrs. Craven uses them

merely as an introduction to the love-story of her brother Albert and his wife:

'Having left Paris in 1829, I proceeded to Italy with my father, then seriously ill, and after my mother and Eugénie had joined us, we established ourselves at the Villa Civitella, near Lucca, intending to spend the rest of the summer there. In the same place, but in another house, thirteen years later, my father and Eugénie spent the last summer of their lives; but now, in 1829, long years of happiness seemed to be in store for us. As I look back to this one in particular, the first we spent in Italy, it appears to be radiant with enjoyment and delight. Eugénie's governess had remained in Paris, and it seemed to us as if for the first time in our lives we were really together. Eugénie had always loved me, but until the time I am speaking of she had never felt perfectly at her ease with me. Then began our close union—begun never to cease. I had been already in society, and amused myself much in it. I was eager that she should accompany me, but she shrank from going out, and wished neither to see nor to be seen. Just at the time that the Grand-Duke announced a ball at Marlia she hurt her foot, and she was glad to think that the accident might prevent her going to it. It was not so, however; she was able to go, and found the ball less formidable than she had imagined. She was amused, and so was I. Henceforward there were no more pleasant parties for us, unless we both went to them.

'We began to read together, and I read some

English poems aloud to her. She had always declared that she was not sufficiently clever to enjoy that kind of literature, and when she discovered how thoroughly she appreciated everything that was beautiful, she expressed her surprise with *naïveté*, pretending that it was I who had made her enjoy what without me she would not have understood or valued or loved. This fancy, which arose from her affection for me and her low opinion of herself, is often reverted to in her letters in sweet and tender words, which recall with touching vividness that epoch of our lives of which she spoke as one of intense happiness.'

When travelling in Northern Italy, M. de la Ferronnays was nominated as Ambassador to Rome. Mrs. Craven continues :

'In January, my father started for Rome, with my brother Charles and our young sister-in-law, his wife ;* and I returned to Paris with our mother and Eugénie, for the winter. It was only in April that we set out to rejoin my father in Rome.'

A young Breton gentleman, afterwards known to literary and æsthetic Europe as M. Rio, author of 'L'Art Chrétien,' had attached himself to M. de la Ferronnays with enthusiasm. In a semi-official post as a student of art and antiquities, he was leaving Paris for Rome at the same time as the Ambassador's

* Charles had married, in the preceding January, Emma de Lagrange, youngest daughter of General Comte de Lagrange and of Françoise de Talhouet, Comtesse de Lagrange. Her two elder sisters were already married, one to the Duc de Cadore, the other to the Duc d'Istrie.

family. He strikes the dominant note of that rare group so well that his first experience of it may be recorded here. M. de la Ferronnays had sent him an invitation to travel with his wife and children, with whom M. Rio had not been before acquainted. He writes:

'It was Albert who brought me the good news, and he who introduced me to his mother and sisters. They were not less pleased than I was by the prospect of a journey which was to bring us to the Eternal City. We prepared ourselves as well as we could by studies appropriate to the pleasures before us. We became daily more impatient to see the places and the objects which so worked on our imagination. After we had crossed the Alps, we travelled slowly, and my companions were persuaded to stay at Pisa, that they might see the Campo Santo, and at Florence, to visit the Pitti and Uffizi galleries. We entered Rome by night, through the Piazza del Popolo. The silence was only broken by the dull roll of our wheels and the splashing of fountains; and when we had come to our journey's end, prayer seemed a greater necessity than food or sleep. Next morning our visit was paid where it was rightfully due—to the Basilica of St. Peter. The Ambassador himself took us there, and he was, as a father, glad to see traces of the emotions, for which he looked. Those who know "Le Récit d'une Sœur,"' continues M. Rio, 'may have a feeble conception of what I felt. All the personages of that drama, with the exception of her who is its heroine, were then receiving impressions, the

varying depths of which were not sterile. Nothing can be imagined more unlike ordinary experience than the spontaneous and instinctive preferences of that rare company.'

M. Rio was the oldest and the most learned of the younger people, but he says that he 'received more than he gave,' and recognised how infinitely more fruitful is superiority of soul than excellence of intellect. 'The harmony between gifts of knowledge and gifts of grace was complete in that fortunate family,' he continues. On the occasion of a visit to the Catacombs, he says: 'We had asked that we should be unaccompanied by any official. Prayer and meditation were imperative necessaries to those highly-wrought souls whose levels I sought to reach. Thanks to our solitude, I witnessed a scene which attracted my attention as much as did the tombs and emblems around me. My companions passed slowly from sanctuary to sanctuary, and I tried to guess what were their prayers, that I might join in them. I almost envied the tears upon their cheeks when their bowed heads were raised from the ground. I had not shared their emotion, and as we went up the steps by which we had come down, I was sufficiently frivolous to wonder which of us could best interpret the feelings I had witnessed. Literary inexperience was rather desirable than otherwise for the task.' With earnest promises of secrecy outside her own family, M. Rio at last persuaded Mdlle. de la Ferronnays to put some of her impressions on paper.

And so was written her first fragment of prose. It did not remain as unknown as she had intended;

she wrote in her 'Reminiscences' (note, p. 173): 'Having taken up my pen in this way during one hour in 1830, I laid it down not to use it again until thirty-seven years later, when I ventured to publish the memories which belonged to that period of my life.' The Abbé Gerbet not only published the impressions Pauline had received in that visit to the Catacombs in his periodical, *L'Université Catholique*, but in 1837 incorporated it in his 'Esquisses de Rome Chrétienne.' Remarking how suggestive of beautiful thought is a visit to the ancient Christian haunts, he writes:

'This characteristic seems to me admirably stamped on the lines I am about to cite. They were written by a young Christian girl of twenty,* and they have their fitting place here. I am glad to conclude this chapter on the ancient cemeteries of the martyrs by a page which so well links modern piety to that of the earlier time.'

We give but the conclusion of Mdlle. de la Ferronnays' reflections:

'We left the Catacombs by the stair that had been used by the Christians. When I was on its steps, the different impressions I had received in succession broke on me in their fulness. The steps were the same as those the martyrs trod on their way to death. I longed to cast myself on the ground and kiss their footprints. I longed to stay and weep without stint. I felt that there I could have given utterance to the feelings with which my heart was full. Then I thought that the young girls who went

* Pauline was twenty-two.

up those slopes to die heroically saw me from their height in heaven, and prayed for me who was so little like them. I liked to think that they might perceive in my heart the thoughts I could not articulate, and that perhaps they were patrons of my prayer. I felt unworthy to place my feet where theirs had been, and yet it was inexpressibly sweet to me to follow the steps which they had gone up in quietness and joy, such as I did not feel, to the death that awaited them at the summit.

'My soul overflowed with thoughts. I could not resist the satisfaction of kissing those sacred stones before I returned to the church. When again in it, I knelt down and longed to remain there. I had felt emotions never before experienced by me. I owed them to the religion in which, happily, I was born. I felt the need of thanksgiving and of prayer to God that all my life should be an expression of my gratitude and of my love towards Him.'

II.

When Pauline wrote thus, she was at, perhaps, the brightest point of her worldly career. She had fully entered into the excitements that the society of Paris had given her. She had singular capacity for enjoyment of all the beauty and pleasure of existence under such favourable circumstances, and she had just then a full cup of pleasure at her lips. She says of the Palazzo Simonetti, then occupied by the French Embassy: 'We did not long inhabit it, but we were very happy there, and our thoughts often reverted to that time, though our short stay in Rome left slighter traces in our memory than those we received there in after-years. But what fixed that epoch in our thoughts were the events then close at hand—events which, contrary to our expectation, suddenly terminated our delightful existence, and the enjoyment of that high position of rank and fortune.

'In July we left Rome for Naples, for my father was beginning to suffer from the heat, and was ordered change of air. It had been at first settled that he was to go alone, in which case our subsequent life would probably have turned out a very

different one; for if the news of the events of July had reached us at Rome, we should probably have left Italy immediately and never seen Naples at all. As it was, we had all been settled there three weeks, when tidings of the revolution of 'the three days,' July 28, 29, and 30, burst upon us like a thunderbolt.

'My father instantly sent in his resignation, and we were all going back to Rome in order to pack up our things and leave Italy altogether, when suddenly my two little sisters, Olga and Albertine, fell so ill that my mother was not able to leave them. Thus, no plans could be made for the future, and everything that had been arranged was unsettled. My sister-in-law Emma and I accompanied my father to Rome. Again after that short interval of three weeks we beheld our home in the Palazzo Simonetti, now half unfurnished and dismantled, and filled with packages lying about in sad confusion. Some fine horses and an open carriage, which had been sent from Vienna for my father, were to be sold on the morrow. We took our first and last drive in it round the walls of Rome. That evening was melancholy enough. I regretted Rome exceedingly, and, even more, the pleasant kind of life which I had led since my childhood, and which was then at an end for me. But I was not sad for long. My father had so accustomed us to the idea that the position in which we had lived and its most brilliant accessories depended on circumstances which might change any day, that when the day came I felt as if I had always expected it. I soon recovered my spirits and my resolution to bear this reverse of fortune with firm-

ness. I determined not to increase my father's sadness by my own. He, indeed, suffered on our account rather than on his own, and for France even more than for himself or for us.

'I returned to Naples in the beginning of September, delighted to rejoin my mother and Eugénie, whom we found established at Castellamare in a little villa which I believe had been lent to us for a time. It was not really uglier than many others, but it seemed to us very dilapidated and wretched, and a complete contrast to the home we had left. The little room which I shared with Eugénie and Emma was especially miserable, but it had so beautiful an outlook that I could not be unhappy in it. Nor were we unhappy. On the same story was a gallery quite unfurnished, but from its many windows we could see the bay and the mountains of Castellamare. We all brought our chairs and tables there, Emma, Charles, Albert and I, and we passed our mornings in reading, writing, talking, and much laughter, notwithstanding the serious forecasts for the future of which we often spoke. We could not imagine what would happen to us. We fancied that we might find ourselves in the same extreme poverty which our parents had borne during the emigration, and we made plans accordingly. Eugénie said that she could teach music, and I thought that I might be governess to very young children.'

Pauline had a special capacity for enjoyment, even in trifles. 'How I am amused!' she often exclaimed in much later life, and she had the wit, which is too rare, to lay up stores of future amuse-

ment from passing incidents. 'How I shall amuse myself by the thought of this!' was her not infrequent observation. Yet at this juncture of her life she must have been the most tried of her brothers and sisters. She knew best what her parents felt, and, fond of politics as she was, she understood the loyal sacrifice her father had made in leaving a public career which was still open to him, and in which his patriotism would have found abundant opportunities for good, to follow the fortune of the child who was heir to the elder branch of the Bourbons. Though the words written after her visit to the Catacombs reflect her profounder feelings, Pauline de la Ferronnays was not ascetic by temperament. It was in later life that she learned, not only the bracing value, but the sweetness of self-conquest. What was distinguished and beautiful delighted her artist nature, in the details of human environment, from the fittings of a dressing-case to the treasures of the Vatican. Few people felt so vividly the charm of magnificence in furniture or gardens or costume. She liked to possess pretty things, but they were equally pleasant to her when they belonged to others. She seemed to move in ideal scenes, yet scenes of intensely human interest. In all her books her stage is spacious and well furnished. Yet her delight in splendour was but such as Catholics love to see in their churches—the appropriate dress of a resplendent personality.

The words written after her visit to the Catacombs represented her profoundest feelings. She linked, as M. Rio had observed, the faith of the

Catacombs with fullest perception of every noble after-growth from its roots. Her sense of the dignities of human life made her dwell on their manifestation and setting. To the last, the author of 'Le Récit d'une Sœur' was careful that her dress should be as perfect, her drawing-room as well arranged, as she could afford. In Italy she found her æsthetic nature most at home. In England her enthusiasm for honesty and truth was gratified; in Paris her heart beat most quickly. No one who reads 'Le Récit' can forget how strong were family ties for her as for all her relations. In her letters we see how her patriotism suffered from the mismanagement of public life by inefficient leaders, and how she rejoiced in every return to what she conceived the better path. She was as sensitive to visible environment as she was faithful to the invisible realities of life.

The charm of Castellamare soothed her in her keen sense of reverse, and in her own family she found interests that compensated for her temporary social eclipse. Her brother Albert was especially dear to her. He was nineteen, and even in feature he must have been like her. He had her large dark eyes, and they were bright with many of the same enthusiasms. M. Rio writes of him in 1830: 'In consequence of a long illness and a yet longer convalescence his education had been necessarily delayed. Before he went to Rome he seemed as if he were hardly yet ripe for the means of spiritual progress which residence at Rome offers to souls prepared for it. In him, however, were buds so ready

to blossom that it needed but slight help from a friendly hand to develop the spiritual flower of his after-life.' At that time Albert was intended for diplomacy, and was an attaché in his father's short-lived embassy. M. de la Ferronnays was a vigorous Breton who had known the extreme vicissitudes of life, and he was somewhat impatient of the delicate health which had impeded his son's education. He disliked all that to him seemed sentimental or exaggerated in any of his children; and not until later did he sympathize with their fervent piety, and their habitual existence in regions higher than those of ordinary life.

M. Rio throws supplementary light on 'Le Récit' when he describes Albert after the change in his father's position:

'A great trial and a great shock were required to reveal the treasures latent in his soul, treasures of affection, of intellect and of pious resignation. Dating from the catastrophe which cast his family down from the highest diplomatic rank, his correspondence, which had been superficial and purposeless, became serious. He profoundly regretted his inability to help his family. He was eager to study and to work.' M. Rio proposed that he should for a time act as tutor to the young man. M. de la Ferronnays could not at that moment come to a decision, but meantime he wrote: 'The resignation and the courage with which my children submit to the sacrifices of all kinds which result from the course I pursue are at once a consolation for me and a source of pride. A family such as I have the

honour to possess makes a man strong to meet misfortune. Do not, then, pity me too much.'

In their difficulties their home never became gloomy. Their own love-light kept shadows at bay, and it was Pauline's task as elder daughter and sister to think of others' happiness rather than her own. A very special devotion to her mother, as specially returned, was a principal trait in both.

'My mother, my dear mother,' she wrote, 'loved us all with great tenderness, but Eugénie was right when she declared that if in her mother's heart there was a preference, it was perhaps for me. I returned her love by a more absolute trustfulness and a warmth of affection greater than that of any other of her children.'

In following the first years of Mrs. Craven's career, it is almost impossible to avoid constant reference to 'Le Récit d'une Sœur.' Few readers could follow any delineation of her character who did not know something of its training, and no revelation of it could equal her own.

Even from her narrative, in which she stands so shadowed by her humility in the background, it is clear that Pauline, in her strong vitality, had a wider range of sympathies than had her brother Albert and her sisters. Few persons have employed their powers in so many and such varying directions. Few have the imaginative faculty which she used in habitually rising above her daily pains or pleasures, very real as they were, to wider horizons political or ecclesiastical, literary or social. She did not avoid pleasure or what is called the 'world'; in it she

was gayest of the gay, but it remained subservient to her for a hundred good purposes.

It was not extraordinary that M. de la Ferronnays should find friends and help to tide over his immediate necessities, nor that his family should not for long be suffered to exile themselves from society. Instead of the solitude they had looked forward to, it was so arranged that in January, 1831, the La Ferronnays found themselves settled for the winter in an apartment near the beautiful palace of Sir Richard Acton on the Chiaja, of which his mother then did the honours.*

Lady Acton was an old friend of Pauline's parents, and as she linked whatever was best of Neapolitan with English society, her circle was extremely brilliant in that brilliant time. There were a great many young people in it who danced and sang and acted on the private stage and in tableaux vivants.

In a note to the page of her 'Récit' in which Mrs. Craven speaks of Albert's journey to Rome with M. de Montalembert she reminds us who were those friends they were to meet there, and on how memorable an occasion. It has been said that two fragments of literature will never cease to be read —the prophecies of Isaiah and the *Avenir*. It was a daily paper, the Don Quixote of journals, of which the first number appeared on October 16, 1830, not

* Sir Richard Acton was son of Sir John Acton, the famous minister of Ferdinand I., King of Naples. He married in 1831 a daughter of the Duc de Dalberg, and the present Lord Acton is their son.

three months after the rout of Charles X. and his reactionary Ministers. Its programme, published in August, fixed the attention of all devout Catholics. It was the organ of the Abbé de La Mennais (as then he spelt his name), and for assistants he had the Abbés Lacordaire and Gerbet, and Montalembert for his chief lay disciple. Some, but not all of those who may read these pages, will estimate rightly the influence wielded by La Mennais at that time over all enthusiastic and religious minds. The first volume of his 'Essai sur l'Indifférence' was well said to have been 'an earthquake under a leaden sky'; the second was a glittering temple for all mankind to use in worship; unhappily, its bases were on shifting sands.

But that drawback was not at first recognised even at Rome. Fed by such books as Châteaubriand's 'Génie du Christianisme,' by De Maistre's 'Considérations sur la France,' prepared by those discussions on the Vicomte de Bonald's system of traditional certainty which had paved the way for La Mennais' doctrine of 'general consent' as a secure basis of faith, of all which she must at least have heard, Pauline de la Ferronnays' enthusiasm can be gauged. It would have been impossible for her ardent intelligence to have remained indifferent in the conflict between Gallican Jansenism and Ultramontane Unity. French ecclesiastics had been enslaved by Napoleon, and galvanized into a worn-out life by the Bourbons. M. de la Ferronnays had questioned methods of government which made Church and State alike unpopular.

Faithful as he was to the monarchy, he was not ignorant of the drift of the times, as the Polignacs of the day seemed to be when they met the revolutionary ferment by autocratic decrees.

When churches were sacked, and crosses trampled under foot, and cassocks insulted by the populace throughout France, it was evident, and perhaps most evident to those who had Christianity most at heart, that there must be a change in the ways its interests were served. We cannot doubt but that the *Avenir* was read by every member of the family at Castellamare, and perhaps most eagerly by Pauline. In its first sixteen numbers there were five articles of La Mennais, two by the Abbé Gerbet, perhaps his most intimate and attached disciple, and seven by Lacordaire. Just then Montalembert, a boy of twenty-one, was in Ireland observing the power of O'Connell over the Irish Catholics. He wrote to La Mennais offering his services in the cause of democratic Ultramontanism. It was at that time a correct designation of the party. European nations were to be rebaptized into the pure Roman faith, which was to be infallibly expounded by the Vicar of Christ. European democracies must as a preliminary be educated. The old system of universities and State endowment must be overthrown, as had been feudalism and the Court of Versailles in 1789. There were prophets in the land, and M. de Montalembert writes of that year: 'Our generation can form no idea of the strong and generous emotions which then set hearts on fire.' Twelve months later, and just before the suppression of the *Avenir*,

Lacordaire wrote to a friend: 'Though the period was short, nothing can take away the joy of the year we have spent. It will remain for ever in my thoughts as a virgin who is just dead.'

When the three active editors of the paper found their ideas challenged by ecclesiastical authority, they determined to go to Rome and submit themselves to the Supreme Pontiff. It was a unique pilgrimage. Afterwards it was said, and probably with unhappy truth, that the Abbé La Mennais meant to 'dominate Rome from the height of his obedience'; but Lacordaire and Montalembert were sincere in their appeal to the *Confirmateur infaillible*, as, three centuries before, St. Francis de Sales had described the successor of Peter.

That Albert de la Ferronnays should be admitted to the friendship of these paladins of Christian liberty was already a proof of his high qualities of intellect and enthusiasm for noble aims. It is difficult to doubt that the companionship of his sister Pauline had encouraged it.

Meantime she continued at Naples her happy social life. She is mentioned by Sir Walter Scott in his Diary, and she enters into the legend of Neapolitan enchantments for all who can recall the impression she and her family left even on the children of their acquaintances. In her 'Récit' Mrs. Craven at this point devotes herself henceforward to the history of Albert's and Alexandrine's love, and leaves all other subjects in the shade, the better to enhance its marvellous beauty. We get but fragments of her correspondence with her brother; we hear no more of

her iridescent life. She keeps the attention of her readers fixed on the successive tragedies interwoven in the texture of her narrative, if, indeed, suffering and death are ever really tragic, when, beyond all, is the vista of fuller life. There is, perhaps, a more pathetic interest in her own attitude as she follows her beloved to their graves with such tender care and reverence. As she portrays their beautiful souls we know how she felt herself what beauty is. A common possession of their faith and love gives that truth to her story before which incredulity retires abashed.

She was the comfort and stay of Albert. She was the first link formed between him and Alexandrine d'Alopeus. That he was Mdlle. de la Ferronnays' brother was a favourable introduction when the lovers first met at Rome. When Alexandrine arrived at Naples, Albert's first care was to fetch Pauline to meet her friend, and Alexandrine wrote that night in her journal: 'I thank Thee, my God, I am at Naples and I have seen Pauline de la Ferronnays.'

It is to be taken almost for granted that the readers of this memoir know the story of Albert's passion; and few proofs of Mrs. Craven's art are stronger than the skill with which she lingers on what Sully Prudhomme rightly calls *le meilleur moment des amours*

'Où les respects sont des aveux.'

The following November M. de la Ferronnays at last consented to his son's marriage with Mdlle.

d'Alopeus. He was naturally anxious about the young people's future. Albert seemed disinclined to persevere in a diplomatic career; and his enthusiasms, his ideals of life, even his close friendship with the leaders of the religious revival in France, seemed unfavourable in his father's eyes to the stability of character and purpose which M. de la Ferronnays wished for him.

We who know the sequel can see how Albert's few years of life justified and ennobled the effervescence of his boyhood. He had the martyr fever on him, the 'devotion to something afar from the sphere of' his 'sorrow'—afar, yet sometimes within touch, with sudden vision that it only is real, and our daily round of toil and moil a dream. Echoing St. Augustine he could exclaim, 'Tout ce qui finit est si court,' and find the world wearisome 'qui n'a de grand à vous offrir que le vide.'

He had the thirst of Longfellow's Alpine climber for the heights of human life, not always, indeed not often, visible to dwellers on its levels, however estimable, and indeed necessary, workers they may be in the general advance of humanity. In balancing her brother's use of the 'horse with wings that would have flown' with her father's sober step on the highway of ordinary life, Mrs. Craven's skill is shown. She sympathized with both, and though she says little of her part in harmonizing the relations of father and son, it is clear that her tact and breadth of thought smoothed many of the difficulties in the way of Albert's and Alexandrine's marriage. Mdlle. d'Alopeus was a Lutheran; but absolute charity

towards individuals who differed from her in creed, if only they were sincere, at all times characterized Pauline. She had, indeed, the rarer gift which sees the good in differing tastes, differing assumptions, differing standards of conduct. She never questioned the piety of others though they were agreeable and well dressed, any more than she doubted the sincerity of the more Puritan. She appeared to live above the distinctions of coteries, free to move from one to the other, and to find beauty and good in a very varied experience.

She loved society; the world had an attraction for her, but she suffered no deterioration in its eddies. Rather, she shone in them by a certain ready fusion of social elements into gold as she touched them.

III.

THE winter of 1833-34 was an important one for Pauline; she was frequently in the society of her future husband, Mr. Augustus Craven, and by the growth she so well knew how to describe in the love of Albert and Alexandrine she could measure the progress of her own. For many years Mr. Keppel Craven had lived at Naples. He was the second son of that Margravine of Anspach who had been Lady Craven, and who has left the world an account of her career. The Margrave of Anspach was one of those German princes who conditionally ceded their sovereignties to their greater neighbours after the French Revolution had broken down the old order of Europe. In her widowhood the Margravine lived at Naples in considerable state, and on her death she left Mr. Keppel Craven a palace on the Chiatamone, a villa at Posilippo, and a castle surrounded by forest near Salerno. The post held by Mr. Keppel Craven in the household of Queen Caroline is known to all readers of Court annals during George IV.'s reign. He had been the unhappy Princess's most constant and prudent friend as well as servant. He had shielded her on many

occasions from the consequences of her own recklessness in the management of her affairs. His son Augustus was born in 1806, and much of his childhood was passed at Brandenburg House. The boy's birth remained always a mystery, and while he was the pet of his grandmother, the Margravine of Anspach, his mother's name remained unknown. While yet but a boy he was gazetted to a commission in the line, and was sent to Gibraltar to join his regiment. In 1830 he left the army and was appointed attaché to the British Legation at Naples, where society welcomed cordially the extremely handsome and accomplished young man, for his own sake not less than for his father's. Mr. Keppel Craven, the intimate friend, as well as colleague in Queen Caroline's service, of Sir William Gell, had the same taste for art and antiquities. He had gathered about him an intellectually as well as socially distinguished circle; and in it, of course, the La Ferronnays were of the first rank. It may be imagined how well suited Augustus Craven was to please Pauline de la Ferronnays, for he had her artistic sense. He loved Italy and Dante as she did, and he had been so much in very varied but very cosmopolitan society that they had a great deal in common. The circumstance which chiefly at first attracted her was his sympathy for all things Catholic, whether mediæval or modern. He was ready to respect her Church. He was a student, and he recognised the share that it could claim in the noblest Italian traditions. He was readily converted to the standards of life which he recognised in the

La Ferronnays family. They were new to him, and no one better than he could appreciate the group which counted in its composition Albert and Alexandrine, Pauline and Eugénie.

Mdlle. de la Ferronnays was at the time of his courtship much occupied by hopes and fears for the 'Alberts,' as she used to call her brother and Alexandrine, and she was slow to be won. Religious differences were then more real than they are now, and Mr. Keppel Craven was violently anti-Catholic, however socially liberal, when there was a question of his son's marriage. The difficulties seemed to deepen the affection of Pauline. It became more serious, and almost without knowing it she found herself in love. Mr. Keppel Craven threatened to disinherit his son, and though the La Ferronnays had assented to Albert's marriage with a Lutheran, they could not easily agree to give their brilliant and beloved daughter to a man with an uncertain future and of a different faith. Augustus Craven, in reply to his father's menaces, respectfully but firmly asserted his English freedom to obey his conscience whatever might be the consequences, and his courage no doubt impressed Pauline's imagination. His father withdrew his opposition, and after some months of constraint and doubt the lovers were engaged. Mr. Keppel Craven settled on them a yearly sum equivalent to £532. It represented a capital of £17,066, which was to revert to the settler in case of his surviving the young people. Mr. Keppel Craven died in 1851, and, with other property, left his son residuary legatee as regarded his interest in this fund.

At that time no Newman had led a Tractarian movement, and the political aspects of the recent Catholic emancipation in England had roused much bitterness of feeling, particularly in the class to which Mr. Craven belonged. In the eyes of Bridgewater House, for instance, where he was a friend, the change from Anglicanism to Popery was a loss of caste. To face it was almost to destroy success in any English career. To belong to the old English Catholic families was in itself a singularity; to be a convert was strange weakness amounting to disloyalty. For obvious reasons, though Augustus Craven was already in full accord with the faith of Pauline, it was thought well that his formal reconciliation with the Roman Church should follow and not precede his marriage. His change was not because of any discovery of Anglican inadequacy, but rather of admiration for Catholic life and Catholic standards; not perhaps a result of controversy so much as an aspiration for higher levels of life.

Albert and Alexandrine were married on April, 17, 1834. 'A few days later,' writes Pauline, 'we joined them at Castellamare, where they were established in a charming house. It was in the course of that summer that I was married, and the event interested the dear people around me very nearly as much as it did myself. Happy days followed that on which my marriage was finally decided. The joy of Albert and Alexandrine seemed a foretaste and a pledge of our own, while ours completed theirs. The serious thoughts which necessarily preoccupied us during

those days were also brightened by Fernand's gaiety; and Eugénie in her tender devotion and sympathy was as lively as a bird, and as bright as a sunbeam. We generally finished the evenings in Charles and Emma's room, whose cordial goodwill was all we could wish it to be. I think my father and mother had never been so fully satisfied in the love of their children, nor ever had they tasted such calm happiness as in seeing us all round them. We had reached the summit of earthly content, and it must be owned never was summit gilded with a brighter light. If ever it could be said of happiness that its brightness could not last, it might have been said of ours. It was during that time that Eugénie exclaimed, "How lovely is life! what, then, can heaven be? Is death better than all this?"

Yet Death completes the beauty of human life, for

> 'The dusky strand of death inwoven here
> With dear Love's tie, makes Love himself more dear.'

A letter written a few days later by Albert to the Abbé Martin de Noirlieu,* says:

'I hope you have received a letter from my sister Pauline. If it has not reached you, I will repeat the news it contained. In it she told you of her approaching marriage, with which we are all pleased. It may, perhaps, seem strange that such zealous Catholics as we are should marry Protestants; but we have reason to thank God if He makes use of us to bring others to love the Church and the true faith. There is no vanity in saying this, for our share in these conversions is but very indirect, and they would have taken place with-

* Appointed assistant tutor to the Comte de Chambord by Charles X., and later Curé of St. Louis d'Antin in Paris.

out our co-operation. My future brother-in-law is a Catholic in heart, and he will be received into the Church soon after his marriage. It is only on account of the false interpretations which might be given to this act that he delays it for the present.'

On August 24, 1834, Monsignor Porta united Augustus Craven to Pauline de la Ferronnays, in the chapel of the Acton Palace at Naples. The Protestant rite followed, and the same day they started for Rome. Mrs. Craven in 1830 had received the benediction of the reigning Pontiff, Pius VIII.; now, four years later, she was with her husband admitted to the garden of the Quirinal eight days after their marriage, and they were blessed by Gregory XVI. Again she did homage in 1850 to Pius IX. at Portici, near Naples, where he had sought a refuge from the Revolution of 1848. At that moment the Pope was the rising sun of many of her Liberal friends, who had in France at least successfully laboured in the orderly evolution of Christian faith and morals. 'Three dates,' as Mrs. Craven writes, 'mark important crises in my life. In 1830, when for the first time my parents took me with them to the Vatican and we entered the presence of the Pope, I little knew how rare in life are the days when we are conscious of boundless happiness. I was too young to foresee the clouds that might overshadow it, but old enough to enjoy the pleasure of the day in its fulness. The effect Rome had on me during my first stay there had been, I may say, extraordinary, though I had not then sufficient experience to measure the very different elements which made up the magic of the scene. I felt it to

the full as for the first time I went up the stairs of the Vatican. I seemed to walk on sun-gilt clouds. I remember that at the beginning of 1830 the word "revolution" had for me only a historical sense. The thing itself seemed as distant as the Crusades, the mediæval "truce of God," or ordeal by combat. I often wondered to myself how people could live in those days. When four years later I knelt at the feet of Gregory XVI., my dreams were over, and when I for the first time received from Pius IX., in his exile, another Papal benediction, I asked myself, as I still ask, if we shall ever see the end of that fatal period [of revolution], which has lasted a century. The hour of illusion which passed across my youth was as quickly over as a gleam of sun in a stormy day.'

Before they left Rome, Mrs. Craven had the joy of seeing her husband received into the Church; and in October they rejoined her family at Naples, and settled near them in an apartment of the Palazzo Serra-Capriola on the Chiaja.

In a letter written at that time Albert said of Mr. Craven's conversion: 'He has changed his religion, but not the least from the motives the world ascribes. Neither my father, my mother, nor Pauline would have approved of this step, if such unworthy motives had prompted it. An act like his would be exceedingly impious, if it were not the result of thorough conviction. While I feel that the dictates of conscience are imperative when once we perceive the truth to be on one side and not on the other, so I blame and earnestly deprecate conversions based on

human considerations, whether of interest or affection.'

Sir William Temple was at that time British Minister at Naples, and his young attaché was petted both by him and by his brother, Lord Palmerston. Mr. Craven's diplomatic duties were chiefly social, but no doubt both Mr. and Mrs. Craven laid then the foundation of their heartfelt sympathy with Neapolitan reformers, and meditated not in vain on their Dante's rebuke of cruelty and corruption in high places. Writers of the best class, poets and philosophers, English Whigs and Frenchmen who were believers in the Revolution of 1789, met in Mrs. Craven's drawing-room, where the air was already charged with the enthusiasms of Lacordaire and Montalembert, and of Gerbet, who had not yet entirely dissociated himself from the falling star, La Mennais. It was a delightful arena for the perpetual *Fronde* that is kept up between old and new ideas in each generation.

In 1835 the La Ferronnays circle was broken up. Mme. d'Alopeus, Alexandrine's beautiful mother, was in Russia with her new husband, Prince Lapoukhyn. Montigny, M. de La Ferronnays' property in Touraine, had been sold, and Boury, in a bleak part of Normandy, near Gisors, replaced it. It was decided that his family home should be there. After his death in 1842, Boury was resold, and to purchasers who cared little for the tastes and relics of the family. Fortunately it came many years later into the possession of its present owners, and it is again in nearly the same condition as in 1842. The mausoleum of the La Ferronnays family is well cared

for, and to the mortal remains of Albert and Alexandrine are now added those of Mr. and Mrs. Craven.

From the 'Récit d'une Sœur' we get but little information about its author, Mrs. Craven. Albert and Alexandrine but lifted a corner of the veil in which Pauline enshrouds herself, as they passed through Naples on their way from Pisa to Korsen, in the Crimea, where Alexandrine's mother, Princess Lapoukhyn, lived with her husband in great magnificence. The sea-voyage, it was hoped, would be good for Albert, whose health gave his family uneasiness, though without definite fear of the consumption which was rapidly gaining ground. Alexandrine went with Pauline while at Naples to a party at the Duchessa San Teodoro's. It was her last amusement of that sort in Pauline's company. She mentions some slight impatience she showed to Albert, and how next day she went 'to confess her crime to Pauline, who laughed heartily.'

In 1836 Mr. Craven brought his wife to England. Albert and Alexandrine had arrived at Venice, whither he had been ordered by doctors. It was hoped that its calming air and influences might at least prolong his life. We can imagine the alternating grief and gaiety of Mrs. Craven's life while those letters of hers were written, which she has printed in 'Le Récit.' What intensity of prayer must have been hers as death came closer to her dearest brother, and as Alexandrine crossed the narrowing line which separated her from Albert's faith!

In Mrs. Craven's 'Reminiscences,' published some forty years later, we see in extracts from her journal

how on her arrival in London she was at once placed in the innermost temple of English society. The Cravens arrived in April, 1836, and their first visit was to Sir Thomas Hardy, then Governor of Greenwich Hospital, where they stayed a short time.

To the charming society of Bridgewater House, which included both Mr. Charles and Mr. Henry Greville, they were heartily and at once welcomed with an affection that lasted as long as its members lived. We know much of it through the Greville Memoirs. They show us as in a mirror the politics, the interests, the fashions, whether of thought or manners, which, with her readiness to reflect the best and brightest hues of her environment, Mrs. Craven made her own.

The life of Pauline at this time is a striking instance of the dual existence which was so frequently hers. Readers of 'Le Récit' will remember the letters written to and by her when Albert's life was flickering away. Every member of her family leant on her judgment, even when she was absent, and in their several griefs sought for her sympathy.

'Pray for me more than ever, my Pauline, for I pray badly,' was the frequent appeal of Alexandrine.

Again, Eugénie writes from Venice:

'My Pauline, how sad you are! but, thank God, you know how to pray. There is, after all, no sorrow without comfort; for we can always pray, and in prayer there is endless solace.'

The dying man reached Paris with his family, having been travelling by slow stages from April 10

to May 11. In those moments of highest tension every member of her family turned to Pauline for comprehension and sympathy. On May 28, Eugénie writes to her:

'Pauline, to-morrow Alexandrine will be a Catholic —and you are not here! What can ever make up for this? If even you could be here on Thursday! I have some hope you will. Thursday she receives her first communion. In the midst of our sorrows, dearest, there are great joys. How can we complain when we have such causes for thanksgiving? I shall not write any more, for I look forward to having you before this letter reaches you. Well, good-bye, if you do receive it. I love you even more than in the days of our loving childhood. God bless our Alexandrine to-morrow!'

Though she did not know him personally, it was to the Abbé Gerbet that Alexandrine looked for spiritual advice. The La Ferronnays had many friends among the more distinguished French clergy, and particularly of that school formed by La Mennais before his rebellion and fall. The Abbé Gerbet was the last of his disciples to forsake him, and his influence, as one who had been in happier days La Mennais' second self, largely coloured Mrs. Craven's opinions throughout her life. Gerbet had been, as it were, the master of the semi-religious house of La Chesnaie when La Mennais was Provost. He has been called the David of that intellectually towering Saul. Maurice de Guérin wrote of him to his sister Eugénie, and Eugénie asked for his advice in encouraging her taste for

poetry. He reassured her with all the more confidence that he had himself written poetry—and it is as beautiful as it is pious. He had delicate health, and Maurice de Guérin describes him as habitually silent. He was pale, his forehead ample, with dark hair and fine eyes that showed sadness and pain; 'he was the sweetest and most suffering of men.'

La Mennais appreciated the art of music, but Gerbet could sing with a beauty and expression that roused all that was best in his listeners, and that could never be forgotten by his hearers. When La Mennais outraged the Catholic Church by his 'Paroles d'un Croyant,' Gerbet, with a heart half broken, wrote eloquently to refute it. 'I fall on my knees when I think of him,' he exclaimed, 'and I offer for him prayers, in which he has no longer any faith, and I only rise from them to condemn in the friend of my life the enemy of all that I love with an eternal devotion.'

The Abbé Gerbet remained a leader for many of the young men who could no longer follow La Mennais; but it was as a writer rather than as the head of a party that he was henceforth known, until, in 1854, he became Bishop of Perpignan. He was the founder, with his friend the Abbé Salinis, afterwards Bishop of Amiens, of a college which might be called a school of reconciliation between religion and science—between old and new truths; though in later life Gerbet had much to do with, if he did not actually arrange, the celebrated syllabus. The first number of his literary organ, called *L'Université Catholique*, was published in January, 1836, and

there is little doubt that it influenced Alexandrine de la Ferronnays in her resolve to become a Catholic. To suggest of what class were the works that appeared in its pages during the first years of its existence, we have but to instance Rio's 'Art Chrétien,' Montalembert's 'Introduction à l'Histoire de Sainte Elizabeth,' as well as several of his studies on the 'Moines d'Occident.'

The Abbé Gerbet was the intimate and beloved friend of every member of Mrs. Craven's family, as of herself. In her character may be read the reflection of much in his. In the letters to her, of which we have cited fragments, we see the undercurrent of her life, on which floated so much social distinction. The combination is, perhaps, less rare than persons who only look at the surface of life may suppose, and the Abbé Gerbet was eminently calculated to prove once again 'how beautiful are the feet of those who preach the gospel of peace.' Sainte-Beuve devotes to him one of his most sympathetic articles, and describes Gerbet's part in what was tenable and good of La Mennais' social theories. Whatever may be said of the doctrine that 'general consent' is a sufficient and only true basis for theological dogma, common-sense is certainly one of the many foundation-stones of the Christian faith. The Abbé Gerbet, however, did not confine his labours for religion to seconding the 'new Tertullian.' In 1829 he had published a work which purposed to prove the continuity of the Eucharistic sacrifice from remote antiquity. It eloquently supported the conception of an ever-present God, with whom com-

munion is possible if not obligatory; and in its pages are some noble thoughts quoted by Sainte-Beuve for their beauty, and by Mrs. Craven for their truth, in 'Le Récit.' If Gerbet had not been beforehand with her, she herself might have written: 'The Christian revelation is, when taken altogether, a great alms bestowed on a great poverty.' 'Prayer is the confession of an indigence that has not lost hope.' 'The Gospel has revolutionized the human soul. It has reversed the action of the two emotions, between which it is swayed in turn. Love has replaced Fear in governing men's hearts.' Of Gerbet it might be said even more truly than of Lacordaire, 'Fort comme le diamant, plus tendre qu'une mère'—words used by the great Dominican himself to describe what a priest should be. Gerbet's remedy for the rents of Christian society, and the apparent decline in Christian faith and sentiment after the events of 1789, was not to reverse the tendencies of human progress, but to sanctify them by 'procuring the presence of God,' and by evangelizing both rich and poor. Both his and Lacordaire's mission, though they did not follow exactly parallel lines, were, as they believed, to prepare and soften souls for seeds of faith, rather than to scatter broadcast by authority the conclusions which, after all, are, many of them, unauthorized by the Church.

La Mennais remains a 'broken monolith,' a 'Memnon in the desert'; but men of the school which he had trained before his fall, and which for a short time had been called by his name, had singular prescience of the religious wants of this

century, not less than prudence in preparing the world-wide bulwarks of revealed religion by those methods which have been so often the strength of the Church when beaten by storm. Gerbet's treatise on the Eucharist is a contribution to that Divine unction which calms the troubled sea of egotism. If much has been here said of him, it is because it is his influence which largely coloured Mrs. Craven's opinions, though she has said little of what they were in the story of that time in her life.

During the night of June 8-9, Mr. and Mrs. Craven arrived at 13, Rue Madame, in Paris, where Albert was dying. She and Alexandrine had not met since the April of the previous year, at Naples.

'Never,' writes Mrs. Craven, 'can I forget the suffering of that arrival, and of that waiting in the street while the door was being opened, and while my husband asked the question, for the answer to which I hardly dared to listen.

'Twelve o'clock struck at the moment, and I mechanically counted the strokes. "Are we in time?" "Yes, and he is a little better since the morning," was the reply. I ran upstairs, and went immediately into his room, for he was not asleep. Falling on his neck, I heard the sound of his voice—changed, but sweet and tender as ever—"Oh, my Pauline!" And yet—and yet I was not present at his death! One of those ameliorations which deceive friends to the last in consumption took place just at the time of our arrival, and lasted during the few days we remained in Paris. It

did not, of course, lead us to hope for his eventual recovery, but it justified the thought that he might be removed to Boury, where he evidently wished to go. I therefore returned with my husband when the time had elapsed which he could spend in France.

'It is only now, as I look over those papers and letters,' continues Mrs. Craven, writing later, when preparing them for publication, 'that I am able to discern the consolation and, if I may so speak, the hidden meaning of that absence, which at the time materially added to my sorrow. In consequence of my absence, my sisters wrote me full accounts of all that followed, as they had written of all that preceded my arrival. Had I been present, those letters would not have been written, nor would their journals have been so scrupulously kept, for it was partly for my sake that everything was so minutely recorded. I should have been obliged to have trusted to my troubled memory for a record of those solemn days. It would have but confusedly retraced the details of that time, though the impression left on me is ineffaceable. The effect of what I saw and heard, the impression I received from the change that love and faith had wrought in Alexandrine, and from the manner in which Eugénie shared that love and faith, were strange and unexpected. It was the first time that I had come in close contact with sorrow and death. Humanly speaking, it was impossible to witness a more heart-breaking scene, yet it left that strange impression of which I write. It suggested a happiness compared with which the pleasures

of those whom I was about to rejoin in England seemed illusions. Eugénie and Alexandrine were lifted above the world during those sad days, and, as the Abbé Gerbet said, "it appeared as if the veil which separates the visible from the invisible world had become transparent."'

Yet in truth the mortal union of Albert and Alexandrine was severed with unusual pain. 'Never,' said the veteran founder of homœopathy, Hahnemann, who was called in despairing consultation to visit Albert—'never during sixty years of practice have I seen a wife who so loved her husband.'

Duty brought for Pauline then, as so often in her after-life, some of those spiritual experiences which were to her as draughts of water to a tired wayfarer. To leave her family at that juncture was sharp pain to her. To return to London in June must have taxed even her high courage, for by doing so she lost the marvellous scene described by the Abbé Gerbet and quoted by Sainte-Beuve.*

Ten days after that divine mingling of earth and heaven, a new life, built on the foundations and fragments of their former one, began for the bereaved family at Boury. For his parents, not less than for his wife and sisters, Albert's death had made a greater gap than six years before could have seemed possible, and yet it was not a gap so much as the disappearance of a star in the light of the sun.

* It is remarkable that Sainte-Beuve devoted no special review to the yet finer report of that night in 'Le Récit.'

IV.

MR. CRAVEN had been appointed paid attaché at Lisbon, and Pauline writes:

'Three months had passed since Albert's death, and I had not since seen my family. There had been at one time a question of my husband's sudden departure for Portugal, and in that case I must have made up my mind to leave England without first going to Boury. I must have given up seeing my family, even after such a separation as ours had been, and must have prepared for a longer and more complete absence which would last for an indefinite time, and place a great distance between us.

'This pain was, however, spared me, and on October 10, 1836, at about eight o'clock in the evening, we arrived at Boury, which we had left the preceding April.'

Mrs. Craven's stay at Boury was touching its close, when Mr. Craven received orders to sail for Lisbon by the boat which left London on November 30, 1836. They were obliged to start the same day. 'I find in my journal,' she writes, 'all the distressing circumstances of those days. The grief of my father, who could not let me go, and who

wished to detain me that he might later on take me himself to Lisbon; the perplexity of my husband; the courage of my mother, who strengthened my determination to leave with him, and not give way to my father's wish; the sadness of my sisters; the consolations and exhortations of the Abbé Gerbet; our last prayer all together in the chapel at eleven o'clock in the evening; our departure amidst so many sad and depressing circumstances; and, finally, the storm which, after we had hurried away from Boury, kept us at Boulogne unable to cross the Channel for eleven days.'

On the occasion of that journey Lady Strafford* writes: 'I remember very well my first acquaintance with Mrs. Craven. We all crossed together from Boulogne to Dover. Such a crossing! It had been blowing hard for a fortnight, and the passage took four hours and a half. Lady Mary Paget, afterwards Lady Sandwich, was so frightened that Mrs. Craven advised her to say her prayers.'

She did not see Boury again for eighteen months, but she received constant letters from her family. The series of them published in the 'Récit d'une Sœur' appears to some, and perhaps justly, the most precious part of the book, in its picture of those Christian figures who knew how to draw life from death in the spiritual order, parallel in this with the laws of natural existence. Every page in those letters testifies to the place retained by Pauline in the circle at Boury. 'Be thanked and blessed,

* Alice, eldest daughter of Francis, first Earl of Ellesmere, married to the third Earl of Strafford.

dear child,' writes her father in answer to letters he received from her on her way to Lisbon. 'You are the light which cheers and gives me new life; only on your side do I see clear sky,' Madame de la Ferronnays exclaims, under the sad impression of Sir Richard Acton's early death at Naples. The tie of frequent reunion in the Divine presence was never relaxed, and such letters were interchanged that Pauline in Portugal could feel that 'separation only made union closer.'

Those were the days of Pedrists and Miguelites. It was not an idle time for Lisbon diplomatists, and, as we have seen, Mr. Craven, with his wife, was summoned to his post in haste; they were delayed, however, in their departure from London until November 28, 1836. In a letter to Eugénie, Mrs. Craven relates its circumstances which amusingly contrast with present luxuries of travel:

'We started from the Tower of London, and the gloomy place suited our sad feelings well. We left at ten o'clock, on an icy cold night, and no friend was there to bid us farewell. I love starlight, but no stars were to be seen, for the fog was so thick that we could not see two feet in any direction. Helped by a lantern, we had to feel our way down the dark stairs of the Tower. A boat waited for us below, and before we could sit down in it, the snow had to be swept from the seats.

'In this fashion we reached the *Manchester*, which was to leave at two o'clock in the morning. The fog, however, detained us in the Thames for fourteen hours. Yesterday evening we arrived here (Falmouth), and went on shore at once. The weather has cleared, and I saw with delight the

bright sky and the stars. We stay on shore all to-day. New Year's Day! the first I have spent away from all of you. We shall be at Lisbon on the 7th.'

The income of Mr. and Mrs. Craven was not large at that time, but wherever they were they chose the loveliest environment they could attain. On June 1, 1837, Mrs. Craven writes to her sisters from Cintra :

'We are here since the day before yesterday, and settled in our cottage. The view from it enchants me, and I hope I may be the better for it. Everything in the said cottage is rustic in its simplicity. It is impossible to imagine anything more rural, but the view is still more lovely than at Lisbon.'

In April, 1838, Mrs. Craven was recalled to Boury by the marriage of Eugénie to Count Adrien de Mun. Eugénie's marriage was celebrated on March 20, and on April 28 Mrs. Craven had started again for Lisbon. Again began that beautiful series of letters which seem written from another world than ours. Before Pauline's return with Mr. Craven, who had been appointed attaché to the British Legation at Brussels, where our Minister was then Sir G. Hamilton Seymour, Eugénie could greet her with the boy in her arms, who grew up to be only less distinguished in the Catholic ranks of modern France than his younger brother, Count Albert de Mun. Unformulated anxieties about Eugénie's health floated in Mrs. Craven's mind before long, but it was not until after the birth of another boy that they took shape. By her doctor's orders, Mme. de Mun was taken by her husband to Lucca for a change. There she found her parents, and she

seemed for a time better, but Mrs. Craven never saw her again.

While Mrs. Craven was absorbed in her painful anxiety about Eugénie, came the unexpected news of her father's death at Rome on January 17, 1842.

It almost seemed as if her father's death had been a tonic to Eugénie. She had been suffering from a trial not unknown to the saintliest souls. Eugénie, who in 1836 had written those pages worthy, Montalembert declared, of Suso,* the mystic of the fourteenth century, felt natural recoil from death. She died bravely, however, at Palermo the day after her arrival.

It was not strange that, as soon as might be, Mme. de la Ferronnays sought a home with Mr. and Mrs. Craven at Brussels, and soon afterwards 'Madame Albert' joined them there. On account of their deep mourning and seclusion, the fragments of the stricken family went to Blankenburg, then hardly known, for a summer change. With a sudden and unforeseen shock Mrs. Craven noticed a change in her sister Olga's looks, and perceived that she was soon to follow Eugénie. They hurried to Brussels for advice, but consumption can seldom be arrested, and in five months the tall, fair girl died in as perfect peace and joy as had Albert her brother. The last words on her lips were, 'Je crois, j'aime, j'espère, je me repens'—words that became as a refrain on the mouths of her remaining relations; words repeated

* Henry Suso, born in 1300, died in 1365; a Dominican. His chief work is a dialogue between Divine Wisdom, or Jesus Christ, and His disciple.

by her mother at the moment of her death, and often present with Mrs. Craven in her long after-years of memory.

In December, 1843, Mr. Craven was appointed Secretary of Legation at Stuttgart, under Sir Alexander Malet, accredited to Wurtemburg and Baden as Minister by the British Government, and in 1844 Mr. and Mrs. Craven established themselves in Germany. Some of their time was spent at Carlsruhe, but the greater part at Baden. There, in 1845, Mme. Albert de la Ferronnays spent part of the summer with them, and Pauline records the eagerness of Alexandrine's upward course, and the change in her way of estimating society. In her first widowhood she had naturally shunned it, but now she had become entirely indifferent to the charm of it, which once she had strongly felt. In writing to Pauline, she says: 'I see my Paula as she travels, collecting honey from every flower;' doubtless in her clear vision, so rapidly cleared of late years, she had perceived that her old comrade suffered from sensitive anxiety, more severely than was good for her spiritual welfare. 'God is not in the earthquake,' she wrote. 'That text was a constant saying of our Eugénie. I have not the calm I preach, but I am resolved to conquer it by the sweat of my brow; for I am convinced, as St. Francis de Sales said he was, that anxiety is the worst of all evils except sin.'

Again, in 1846, Alexandrine visited Mr. and Mrs. Craven in Germany. In 1847 Mr. Craven was for some months private secretary to Lord Normanby

in Paris, and in that summer, on July 13, occurred that scene at Boury which Mrs. Craven describes at p. 391, vol. ii., of 'Le Récit d'une Sœur.' It has the light on it of another world, the light which shone at Ostia on St. Augustine and his mother, Monica, and which Ary Scheffer has painted with at least a suggestion of its intense and passionate mysticism. As the passage remains, a monument of genius winged to highest flight by faith, it was written down next day in Mrs. Craven's journal. It is subjoined for readers not already acquainted with it:

'The eve of my departure from Boury, July 13, 1847, we went to the cemetery, as usual, to pray by the side of our two dear graves. Alexandrine knelt on the stone which covers both Albert's tomb and the resting-place which, for the last twelve years, had been marked out for her; while I knelt near Olga's grave. It was a warm and lovely evening. When we left the cemetery, we chose the longest way home, and walked slowly back. It was natural that on that beautiful evening, after our visit to the churchyard, and alone with me, Alexandrine should dwell on the thoughts always uppermost in her mind. For my part I liked better than anything else to hear her speak of God and her own soul, and lost no opportunity in drawing out her thoughts, for they always did me so much good.

'As we left a cornfield, and came upon the road leading to the house, I stood still a moment to look at the sky, where the sun was setting in the midst of so radiant a glory that the whole dreary landscape looked beautiful in its light. I said to Alexandrine,

"I love the time of sunset." "I do not," she replied; "since my troubles"—an expression she very seldom used—"since my troubles the sunset has had a mournful effect upon me. It ushers in the night, and I do not like the night-time. I like the morning and the time of spring, for these are what most typify to me the realities of eternal life. Night is the symbol of darkness and sin; evening makes me think that everything draws to an end, and both of these are sad. But the morning and the spring remind me that everything will wake up and be born again. That is what I love."

'We walked on, and just as we had passed through the gate, she said, "Try and throw yourself into the thought that everything that gives us such pleasure on earth is absolutely nothing but a shadow, and that the reality of it all is in heaven. After all, is not to love—to love the sweetest thing on earth? Is it not, then, easy to believe that to love *Love itself* must be the perfection of all sweetness? And to love Jesus Christ is nothing else when we learn to love Him absolutely as we love on earth. I should never have been comforted if I had not learnt that that kind of love really exists and lasts for ever."

'We sat down on a bench, still conversing. A little while after Alexandrine got up to gather a spray of jessamine which clothed the wall. She gave me the spray, and then stood before me with a little sprig of it in her hand, continuing the conversation. I had said to her, "It is a great blessing that you can love God in that way." She answered me in words, and with an expression and bearing which must

always remain imprinted on my mind: "Oh, Pauline, how can I help loving God? How can I help being carried away when I think of Him? How can I even have any merit in it like the merit of faith, when I think of the miracle which He has wrought in my soul; when I feel that after having so loved and so ardently desired this world's happiness, after having possessed it and lost it, and been drowned in the very depths of despair, my soul is now transformed, and so full of happiness that all I have ever known or imagined is nothing—absolutely *nothing*—in comparison?"

'Surprised to hear her speak in this way, I said, "But if life with Albert, such as you dreamed, were placed before you, and it were promised you for a length of years——" She answered without the least hesitation, "*I would not take it back.*"'

In after-years, among many traits of the family, Mr. Craven related how once again the fleeting shadow of their old friend, La Mennais, appeared among them. Alexandrine came in one day as Mr. and Mrs. Craven were sitting at breakfast in Paris, and said: 'You know that family which I have been trying to help? Who do you think it was told the sisters of the Rue du Bac about them? M. de la Mennais.'

Struck by this, Mr. Craven added: 'I went to see La Mennais, and told him that the person who had helped the family in which he was interested was Albert's widow. The tide of bygone thought swept back upon him, and the old man cried like a child.'

Alexandrine reached the goal of her life in the following February. Pauline was reserved for a larger field, and a different kind of activity. In the November of the year in which Alexandrine died, Mme. de la Ferronnays, who was with Mr. and Mrs. Craven at Baden, finished her course with the gentle charity, the steadfast and completed faith, and the calm hope, of a saint such as we may imagine those to be who have lived many years in, yet not of, the world.

To many Mme. de la Ferronnays endears herself as the most perfect figure in Mrs. Craven's incomparable group. Loving and patient, she reaped her harvest, for of whom could it more truly have been said than of her and her *santi :*

> 'They that sow in tears shall reap in joy :
> Going they went and wept, casting their seeds ;
> But coming they shall come with joyfulness,
> Carrying their sheaves'?

V.

WHAT befell Pauline when her life was thus swept by sorrow, as a garden is swept by repeated storms? She was not forgetful, nor unfeeling, nor frivolous. What befell her?

It has been said before that for a Christian there is no tragedy, for there is no death; and certainly no death for those she mourned. She suffered most grievously, but however self-contained was the life she led henceforth in the dear company of her saints, she was no egotist. Faithful to God's will as she was, and most practically Christian in her wise estimates of external things, Mrs. Craven turned to the duties of her life, and to its pleasures as they came to her in God's providence. Yet there was henceforward somewhat of firmer and freer purpose in her use of circumstance. She had henceforth 'ce quelque chose d'achevé que donne le malheur.'

Those who saw most of her in society after her losses, but particularly at that time, remember how seldom she spoke of her private and personal experiences. It is only from her journals that any true estimate can be formed of the steady current of her spiritual life through all changes and chances of

circumstance. She and Mr. Craven were in England in 1849, and England was familiar and dear to her from the time of her marriage. She took naturally eager, though not very hopeful, interest in the Tractarian movement. Few by their cosmopolitan experience could better measure the various values of the English effort to restore Catholic Christianity to the Anglican Establishment. Few welcomed with sincerer appreciation the men who passed their Rubicon and reached Rome.

English society had always been open to Mrs. Craven, but especially the chief Whig houses. In them, perhaps, little interest was felt about spiritual reactions except as they affected politics, and gave trouble in Oxford elections or in the nomination of bishops. But nothing in English affairs so interested Mrs. Craven, and whatever her predilection for what she called her three fatherlands, France, Italy and England, she was in the first place a most ardent Catholic. Her appreciation of English life and its traditions, her delight in the characteristics of our island, are all the more valuable. Even in those years of 'No Popery' clamour, Durham letters, and sad turmoil in the brains of the Protestant middle class, her opinion was enthusiastically favourable. When just come from Naples in 1851, she could admire English sunshine. 'It is even magnificently lavished on the green country,' she writes, 'and when the sun is kind, it may be said that he finds it dressed and adorned as a queen to receive his glances. The meadows, the noble trees, the flowers as they climb on the walls and sparkle in the

gardens, which are cultivated and cared for by people of every rank, shine with a cheerful brightness. In spite of their uniformity, which results from the general taste for order and cleanliness, the buildings are in a certain sense picturesque. The sun's visits, being rarer than in the South, are marred by as little dirt or ugliness or disorder as may be.' She thought English society not only the most cheerful, but the most amusing with which she was acquainted, because of the independence and originality of individual character among its various personages.

The official, political, and literary element mixed with what is called 'the world' as in no other country. Only very dull people could, she thought, be bored in English houses of the best class. No doubt she carried light enough of her own to brighten the places she visited, but Broadlands, presided over by Lord and Lady Palmerston; Worsley, by the first Lord Ellesmere and his wife; Aldenham, with Lady Granville as hostess, were very favourable samples of English country-houses.

The volume of extracts from her journal entitled 'Reminiscences,' and published in 1879, has not been translated, and a literary portrait of Lord Palmerston contained in it may fitly act as an example both of Mrs. Craven's good judgment and her facilities of judging. It was written later, but it may well precede a sketch of her English life. After a visit at Broadlands, she writes: 'Lord Palmerston has been extremely kind and cordial to us during this visit. I have talked with him very often, and

always found him the same—that is, quite other than his reputation. I should be almost tempted to say, above it, but he seems unlike it rather than unequal to it.

'He is not a great party leader, as his friends represent him to be, and as the position he holds would indicate; neither is he the evil genius which the greater part of Europe will have him to be. In fact, he is in no way a genius, and he is nothing great. His nearest approach to greatness is in his imperturbable good temper, which remains unshadowed whether he is in or out of office, beaten or triumphant, violently attacked or unduly praised. He is always the same, always ready to do justice to his adversaries, never embittered against them, never even impatient. In 1852 I was at Broadlands at the time when he resigned office under Lord John Russell's Government. I saw no traces of resentment in him; he did not say a word of recrimination or bitterness, nor did he assume affected moderation. The only perceptible difference appeared in a greater elasticity of spirits in his conversation. He was less reserved and more playful, and gave more time to society.'

Mrs. Craven, notwithstanding their friendship, could see in Lord Palmerston how some qualities, popular in his own country, were mischievous abroad—'some, indeed, dangerous in contact with strangers. His indifference to general opinion seems contempt for it; his taste for liberty gains for him the accusation of being revolutionary. He does not write exactly as he speaks, and it is singular that

fewer rash words escape him in the heat of speech than in a despatch written at leisure. In short, he is, in England, generally master of his hearers, because he knows them so well, while his ignorance about foreigners is extreme, and his tolerant spirit towards his fellow-countrymen becomes coloured by the strangest prejudices when he has to do with other people. That explains some of his mistakes and the dislike felt for him outside his own country, and yet this dislike is unjust. Notwithstanding his misconceptions, nothing is less true than that he has the wish attributed to him to revolutionize Europe for the benefit of England. He loves justice as sincerely as he hates oppression. He thinks it is for the interest of all nations that they should be governed as well as possible. He has the right to think that the political experiences of his country have been fortunate, but he is wrong not to see that elsewhere the risks of English methods might be greater than their advantages, and that though it is easy to mimic English institutions, it is not easy to imitate them. In short, he is often mistaken, but so are many people about him.'

From conversations about the recent *coup d'état* to the new novel, 'Never too Late to Mend,' from Italian prisons to Irish poverty, there was much to be discussed between Mrs. Craven and her host. Only on one occasion at Broadlands does she note that the subject of religion was seriously touched, and that was in a *tête-à-tête* with Mr. Charles Greville, who seemed more than her other acquaintances at that time to have perceived the depth of her religious

convictions. 'How happy are those who have a true faith!' he exclaimed at the end of their conversation. 'If it could be bought with gold, what sum would not be given for it?'

The subject of 'Never too Late to Mend,' Mr. Reade's popular novel, was then in most English minds, and the injustice possible in an English prison naturally led to Lord Palmerston's criticisms on the prisons of Naples, and the various influences of Bourbon management. Mrs. Craven was too just and true to dispute the faults of the Neapolitan Government. She had shrewd foresight in political matters; for, find fault as we may with passing events, principles founded on the moral law always survive error. Whatever may be our bondage to *faits accomplis*, if they do not at least tend towards promoting human ideals, the day will come for their reversal. No loyalty to persons could confuse Mrs. Craven's consistent justice and logical conclusions. She was not often nor for long mistaken in her approval or disapproval of the agents and means by which her ideals could be advanced. Whatever and whoever they were, she could not excuse crookedness in their methods. To condone evil because to condemn it was imprudent was cowardice she could not easily endure. The reader can imagine how often the straightforward vehemence of her political opinions seemed exaggerated. It is always a question if virtue can be exaggerated when it is accompanied by knowledge and good sense, but few felt more passionate enthusiasm for good causes than did Mrs. Craven, yet few had a clearer perception of the ruin

that might overtake them. If anything affected her toleration, it was violence or bigotry of opinion; and this liberty of a spirit at anchor often perplexed those who knew her vehemence of emotion if that anchor itself were in question, while personally she could swing with a free soul in the tides and currents of this shifting world. She was a brilliant member of the Broadlands society, meeting there, as on neutral ground, the chief diplomatists and European leaders whom she could not have known in her own Faubourg St. Germain.

It was, however, in the religious revival of the years between 1845 and 1855 that Mrs. Craven found an interest more profound than any in the most agreeable political or social world. Among her acquaintances she heard much of Papal aggression, as it appeared to Lord John Russell and the mass of Britons. She heard nothing of it at Broadlands; once Catholics had been emancipated, Lord Palmerston thought little more about them. For the rest, he was as indifferent to the influences of Catholicism as Mr. Gladstone was earnestly conscious of their power. To Mrs. Craven the creation of the Roman hierarchy and its reception were not matters of such deep concern as might have been expected. A change was involved, no doubt, in the action of Rome, but to her the missive entrusted to Cardinal Wiseman, and dated from the Flaminian Gate, was but a historical incident.

Possessing among them so many friends, Mrs. Craven could not but be struck by the attitude of Anglicans, as the High Church party began to be

called at that time; but it did not inspire her with the hopes and enthusiasms of many Catholics. Her French common-sense refused to see that dogmas could be restored by Gothic architecture and vestments, or even by Roman collars and æsthetic ornament. She saw with surprise and doubtful satisfaction a new church built at Worsley by Lord Ellesmere, in accordance with what was the 'Puseyite' attitude of the period. She felt then, as she ever afterwards did, that in the imitation of Catholic usages, and in the gratification of somewhat eclectic taste, there was no advance made towards the spiritual life and the art which is subservient to the true Church, both founded, as they are, on defined dogma. She wrote of the new Gothic church: 'It seems to Catholics that they hear their language spoken by strangers who do not give the true signification to the words they use, so that though the sound be the same the sense is quite different. At a distance the voice is as that of a mother, but when approached the words become an incomprehensible jargon.'

The attack made by Mr. Drummond in the House of Commons on the whole system of conventual life as it was being revived in England was one of the events of the anti-Catholic campaign. It is easy to imagine the righteous indignation of Mrs. Craven, as she drove by walls placarded with the vulgarest expressions of Mr. Drummond's speech. She was just then in a circle of friends well able to support her zeal. She notes one day (and there were many such days in 1851), that when breakfasting at Mr.

Monsell's,* afterwards Lord Emly, she met Dr. Döllinger, Dr. Manning (who was received into the Catholic Church in April of the same year), Père de Ravignan, and Mr. Aubrey de Vere. In such company the spark was quickly kindled. The day after Mr. Drummond's speech she wrote her protest, 'comme malgré moi'; fifty copies were printed and immediately passed through many hands. 'I received from several important members of Parliament,' she writes, 'the assurance of their regret, which was in itself a reparation.' Her pamphlet was prefaced by the motto from Massillon: 'We do not long keep within the limits of truth when we step beyond those of charity.'

Besides her appeal against the unmanly cowardice of such attacks in the House of Commons, the pamphlet ends with burning words of rebuke to those who repeat Iscariot's words, 'Wherefore this waste?' when they condemn sacrifice of our best to God; and to those who deny the possibility of that enthusiasm which finds in the love of God the best and the abiding spur towards the love of men, and which deems intercession the best relief for our inadequacy to meet the destroying forces of evil. The eloquent defence, and the attack involved in

* William Monsell of Tervoe, county Limerick. He represented the county Limerick in Parliament from 1847 to 1873; was Clerk of the Ordnance from 1852 to 1857, and President of the Board of Health 1857-58. In 1866 he was appointed Vice-President of the Board of Trade, from 1868 to 1870 was Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, and held the office of Postmaster General from 1870 to 1873. He was created Lord Emly in 1874, and died on April 20, 1894.

that defence, must have startled the acquaintances who had chiefly considered Mrs. Craven in the light not of a confessor for the faith, but of a charming and versatile woman of the world.

Mr. and Mrs. Craven were recalled to Naples in 1851, by the increasing infirmities of Mr. Keppel Craven, and very different feelings were aroused by Neapolitan misgovernment from any that English mistakes could excite. In April of the same year Mr. Gladstone's letter to Lord Aberdeen on the State prosecutions of the Neapolitan Government struck a note which caused all Europe to vibrate. If there had not been great tension of spirits after the events of 1848, it were hard to understand that a pamphlet, some facts in which were hastily advanced without sufficient evidence, should have acted, to use Mazzini's words, as a 'trumpet-call' to revolution. Italians are better judges now of the advantages gained by the ebullition of 1850 to 1860, and perhaps have yet to learn that English constitutional methods are certainly the best for the rapid logic and subtle intelligences, but very differing temperaments, of Lombard and Sicilian, Piedmontese and Tuscan. Meantime an irritating and cruel form of Bourbon government obtained at Naples. None of the parties to the patched-up royalty of 1848 were probably sincere, but whatever secret treachery to the promises and oaths made then might have existed among the revolutionists, the acts of oppression by the Government, and its violation of every pledge, were flagrant. The system has been called 'a negation of God,' and, though for very different

reasons, Mrs. Craven felt as strongly the treason to the Catholic faith it professed, as Mr. Gladstone did its treason to those common rights of human law which it did not pretend to respect. Again, for a different series of reasons, it suited Lord Palmerston to follow up his patronage of Louis Napoleon by 'flouts' to the elder empires and royalties of Europe. Mrs. Craven suffered keen pain because of the truths told of that *ancien régime* which was by tradition dear to her. Pity for Poerio, who was a friend of her husband, but above all the indignation she felt, as one of those who most dearly cherish an ideal when that ideal is dragged through the mire, were profoundly roused in her; but at no time was her wrath other than the wrath which drove the money-changers out of the Temple. It is impossible to draw the line too clearly between Mrs. Craven's thirst for justice, and the greater honour of God among men, and the foreign politics of her English friends. For the envious and dangerous class of Liberals, followers of Rousseau's faith that man is born good, and that all his evils come of the form of social contract under which he is governed, she had nothing but orthodox detestation.

Mr. and Mrs. Craven were welcomed back to Naples with all the effusiveness of its society, then specially brilliant, if with a dying light. Naples had been the scene where Pauline had spent her happiest days, or, at least, those years of sanguine hope and young delight in her beautiful world, before death had swept away the best-loved of her family, and before she had learned what it was to 'suffer pain

with gladness' in the example of Alexandrine. She found an exceptionally pleasant group of younger women, who listened to her talk and appreciated it responsively. The young Duchesse Ravaschieri Fieschi, to whom we owe the Italian memoir of Mrs. Craven published in the year following her death, was, and deserved to be, the closest of her new friends. She was already a wife, and the mother of that Lina who became as a passionately loved daughter to Mrs. Craven in after-years. Just when Mr. and Mrs. Craven, whose reputation for amateur acting was yet fresh in Naples, arrived, the Duchesse Ravaschieri was preparing to appear for the first time in a French comedy. She had heard of the admirable performance of Pauline, Eugénie, Charles and Fernand de la Ferronnays at the Acton Palace some nine years before, and she dreaded the critical judgment of Mrs. Craven, who was among the spectators.

'I did not know,' writes the Duchesse, 'as I knew afterwards, what violence that dearest of women did to her feelings that she might keep back her tears and hide the strain on her sad heart that evening. She was, as always, resolved not to give way to pain of memory when there was a question of pleasing her husband by joining the gaieties he enjoyed, and into which she could generally enter buoyantly.' Mr. Keppel Craven also wished that she should be a leader in his society, which included all the more distinguished travellers and men of science and art who visited Naples; her smile and courtesy concealed her emotion as she cordially accepted the

greeting of her old friends. Her kindness to the young Duchesse, who relates the scene, at once removed fear of criticism. 'Her voice left a sense of infinite sweetness on my ear,' she records.

Two days later the Duchesse Ravaschieri found Mrs. Craven in the hotel where she was staying, 'surrounded, as was her English custom, by books and flowers and miniatures, and reading a volume by the fireside. By daylight she looked thinner, her features more defined than when I had last seen her. The lines marked on her face by grief rather than by time did not alter her chief attraction, the charm of high breeding and intellect which is so often preferable to mere youthful beauty.

'I asked for news of Albertine, who had been my friend when we were children, and whom I had not seen for so long. Mrs. Craven's voice and the expression of her face changed as she told me that now she had no other sister living. There followed a long silence, which in itself told me that her life for the last ten years had been full of pain. I looked at her with a sense of limitless pity and veneration, and when with an effort she spoke again, there was in her eyes that far-away light which illuminates all eyes that look towards heaven.'

Her friendship for the Duchesse Ravaschieri, perhaps the tenderest felt by Mrs. Craven outside her own family, was soon formed for life. She returned the visit of the Duchesse at Resina, and the child Lina was put into those arms that afterwards cherished her with a passion rarely equalled even by that of mothers.

Mr. Keppel Craven had never cordially forgiven his son's abjuration of Protestantism, nor that his wife was Catholic. Both suffered keenly from his refusal that they should stay and nurse him in his serious illness. As he would not have it so, both felt it best to return to England, where, at least, there was a phantom of work, and of advance in his profession, for Mr. Craven. The influences which at first had pushed him on in his career seemed to have deserted him. His scholarship and intelligence, both of a high order; his knowledge of languages, not then as common as now; his social talents, had not profited him as they ought to have done, and as he and his wife legitimately expected they would. She wished that he should find exercise for his considerable gifts, among which may well be counted the possession of such a wife. He was often despondent because of his want of success in his profession.

In June, 1851, Mr. Keppel Craven died at Naples. A considerable part of the fortune he had inherited from the Margravine of Anspach was left to his son, and Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Craven were able to take a house in Berkeley Square, and to indulge hopes that, if not as a diplomatist, Mr. Craven could take an independent part in politics, about which he and his wife felt the keenest interest. In November of that year he resigned his diplomatic post in Germany.

In the summer of 1852 was the General Election, in which the cry of 'No Popery' was much heard. His Whig friends were ready to gratify Mr. Craven's wish (even more strongly felt by Mrs. Craven), that

he should enter Parliament. There could be no question of a seat for him in any English constituency, but there seemed a fair prospect of his return if he stood for the county of Dublin in the Whig interest. Mrs. Craven threw herself into the affair with zeal that yet could not be called ambition.

'I should be perfectly happy,' she wrote, 'if I could see Augustus in harness and at work. He does not know how to live in idleness; he is going into the great electoral struggle, and his triumph will be my repose.'

She herself went to Dublin and was in the best spirits, for her husband's prospects were, she was assured, excellent, and her pleasant thoughts made her even praise her passage from Holyhead, and describe St. George's Channel as a Neapolitan sea. We have no record of her return. The defeat of Mr. Craven was absolute. The great Whig proprietors, who had promised him their support, underrated the unpopularity of their party, and were swept aside by the national wave which met the 'No Popery' insults of the previous year. The election cost Mr. Craven many thousand pounds, and his diplomatic career, which he had thrown up in too sanguine hope of a seat. When Mrs. Craven heard of the large majority against her husband, she burst into tears, for his defeat meant more to him and to her than a casual incident or mere Parliamentary check. Mr. Monsell, who was there, could not help remarking that Southern nerves were hardly suited for the machinery of constitutional govern-

ment, but none present imagined how eagerly she had hoped for her husband's success, and the results she had anticipated from it.

It seemed as if their English ties were loosened by this event, and that as Mr. Craven was not to find employment at home, he and his wife might permanently establish themselves at Naples. He cherished a hope that he might be appointed Secretary to the Legation at Naples, which increased their wish to settle there. First they paid a farewell visit to Worsley, and Mrs. Craven wrote to the Duchesse Ravaschieri on September 4, 1852:

'I live between two opposing currents of desire. One leads us towards your sky—your Naples; I feel for it that painful craving, to express which the Germans have invented a special word. On the other side, I feel a new delight in the North, and its healthy and serious life, which at this moment appears more in harmony with my tastes. Before our disastrous defeat it seemed to me that God had wisely decided my life, giving my youth to Italy, and the succeeding years to England. But since this country, which I love so dearly, will not have us, it is well that I should go back to my first love, and return to the shore of Chiatamone, which smiles to me in all its splendour.'

On September 28 Mrs. Craven wrote from Amiens to Mr. Monsell:

'From Worsley to Amiens! A greater contrast can hardly be conceived! I came on here with only the interval of a few days' stay in London, on my way to pay a visit to my dear good Abbé Gerbet, whom I had not seen for twelve years; and on Wednesday I am to meet Augustus at my brother's (in the country near Gisors), where we intend to

spend some days, and then go on to Paris for a month; and then our present intention is still to return to England about the beginning of November, by which time we are happy to think that we shall find you in London.

'I cannot say how delightful it is to me to find myself once more talking and listening to the Abbé Gerbet. The good Bishop* was anxious that I should take up my abode at the Eveché, which I refused; but I spend the whole day there.'

A yet more important event to Mrs. Craven's inner life that year than the loss or gain of an election was a closer friendship than before with Mme. Swetchine. Most of our readers will know, at least, the name of the distinguished Russian convert, who so identified herself with France that her salon became the meeting-place of those among its sons who carried highest the standard of religion in the remarkable society that grew out of the desolations of the Revolution and the Empire. Sophie Soymonoff was born in 1782, and was therefore twenty-six years older than Mrs. Craven. Her knowledge and experience were of value to Pauline, who had for her the same devotion as a child for a mother, or as an apt pupil for an accomplished master.

In her seventeenth year M. Soymonoff had chosen for his extraordinarily well-read and accomplished daughter a husband in General Swetchine, who was forty-two years old. Almost immediately afterwards her father died exiled to Moscow; but General

* Monseigneur Salinis, who was then Bishop of Amiens, had been one of La Mennais's favourite disciples. He was the intimate friend throughout life of the Abbé Gerbet.

Swetchine was appointed to the important post of Governor of St. Petersburg.

The accession of Alexander broadened all Russian horizons. The influence of Count Joseph de Maistre, appointed Piedmontese Ambassador at St. Petersburg in 1803, gained slowly on Mme. Swetchine. She had had little training in any religion, but at that time she inclined to Greek orthodoxy, tempered by German philosophy. At last, but not until 1815, Mme. Swetchine wrote at the head of one of her notebooks, 'Douter c'est toujours ignorer.' In the same year she was received into the Roman Catholic Church. She spent the winters of 1816 and 1817 in Paris, where she was warmly received, particularly by the Duchesse de Duras. In the same year her friend M. de Maistre published in Paris his work 'Du Pape,' and prepared the 'Soirées de St. Petersbourg.' Gradually Mme. Swetchine gathered round her a most distinguished circle.

In 1825 General and Mme. Swetchine established themselves in the Rue St. Dominique, and in 1826 M. de la Ferronnays was recalled from Russia, to be appointed Minister for Foreign Affairs and subsequently Ambassador at Rome. A stranger, whose ideas were based on vast reading, and had all the tolerance of large experience in troubled times, Mme. Swetchine balanced men and events in a spirit beyond partisanship, as it was beyond the eccentricities of a clique. Gradually she recognised a responsibility towards the many men and women attracted to her by her high level of thought and morals, her mental power clothed in affectionate

courtesy, and by her breadth of sympathy for every class, from the young beauties who came to show her their prettiest dresses, to La Mennais, the fiery champion of Rome, until his own pride took fire and he became its incendiary; from Chateaubriand and Mme. Récamier, to the youths who wrote in *L'Avenir*, and who invoked democracy in the name of religion.

Mrs. Craven's long absences from Paris for some years hindered her intimacy with the distinguished Russian, but it dated from the letter from Mme. Swetchine which follows, and it grew to a complete sympathy. They were in many ways not alike, but a common consecration of their lives *ad majorem Dei gloriam*, brought them together as can no lesser tie. Mme. Swetchine had little beauty, little of that artistic power which Mrs. Craven possessed, though it may be that she earned profounder affection. She influenced Mrs. Craven from the height of her experience as of her singularly exalted criticism of life. Yet even that could not have so coloured Mrs. Craven's life as did Mme. Swetchine's tender affection for the 'beautiful soul,' which she, perhaps better than any, could rightly estimate.

Evidences of Mrs. Craven's reliance on her teaching are to be found to the last years of Pauline's life. Mme. Swetchine died in 1857, yet the thought of her was very present in every crisis of Mrs. Craven's existence. In her appeal to Lacordaire, to whom Mme. Swetchine had been as a mother throughout his career, when Italian patriotism seemed at war with the Vatican; in her early sympathy with what may be called ultramontane and democratic dislike

of Gallicanism, a sympathy roused first by De Maistre, but developed by the *Avenir* and by the Abbé Gerbet's creed of reconciliation, Mrs. Craven drank from the same springs as did Mme. Swetchine. When Pauline lent her friend some of the materials that were to be formed into 'Le Récit d'une Sœur,' a fresh bond was woven. The reader will remember that in 1852, four years after Alexandrine's and Mme. de la Ferronnays' deaths, those materials had not yet received their final beauty of arrangement, and no one but Mrs. Craven, and perhaps her husband, had yet realized their value, which was acknowledged by the world fifteen years later.

Some passages from a translation of Mme. Swetchine's first recorded letter to Mrs. Craven follow :*

'PARIS,
'*August* 12, 1852.

'I was right, dear Mrs. Craven, to wait for a less occupied time, for I should have found it impossible to lay down these dear little volumes once I had begun them.† You can have them back to-day. I have dwelt long on them with delight, and they have, I hope, become part of myself. Whenever you wish to touch a soul or quicken its advance, entrust to it this treasure. In whatever state it may be, this presentation of all that is attractive, united to all that can stimulate and

* To Mme. Swetchine had evidently been entrusted those MS. volumes compiled by Alexandrine, which she herself on her deathbed had confided 'de sa main défaillante' to Mrs. Craven.

† Mrs. Craven had also lent to Mme. Swetchine the greater part of the materials which were afterwards used in the 'Récit d'une Sœur.'

touch the intelligence, will act upon it. Never before did the contrast between the scattered beauties of life and its measureless emptiness appear to me so striking as in these pages. In them are described all necessary conditions for happiness; and yet how often these lives were darkened! Early death was in them correlated to the noblest enthusiasms. The joy and suffering you describe are born of special graces. Even sorrow takes, in your family, the form of singular favour, and in its bitterest trials there are tokens of a Divine respect. As for myself, I now understand that you should remain inconsolable, and that you may possess all the happiness the world can give, while yet it may never fill the void you feel. On the other side, what strength is gained in the living memory of such affection! What an honour it is to have been thus loved! What is more delightful than your sister's words, which are very original in their caressing tenderness, and inexhaustible in their flexibility, so that they may closely touch you and enter your very soul—you who were at once her guiding star on the road to heaven and her true twin sister. . . .

'I cannot thank you enough for what you have allowed me to see and appreciate and love. It is rare good fortune to come across elements which are so well assimilated. And how I seem to have lived among you all! Dear Mrs. Craven, pray record this great kindness of yours as a date which I have already noted, and which will never be effaced. If I dared, I would say that you yourself are bound by it, for I firmly believe in the duties contracted towards those for whom one has done much.'

VI.

MRS. CRAVEN had then begun to arrange with tender reverence the family papers which were to take shape as 'Le Récit d'une Sœur.' She had shown some amongst them to Mr. Monsell; and to him her words, 'my brother's place, near Gisors,' meant much; for Dangu was near Boury, always the goal of Mrs. Craven's tenderest thoughts. Early in 1853 Mr. Craven had decided, after much hesitation, to make his home at Naples. The Palazzino Chiatamone, or, as it came to be known to all their acquaintances, the Casa Craven, was transformed by the improvements Mr. Craven made in its arrangements. In front it commanded the Bay of Naples, and to the west was Posilippo. On either side of the entrance-hall were the dining-room and Mrs. Craven's sitting-room, full of books and beautiful things. Mr. Keppel Craven had decorated the chief reception room in what is called the style of the First Empire. Its walls were painted in shades of umber, and massive gilt cornices of classical design framed four large mirrors as well as two life-size pictures by Romney—a full-length portrait of the Margravine of Anspach in one, and of Mr. Craven's father and

uncle, Keppel and Berkeley Craven, in the other. Beyond the dining-room, with its choice pictures and fine porcelain, was the spacious and well-filled library. It was arranged in the shape of a Greek cross, of which the book-shelves, carrying some eight thousand volumes, formed the arms; while in the centre was a comfortable space for study.

The room was lighted from a wide balcony looking south upon the sea, and on the east side it opened on the terrace, behind which rose a rugged buttress of the hill Echia.

Foreigners, among whom were many English, diplomatists of every nation, French friends and relations, were eager to belong to Mrs. Craven's society. Lady Drogheda writes of it:

'The Cravens were living at Naples, and also the late Lord and Lady Holland. They almost lived together. I used to hear of Mrs. Craven's acting and her great social talents, and her virtues and admirable qualities, until I grew to believe that there was no one like her. The following year I learned to know and love her, and to look on her almost as a saint. It is all gone now, that brilliant and beloved society. There was no one like Pauline Craven; I think of her with tenderness that no words can describe.'

In Naples, at that time, there was much personal care of the poor; and almsgiving is always a religious duty for Catholics. The noble efforts of Donna Adelaide Capece Minutolo and her sisters were a splendid example of private charity; but there was little, if any, organized effort to provide hospitals or schools for the swarming population. After careful

consultation with her friends, Mrs. Craven determined to use her position and her dramatic gifts in the service of the poor. Hence the remarkable series of amateur theatricals still remembered at Naples as the culminating pleasure of those pleasant years, before the political upheaval which was becoming every day more threatening. Mr. Craven adopted his wife's idea with all the zeal which lay under his somewhat reserved manner. He at once summoned his architect to erect a stage and its accessories. A very good and convenient theatre was arranged by throwing down some partitions of the library. Mr. Craven undertook its management. His wife quickly selected a promising troupe among her friends, who vied with one another in helping her. Her experience and advice kept the lively company under her orders in hand; her enterprise succeeded beyond her hopes, and helped the poorest quarters of the misgoverned city through several winters.

Count Charles de la Ferronnays, Mrs. Craven's eldest brother, who was a finished actor and singer, and more than one accomplished amateur from other countries, carried the representations on her stage to such perfection that from vaudeville they went on to serious comedy, plays in verse, and even to opera, with increasing courage.

An extract from the Journal in which Mrs. Craven wrote at times the principal impressions of her life, will best describe some of her social preoccupations at that time, and the unfailing sad and solemn ground of serious thought on which, to use Bacon's phrase, her gaieties were embroidered. Mrs. Craven had

written of the death of Alonzo, the Duc de Santo Teodoro, whom she had known as a child; and she passes to an incident of her Neapolitan life in which he had had a share. In describing it, she speaks also of the English world in which she had lived:

'At the beginning of February, 1853, I dined at Sir William Temple's. Lord Belfast offered me his arm, and placed me beside Alonzo. They only knew each other by sight, and I introduced them. Alas! who would have said that before a fortnight had passed one of the two would be dead, and that the other should follow him within three months? They were the youngest, the handsomest, and had the most distinction of all those who were there. They were more or less alike in their taste and talent, one for music and the other for painting, in which they were almost equal to professional artists. . . . Shall I ever forget the painful circumstances of poor Lord Belfast's death! I knew and saw but little of him during his life, but the remembrance of his death is sad and ineffaceable for me.

'I saw him for the first time during the autumn of 1851 at Beaudesert, Lord Anglesey's place. He had a talent for music, which was uncommon for an Englishman in society. I liked his piano-playing very much, and Lord Gifford, who was of the same party, accompanied him extremely well on the violin, which was still more wonderful for an amateur of his rank.

'While we were at Beaudesert, we had some private theatricals. I took the part of another lady

in the *Caprice*.* I played Madame de Lery, and learnt my part in one day. Augustus played Chavigny; Isabella Anson, Mathilde. We left next day but one. Just as we were starting, Lady Sydney came to tell me that Lord Belfast wanted to know if I would play with him in "Il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou fermée."†

'She begged me to consent, and in that case she proposed to arrange that the piece should be played at her country house (Frognal), where we were to meet in a fortnight's time. And so it was carried out, and contrary to my expectation, for I imagined he would act badly, Lord Belfast played his somewhat eccentric *rôle* extremely well.'

Of the party at Frognal, Mr. Grenfell writes:

'Lord Belfast was the hero of the occasion; he played the piano with all the ladies round him. The proof sheets of rather a moderate novel, his first attempt, had just reached him. He acted with Mrs. Craven in "Il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou fermée." I saw a great deal of her during that week; we always met afterwards as relations and great friends. Whenever we met, we began again just about where we had left off, both of us taking the most lively interest in all public affairs, and she always giving a shrewd, solid, and well-weighed opinion on them all. She never spoke of herself; she had no egotisms or Gallicisms. It always appeared to me that she was a complete cosmopolitan.'

* Comedy in one act by Alfred de Musset, first played in 1847.

† 'Proverbe' by A. de Musset, first played in 1848.

Mrs. Craven's Journal continues: 'When I returned to London he came to see me, and begged me to visit his mother, who never went out, but who wished to know me. I therefore called on her. She only wished to hear me say that he acted well, and she also wanted (as she said in almost direct terms) to see if I were worthy to appear with him in a piece where we two were the only actors. "Now that I see and hear you," she said, "I am quite satisfied, and I only regret not having seen you act with him."

'After some time, when we were settled at Naples, he arrived there in high spirits and in good health, and he was delighted to take part in the plays which were being got up at our house. He played equally well in two parts; all went pleasantly. Our company was made up of a few intimate friends. He liked them, and they liked him, and he said he had seldom found himself in a little circle which suited him so well. We found him pleasant, unaffected, and agreeable, and we were all in good spirits and pleased with each other. I had myself got over the painful feeling with which at first I thought of these theatricals.

'Since the sorrows which have changed my life, and of which the inward traces are ineffaceable, I have always felt this repugnance, even though in exterior things I have resumed my former manner of living. But here, at Naples, where the thought of theatricals is connected with memories of the happiest time of my youth, and of those who shared it with me, my distaste is even greater than usual. Many circumstances had combined to make the thing

agreeable to Augustus, and everybody enjoyed it. Once started, I always feel the old taste revive in me sufficiently to give me an interest and enjoyment in all that is going on. But on this occasion I disliked the idea more than usual, and it was only about a week before the performance that I felt in good spirits, which were to be soon troubled. . . .

'The day on which our play was to come off, I felt out of sorts because of a dreadful thunder-storm which had prevented us all from sleeping. I had never seen such terrible weather at Naples as on that morning, which was to have been a day of enjoyment. At mid-day we heard that Lord Belfast had scarlet fever; our party was put off, but at first we were more disappointed than uneasy. Two days passed, but on the third we were terribly startled to hear that the disease, which the doctors had said was slight up to that time, had suddenly become danger-ous. . . . Augustus went to inquire, and only returned at dinner-time without a shadow of hope. Thérèse Ravaschieri came, and heard on her arrival what had happened. She thought him so little ill that she had written him a merry note; she had even signed it with her acting name, Marquise de Senneterre, and had sent him a little coral hand as a charm against the evil-eye. We heard of his death a little later, and nothing can describe the sort of terror I felt as I went over the incidents of the preceding days. Doubtless the sense of contrast increased the violence of my feeling, and yet I said that it was not death but pleasure which was to blame for it. Death has the right to take us by surprise, and pleasure

should never make us lose sight of death. In other circumstances, however sad and rapid the events of that night, they would not have struck us in the same degree. Thank God that, though our occupation was frivolous, it was not wrong. May He who probes the heart and only condemns sin have mercy on him, and on all of us! . . . May his soul rest in peace!'

'NAPLES AND LONDON,
'*May* 31, 1853.

'Just now I wrote of *pleasure*, but it does not follow that I had too large a share of it that winter. No, I can say that all that deserves the name of pleasure, according to worldly estimate—plays, receptions, visits, etc.—was accompanied by annoying circumstances, which made what might be called my gayest days the least agreeable of the season. In spite of annoyances, however, I acted again with a success which gave me only too much satisfaction. I think its silly pleasure was balanced and expiated by the thousand petty vexations which accompanied it.

'What I really enjoyed was the delightful house I lived in, the good and pleasant friends whom I saw every day, and the general charm of existence here, though for my taste it was wanting in silence and quiet. Since, however, my star seems to lead me back to Naples, instead of fixing me far from this place, as I expected, I will try to overcome the extraordinary dislike with which the most beautiful scene in the world inspires me. After all, it is not the place which gives me this distaste. The sea, the moun-

tains, the colour, the perfume, all that God has given to the people who dwell here, enchants me. Besides, the sense of comfort and well-being, the finely-proportioned and spacious rooms, which I always enjoy, are to be found in this house. The contents of the library are worthy of its frame, and that is much to say. This charming double gallery, in which we have spent our days for a month past, is a sitting-room which has not its like. I am not so absurd as not to love it all, but notwithstanding all this, I would gladly consent to leave it all for ever if at that cost I could obtain what I have most desired, active and useful work for Augustus, calm and retirement for myself. Yet I cannot make a merit of this wish, for I do not deny that the mean miseries of this country are a corrective to its charm, and that, with more reason to enjoy life here than elsewhere, I enjoy it less. However that may be, it seems the will of God that we should return here. We leave in a week, but we shall probably return in four months. We had arranged to sell or let this house, but Augustus has decided to keep it and put it in complete order, and unless new changes unexpectedly occur in our plans during our stay in England, I see clearly that I shall have to uproot every fragment of my old projects and favourite hopes.

'God's will be done. I shall always find much to enjoy here, and once our residence at Naples becomes a habit and not an episode, I hope its charms will no longer *frivolize* me. I will try to maintain here the strong and serious impressions gained elsewhere.

First and last in all things may God, God alone, guide and fill my life !'

On August 11, 1853, Mrs. Craven wrote in her Journal:

'LONDON.

'I have been spending some days at Nuneham, during which I visited Oxford for the first time. If the ruins of Pompei interest lovers of antiquity, Oxford should in a far greater degree interest those who care for remains of the Middle Ages, and especially those who hold the same faith as the founders of all those institutions, and under whose inspiration the marvellous buildings were erected. In this country there is an extraordinary mixture of conservative feeling and its reverse. Oxford has faithfully preserved the external stamp imprinted by Catholicism on the whole town. The result is an inexpressible feeling which is at once sweet and painful, as might be that of meeting a stranger, or even an enemy, under the dear and familiar features of a friend, a brother, or a mother. All there speaks the language of Catholics, yet that language expresses what they most dislike.

'Before writing the preceding page I should have filled the gap which occurs between Naples and Nuneham. I ought to have said that we passed a week in Paris during June, and since the 20th of that month we are in London. Finding myself in this home, which I had so longed for, I suffer the pains of Tantalus. Now that my wishes have been realized it seems even more pleasant and dearer to

me than I had before expected; yet I return to it with the certainty that I must give it up for a long time, perhaps without reasonable hope of coming back for permanent residence. It vexes me, but it does not deserve to be called a cross, as I am so ready to think it. Whatever it is, however, this contrariety to my old favourite plans is a trial. It puts off permanence, which I thought I had attained. . . .

'Therefore on September 1 we leave for Paris, and on the 23rd we sail from Marseilles, and so we conclude a visit which has been marked for us by unfulfilled hopes. It has been a short and sad visit, but it has terribly revived my love for this home in a country which, after all, I prefer to every other.'

'LONDON,
'*September* 11, 1853.

'Our departure was put off, and we are now to leave in three days. Everyone has left London, and this month, that I would willingly have spent in the country (which I really love only in England), we are spending in disagreeable packing. The house is nearly let, and all our arrangements are those of persons who do not intend to come back for some time.

'I look around me with affection and regret. This house is the ideal home of which I have dreamt. . . . But what am I saying? How can I regret a place which recalls so few pleasant memories?—I, who love to dwell in thoughts of the past, I know not why; but the fact is that, in spite of everything, I have had great rest here, and I expect no greater happiness

than rest, and that God can bestow everywhere. Besides that I have felt here a certain fervour and goodwill, which is the one happy impression specially belonging to the remembrance of my room upstairs. I read and pray there, and think of God, and there sometimes I have felt an ardent wish to love Him. So to Naples! and once more let us remember that "All the earth is the Lord's whom we serve."'

'NAPLES,
'*September* 30, 1853.

'Here we are arrived as we had arranged. It is seldom that a plan made some time previously can be carried out in detail. But on this occasion nothing went wrong. Whatever my wishes, I could not but again pursue my Southern route, which is as repugnant to me now as it was delightful in former days. I hope my dislike will pass away, for it is here evidently that God wills me at present to be.

'We arrived on September 25, and I had heartfelt joy in again seeing Thérèse* and Laurette,† whom I love like sisters. But immediately afterwards the weight which crushes everything here made itself felt even more than it did last year. The absence of all interest, of all life, and even of hope that anything could prosper here, is oppressive, in spite of the sun and of all the natural beauty of the place. . . . The ugliness, the disorder, the dirt of the streets, outweigh in sadness the pleasure afforded by the bay and the mountains. Natural beauty easily pleases me; but I am hard to satisfy in what has to do with art.

* The Duchesse Ravaschieri.

† The Princess Camporeale, now Mme. Minghetti.

Beauty is a matter of course in what comes from God's hand, but it is otherwise in the work produced by man. Beautiful trees, flowers, greenery, the perfume of cut grass, of heather, of the woods, is common; it delights and satisfies me. But I want as well order, neatness, and cleanliness, in what I see around me that is of human providing. With those conditions I can enjoy life, not perhaps enthusiastically, but peacefully. . . . The ugliness of all the buildings in Naples vexes me. I cannot get used to it, and in that respect this town is the meanest in Italy. There is not another like it; for this Italian people, endowed with every art, has left its mark, and that of its poetical history, everywhere except at Naples. The past has left no imprint here, and under the influences now dominant the beautiful is perishing not less than the good. I had the same impression as last year's on going into church, the same heart-sickness. I am growing used to it, but when I come back from the life-giving atmosphere of the free North I feel stifled, and however brilliant and charming be my cage, I should prefer to be outside it.'

The next entry in Mrs. Craven's Journal is:

'NAPLES,
'*April* 28, 1854.

'*Rome.*—I have passed a month at Rome, and the days of it were full of impressions that I would not forget. I had not a moment in which to record them, at least in this book. Happily, what I felt is not to be soon forgotten, and it is not too late to recall my sensations.

'If I were in one word to express the effect which Rome produced on me, I should say it was the exact contrary of what I feel in Naples. As I approach Rome I find my heart warmed and my intelligence enlarged, and the longer I remain, the more the feeling increases. Beauty of nature, beauty of art, beauty of the antique, as of the Christian past, and, to crown all, beauty of religion. That is the general effect. Those are the sources whence come my enjoyments in this, the greatest site [*lieu*] in the world.

'I spent the first week in revisiting the best-known spots, and in enjoying the society of friends whom I found here; in letting myself be filled by the thought that I was in Rome, and listening to all it suggested. I dwelt on the memories which were mingled in my general impressions. I prayed each morning at St. Andrea's;* I saw again St. Peter's, St. John Lateran, the Capitol, the Vatican. What interests, what activity, what life, is reawakened there in my heart and mind! All that is seen, all that is recalled by what is seen, is so magnificent that, in spite of ourselves, we shake off the pettiness and frivolity of which we gradually become the prey elsewhere.

'With the Rios, whom to my great delight I found here, I went over the part of the Appian Way which has been newly discovered. Rio knows how to explain better than anyone else, and I understood the interest which its ruins possess. The view was very fine from the summit of the last of the circular

* S. Andrea delle Fratte, well known to readers of 'Le Récit.'

tombs, which belonged to the Colonnas in the Middle Ages, and of which they made a fortress. The Campagna, the aqueducts, the distant mountains, the transparent atmosphere, and the remains of the great classical past, can only be eclipsed by the yet more interesting birth of Christianity.

'I passed the second week of my stay in Rome in spiritual retreat at the Trinità de' Monti, and nearly every hour of that time is accounted for in the notes which had to be made on the four meditations of the day, and which, with some other exercises, occupied me from seven in the morning to nine at night. It is the first time in my life that I have known the tiredness caused by the good use of all my faculties when concentrated and undisturbed. The fatigue is very sweet and salutary, and the exercises, which seemed a little alarming at first, have left behind them a good and cheerful impression. I shall never forget those happy days, those walks under the beautiful sky, while before me was the incomparable view.

'Towards evening the good Sister came to look for me, and I followed her to the refectory where supper awaited me. Going there I crossed the beautiful cloister lighted by the moon—the cloister where twenty years before I walked with Olga on the eve of her first Communion. What memories were those, what holy and dear influences! I thank God that I was enabled to give myself up to them during some of the days I spent in Rome at that time.

'It was Tuesday in Holy Week when I re-entered the world, and though it was represented by a very

quiet circle of friends, I had a strange sensation when I returned to it.

'I felt as if I had come from a distance, where people were occupied in more interesting things than those I found on my return. Would that it were possible to retain this impression, and not lose the sense of surprise! But habit reasserts itself, and we soon cease to be astonished by what we do ourselves.'

The spread of cholera obliged Mr. and Mrs. Craven to leave Ischia, and on July 31 they went on board the steamer *Vesuvius*, en route for Leghorn, and thence for the mountains of Lucca, which had hitherto escaped infection. Mrs. Craven wrote of the voyage:

'In the passage from our boat to the lazaretto we passed one of those moments, not frequent in life, when we are exposed to very real and imminent danger. We had to row a distance which generally is done in three-quarters of an hour. We were in an open boat towed by another. We took four hours struggling with a furious sea. Our boat was deluged by surf, and more than once the rope seemed giving way. If that had happened, we were at the mercy of the storm and could not have escaped. I hardly know what I felt.'

Mrs. Craven's next entry is at Florence, where she and Mr. Craven had been since September 11:

'Despondency has always been a danger for my soul. It has destroyed many germs of life in me which otherwise might have flourished.'

Fifteen days of 'intellectual retreat' among the

churches and galleries of Florence refreshed her, and there Mrs. Craven read her Dante from beginning to end without interruption, and with a mind invigorated to understand and feel his meanings. 'I have been so improved by him,' she writes, 'that, were it because of his poetry alone, I should record this month of September, 1854, as a happy epoch in my life.

'All that can be desired by reason is in this book, and all that the soul asks for. Beside it all others, except inspired Scriptures, are weak, and colourless, and incomplete. Of all human productions it alone contains everything. At least that is what I feel. My thoughts are raised in proportion as I study and understand it. Faith is increased by its true and faithful picture of another life, and imagination has room for exercise in the widest and most legitimate of fields. No book so invites me to meditation, to self-examination and prayer. Its solid merits are clothed in an enchanting form, and its great lessons are given in a language of which the charm was never, before or since, bestowed on such poetry. No matter what may be said by the critics of our time, the portrait of Dante is fittingly placed by the Church beside the holiest images. I reverently saluted it in the church which preserves the pleasant name of St. Mary of the Flowers. It is rightly placed also under the arches of the Vatican, where I always love to see him, although the daring of his robust faith scares timid Catholics of our day. I have no doubt that many of them would like to efface his figure if they were masters. But, thank God!

they are not. The masters are the Pope, the bishops—the Church, in short—and under their protection we shall always find his illustrious memory honoured and protected, and the great name of Dante ever among the highest glories of Catholicism.'

In concluding a touching letter of sympathy of January 22, 1855, to Mr. Monsell, who had lately lost his wife,* Mrs. Craven adds:

'We hope to be in England early in May; I therefore say nothing now about ourselves. We shall find you in London, and hope to make amends by many and many a long talk for our most unsatisfactory correspondence.

'Augustus's health is not as good as it used to be, I am sorry to say, and whether this climate is good or bad for him we shall only be able to ascertain after we have tried the effects of another year in the North. *I* have been well but for a slight indisposition that just prevented me from going to Rome for those admirable solemnities of December 8, a disappointment for which nothing can ever make up, as nothing equal to *that* will ever be seen again. I was happy to think that Lady Lothian and her daughters were there. For Catholics I believe that it was impossible to witness anything more striking and edifying.'

* Lady Anna Maria Wyndham Quin, only daughter of the second Earl of Dunraven.

VII.

PROBABLY Pauline Craven, sister of Eugénie and Olga, and of that Albert who could say, 'There is nothing great in this world but its emptiness,' would not have influenced hearts as she did, or possessed the same power of sympathy and unfailing sweetness but for her continuous intercourse with her beloved dead throughout those shining years of her life. 'Naples might be a siren who could lull to sleep the life my heart lives in its sad memories, if they were not of the very essence of its life.' Each morning of those delightful days she spent some time in sorting the voluminous correspondence of her family according to the sequence of Alexandrine's journal. In the afternoon she often visited the Sisters of Charity who superintended the only school for poor children then existing at Naples. Under their roof it was that she learned to understand the poverty of the city, and made her plans to relieve it. But after her return to Neapolitan society, she came under the influence of what was probably the keenest and most profound affection of her life. Those who know 'Le Récit' will have understood the depth and tenderness of her filial devotion. Her love for her

sister Eugénie was intense, and there was some motherliness in it, but even that had hardly the strength of Pauline's devotion to the child of her friend the Duchesse Ravaschieri. Childless herself, all the treasures of motherly feeling were concentrated on Lina, who felt in return an affection extraordinary in one so young, and which was ripened by suffering and early death. It is an episode in Mrs. Craven's life, which, perhaps, more than any other reveals her nature, as pure as it was ardent, and one finding in a child a full outlet for her human devotion.

In her Journal and Meditations we see the undercurrent of her thoughts, of which her social gifts were the beautiful eddies, slight vortices that witnessed to its strength and depth, and caught and carried on many a superficial trifle to the illimitable horizons of religious thought and faith. If Mrs. Craven had allowed the dates of her Meditations to be printed, there would have been touching interest in following her from her successes in rendering one of De Musset's or Scribe's personages, to the kneeling figure in her oratory conversing with unseen guests, or to the table where lay in order the records of 1830 to 1848, and where she linked together their golden fragments. One passage in Mrs. Craven's Meditations records what we imagine must be a rare experience in the life of a woman who had been so much in the very differing societies of Russia and England, France and Italy. 'In a world where so many mutual offences are given, I have the rare good fortune, as I glance at my past and present, to

find no instance, that I can remember, of having offended anyone. I appear to have lived in an atmosphere of kindliness, and to have met everywhere with those who, instead of being too severe, were too good to me.' Doubtless, the credit of such a fact lies chiefly with herself, yet how much humility, how much charity, how much right judgment in estimating others does it not reveal!

In her Journal we find:

'34, BERKELEY SQUARE, LONDON,
'*Monday, July* 30, 1855.

'I want to write a line or two in this book, dated for the last time from this house, where I settled myself so joyously to live and die, as I thought. I feel in a dream when I look round. Each piece of furniture, which was put in place, as I believed, for ever, is about to belong to the new occupiers of this house, which is ours no longer.'

'NAPLES,
'*October* 18, 1855.

'London—Paris! That delightful vitality of mind and soul exchanged for Naples—Naples of to-day, the only spot on the earth where it is true pain to live! The miserable tyrannies that have always existed have grown more oppressive, and they are at last felt by everyone without exception. Nothing is to be heard but murmurs, fears, and groans. They never were so general, and this does not add to the pleasure of our return, which is at all times disagreeable after we have breathed a different atmosphere.

'Now is the time to conquer egotism by a strong

effort, to resume self-control, and dissociate myself from external influences; to profit by the comfort of this large house, and by the absence of real interest outside its walls, that I may create an existence of my own which shall be self-contained, strengthening, and independent. It is not easy here, I hardly know why, but God knows that it is not, and He will help me, I hope.

'In the first place, because even the slightest effort is tiring and exhausting in this air. It is personally difficult for me, because, when I have been without help, I have never done as well as another might, and the sources of strength on which one can draw elsewhere — good words, beautiful churches, and all the rest—are wanting here. Not only are they wanting, but, as a fact, the worst temptations abound in the very places where we go to seek strength to overcome them.

'It is difficult, because Naples is noisy as well as tiresome. For want of interest the mind grows sleepy, and attention is distracted by the clatter, and calm (*recueillement*) is almost impossible.

'It is difficult, no doubt, but not impossible. The end which God has set before me for my attainment, at whatever cost, cannot be reached without a struggle. Perhaps, when I shall have learnt indifference to the influences which now I love, I may live among them in safety.

'There are two blessings which God does not bestow on me, and yet the happiness of my life is in question. Another check to the hopes of my husband, the last and greatest, will bring on that gloomy

sadness of which the mere thought terrifies me. It will darken our life, and disappointment and inaction will cause that total eclipse of my sun which is not unknown to me, and during which I live and act as in a painful dream. The prospect is not enlivening, and never did I feel less disposed to submit to the thought of seeing him unhappy.'

In October, 1855, Mrs. Craven wrote to Mr. Monsell of the political atmosphere of Naples, and of the presages which she rightly thought foretold the coming revolution:

'We left Paris late on the 11th, and arrived here early on the 15th. It added a little to the depression which, strange to say, I always feel when I first return to this country (lovely as it is), that the heat was still overpowering, and the change to that from the fresh air and pleasant autumn weather we had left behind was most disagreeable. There was nothing very cheering in other respects either; when we came to inquire into the proceedings of the summer, and to listen to everyone's account of what they had witnessed and suffered, we found that all the newspaper accounts, far from being exaggerated, fell short of what really happened, and what struck us most (for *that* had never been the case before) was the universal feeling about it among all those we know; we have not met with one single individual who did not regard as enemies those very good people who chose to defend the system about which they know nothing, as we must charitably hope.

'It is all very sad, very disheartening and alarming, but in fact I only care about it much because of the tone adopted by those same Catholics and Catholic newspapers, which must give the impression that to Catholics there is nothing very revolting in all this.

'Pray let me hear from you sometimes, and give us some news of dear England. I need not remind you, however, that unless your letter goes in a bag (as this one does) it will not be safe for you (for me, I would say) to allude to all I have now told you.

'Pray remember me to Mr. Manning whenever you see him. Augustus sends you his best love; he has been in a sort of a way attached (temporarily) to this legation. If this could be the beginning of a return to something of a more decided occupation in his old line, I should rejoice at it, but I have quite lost the power of hoping on that point, and success being a thing entirely unknown to me, I cannot believe in the possibility of it, not even when, as in this case, it would be purchased at the cost of much enjoyment, and therefore would not altogether be a thing too good to be expected.'

To understand Mrs. Craven's sympathies with Italian reform, it is only necessary to remember the consistent tenor of her lifelong enthusiasms. A rapid evolution of life within the Catholic Church had taken place between 1825 and 1850. The Abbé Gerbet had said at the eve of his master La Mennais' 'revolt': 'Would it not be well to reconcile religion and the human soul by showing that the dogmas, the precepts, the institutions of Christianity are in harmony with the deeper springs of humanity?' Mrs. Craven adopted the large charity of her friend. The life of conscience, the experience of the soul, which has acquired a certainty of the main Christian dogmas greater than any secured by external evidence, was hers, and her passionate desire was that others should also possess it. It followed that she

should be essentially liberal with the liberalism which is born of Christian individuality—the dignity of man's personal relations with God, and which, she could not doubt, involved his freedom of conscience. Hence Mrs. Craven's dislike to State interference with the delivery of the Christian message by the Church; hence her enthusiasm for the heroes of conscience, be they Savonarola, Gordon, or Damien. She was indifferent to controversy, to Anglican disputes, for instance, except as they concerned higher standards of life. Her sympathy with Newman was chiefly based on his ultimate appeal to conscience, and many of her dislikes grew from the same root.

Her indignation in presence of the cruelties and tyranny practised at Naples, and the immorality and bad faith which clothed themselves in the garb of order and religion, was ethical rather than political, for, in truth, it was difficult for her to disapprove of a Bourbon. It was the evil strokes dealt at Christian life by the powers which professed to defend it that revolted her spirit.

In an unpublished memorandum of hers on the state of Naples when she left England to reside there, she says: 'I thank God that my faith has been developed in an atmosphere of freedom; unless it had been, the fountains of true religion would not have risen in my soul. I feel that the narrow circle set up by the timid friends of truth, who would imprison intelligence and check the legitimate eagerness to learn and to know, which is great in this generation, would have been fatal to my faith. It is in the freest air that I have best learned to love God and the Church as I love nothing else. I have seen the

Church attacked, and in her own strength triumphing without help from human support, without temporal laws to enforce Divine precepts. I have witnessed error robbed of the prestige bestowed by persecution, and of the attraction gained by its repression, and observed its inconsequence and weakness, and I better learnt to love the sacred beauty of the Church by comparison. Can I believe that what has been so useful to my heart and mind can be a poison? Can I believe that what to me, insignificant woman as I am, would have been fatal, can be health-giving to young and intelligent men, who either dwindle in the narrow limits allowed to them, or break bounds and make their first step towards liberty one of revolt?' After drawing an eloquent picture of Neapolitan stagnation, civil and religious, Mrs. Craven, in the name of the Church and of piety, implores a change of system; she desired 'light to expose the hypocrisies and disorder of the classes which should lead the people in paths of virtue and piety, but which had committed almost the least pardonable of crimes in betraying their trust of educating and enlightening conscience, which is the true basis of Christian faith.'

Mrs. Craven's 'liberalism' was, in truth, based on her enthusiastic reverence for the Roman Church. She was ultramontane in her dislike of Gallicanism; ultramontane in her visions of a united Italy, led by the counsels of the Fisherman, and in her preference for the voice of the people, made known through their mother the Church, to the voice of Metternich and his masters. She desired that the European creed should rest on conscience rather than on

coercion, and that its dogmas should be based on their suitableness to the deepest needs and aspirations of mankind rather than on the assertions of controversialists. She loved the 'Imitation,' and the heights of ascetic and mystic theology to which Catholicism aspires and sometimes attains. In the experience of her life she found a sufficient reason for the ardent faith no historical criticism could touch, much less shake, in her.

Christian liberalism such as Mrs. Craven's needs no apology, though it offended some excellent friends of hers at the time. If the eloquent and generous party professing it in France and Italy has apparently ceased to exist, it is because the leaven it introduced has done its work. Being but men, there were doubtless faults of judgment, intolerance, excess of zeal among the upholders of that liberalism. But they were wise in desiring that assent to truth which is secured by conspicuous and unfettered righteousness. Many now find that a free and enlightened conscience is the only anchor against a storm of criticism which threatens all faith. No doubt her English sympathies, her intimacy and that of her husband with Lord Palmerston, her admiration for Mr. Gladstone, contributed to the reputation for Liberalism that clung to the society which met at the Casa Craven, but she was the last to approve the methods used by the left wing of her party. Mrs. Craven's desire for light and for freedom had its roots solely in her Catholic faith and enthusiasm. Certainly she disliked the petty tyrannies of parties within the Church.

VIII.

'THE PRIORY,
'*August* 25, 1856.

'IT seems strange to keep a journal, and only to write in it once a year. It might seem more natural to have none at all. Yet I fear that in this matter, as in a multitude of others which are more important, I shall do in future very much as I have always done. And, after all, it is not so bad as it seems, for I write the day's events in my note-book.

'Again this year I have left Naples by myself, and come through France to spend a short time in England, which has been prolonged contrary to my wishes. Augustus has not yet joined me, because unfortunately his regrets and ambitions have been reawakened by the present political circumstances at Naples. So I am here alone in England, and far away from him.

'I left Naples June 2, and stayed in Paris till July 12. During that time I had the happiness of witnessing the abjuration of Eliza,* and I was there when the marriage of Berthe† was arranged.

* Eliza Thorpe, Mrs. Craven's maid.

† Mdlle. de la Ferronnays, daughter of Mrs. Craven's eldest brother, married to the Vicomte, now Comte, de Dreux Brézé,

From Paris I came to London, and established myself under Lady Granville's roof. The 26th I left for Hatchford, and since then I have divided my time between Brocket, Ossington, Littlehampton, and this house from which I write. It belongs to Lord Somers, but is rented just now by Lord Harry Vane.

'After all, though my old delight in England still exists, I shall not feel the same regret as usual when I leave it this time. Thank God, my last stay in Naples has been the happiest I have known there, and I have dear friends, the children whom I love almost as if I were their mother, the charm which habit always bestows, and the hope of having some good work to do; all these act together, and gradually replace my old dreams. Here there is always an immovable barrier beyond which I cannot hope to find sympathy, and I have not one friend here who will or can aid me in the object which I have at heart. All this, notwithstanding the kindness which I meet, I might almost say the flattery offered to me, ends by chilling and irritating me.

'This Protestantism wearies and disgusts me. The false imputations, the false witness against neighbours, a national crime of which England is guilty towards Catholics, wears out my patience. It weakens ties which I had wished to draw yet closer. No doubt the liberty of Catholics is respected in outward matters, and politically they have valuable rights which they freely use. But this is

that 'Berthe' mentioned at p. 70, vol. ii., of 'Le Récit' as the baby owner of the toy dog Sifflote.

balanced by the atmosphere of calumny which surrounds them, and against which it is always necessary to struggle, and that is wearisome, or to endure, and that is intolerable. Besides which, I can as little sympathize with the anti-national tone adopted by English Catholics, and especially by converts, though what I hear of the other side justifies them to a certain degree.

'There is a sort of compensation in all this, which prevents too keen a sense of the exile which I found it so difficult to accept.

'In other ways this country is to me more delightful than ever. Its wonderful green and its abundance of flowers, the mingled scents of the mown meadows and the woods, of field and garden, has for me a general effect that is incomparable. For an active, serious and full existence this framework seems to me better than all others, as Naples seems to me best suited to youth and happiness, to a certain sort of love and a certain sort of poetry—in short, to passing pleasures of which its natural beauty is the type.'

The next entry in Mrs. Craven's Journal describes a visit to Brocket, and an account of Lord Palmerston's conversation, which is largely quoted in her 'Reminiscences.'

The subject of politics was always of extreme interest to her. Lord Palmerston, when possible, liked her to sit next him at dinner, and of Lord Harry Vane, who was her host at the Priory, she writes:

'I like to draw my host here into conversation.

This practical life in England is like nothing else to be met elsewhere. No royalty surpasses the power which every man here feels himself to possess if he takes a part in politics. The influence exercised by certain classes is accepted by the others with intelligent independence. Some lead, while others know how to follow, but all mutually respect each other, for here, in truth, the chiefs are the servants of the rank and file. Their interests are in common, and if any are to be sacrificed in the struggle of parties, it will certainly be the men in the highest places.

'It is well known that, once the habit of interest in public affairs is acquired, it is never lost, and, humanly speaking, what finer interest can occupy a man's life? That, or to help in the great work of Christianity, which is best of all. I know nothing else worthy of ambition. For an Englishman whose position allows him to anticipate such a career, there is no more justifiable subject for regret than to find himself shut out from it.'

Visits to Ossington, Clumber, and the woodland country of the Dukeries, a stay in London, prolonged beyond her intention, to further her husband's wishes, are noted in Mrs. Craven's Journal. She describes meeting M. Thiers at Holland House. 'It was a very small dinner-party, and the little, great man talked with brilliancy as he explained the reasons why the English army was so inferior to that of France. The English, he repeated frequently, have no merit but that of courage. The guests who were present did not contradict him until M. de

Pontois exclaimed with stentorian energy, "You are right, no doubt, they have not military qualities; but they are the only soldiers who have beaten us!" "Oh, where?" said M. Thiers, suddenly cut short, and not pleased by the remark. "Where?" said M. de Pontois. "In Spain—at Waterloo." "Ah! bah!" cried M. Thiers. "It's true they beat us, but why?" "I don't know why," answered M. de Pontois; "but the fact remains that we never beat them." "Yes, we did," said M. Thiers, "at Fontenoy." It was amusing. From that topic he went on to the Parliamentary system, and vehemently repelled my suggestion that possibly the system did not suit every country, and that France especially did not seem to understand it. I also asked him if, even while we regretted the fact, it was not conceivable that the constitution existing in France at that time might not suit her better than more liberal systems. He cried out in great excitement: "Eh, madame! You only tolerate it because it is illusory. If it were to be put really in action you would see it fall to pieces. It is like an unsafe carriage which seems all right as long as it is in the coach-house, but which would tumble to pieces if it were set rolling."'

Mrs. Craven relates in her Journal an amusing incident to which she contributed some social diplomacy. Lord Palmerston, at that time Prime Minister, meeting the Duc d'Aumale at a party where were also the Comte and Comtesse de Castiglione, mistook H.R.H., whom, strangely, he did not know by sight, for the husband of the very

beautiful lady to whom Lord Palmerston had been just presented. Mrs. Craven was aghast at the unceremoniousness of the English Minister's manner. However, she helped to avert what threatened to be an international misunderstanding. She invoked Lord and Lady Holland's help, who at first wished not to be mixed up in the affair. Lord Palmerston asked for an invitation to dine on a day when the Duc d'Aumale was to be at Holland House, and repaired his inadvertent want of courtesy in his best manner.

It is a subject of serious regret that only one or two of Mrs. Craven's letters to Lady Georgiana Fullerton can be recovered for the use of this memoir.

No one acquainted with the last considerable work of Mrs. Craven, 'The Life of Lady Georgiana Fullerton,' can fail to understand the closeness of the ties which bound them for so many years. Theirs was a friendship founded on their common foretaste of heaven while on earth, and a friendship which few could doubt has found its ultimate perfection in the place where there is no death.

Lady Georgiana was a younger daughter of Lord Granville Leveson Gower and of Lady Harriet Cavendish. Her father was created Viscount Granville in 1815, and Earl in 1833. Her brother was the distinguished Foreign Secretary who died March 31, 1891, a few hours before Mrs. Craven. Lady Georgiana Fullerton was received into the Catholic Church in March, 1846, two years after the publication of 'Ellen Middleton,' a novel which had

a wide and deserved success, and was followed by many excellent works of fiction.

Notwithstanding the ill-success in furthering her husband's desire of employment, Mrs. Craven lingered on in England until September 6. A visit to Mr. and Lady Georgiana Fullerton at Littlehampton was a rest to her.

'I cannot express,' she writes, 'the sensation of calm well-being which I felt in their little cottage. I found myself by a melancholy shore and a dark and gloomy sea, for the wind had blown hard all the morning. To me, used as I am to the blue sea at Naples and the smiling coast of the Mediterranean, there was not much that could soothe and comfort me in the bare and deserted beach. My dear friends, the Fullertons, were in deep mourning, and their sorrow was not calculated to brighten life. Yet our little family party was marked for me by indescribable peace and repose. Next day early I went out to breathe the air, impregnated with strengthening odours which are different and almost opposed in their effects on the nerves to those of the South. Then I came in, talked with my dear Lady Georgiana, argued, and even disputed a little, with her husband, and then left with them to go and visit the Duchess of Norfolk at Arundel, whom I had not seen since the death of her father-in-law had put her in possession of her fine castle and her great title.'

Mrs. Craven describes with enthusiasm the approach to the embattled heights and feudal dignity of Arundel. Of the daughter of Sir Edmund Lyons, the Duchess of Norfolk, and of the charm

she possessed, Mrs. Craven writes: 'Truly I think that the mysterious gift belongs to the beauty of her mind and of her soul, which bestows on the whole person that indescribable reflection which we cannot but love. There is great dignity in such perfect simplicity of manner, and such sincere indifference to the splendours of fortune. Her calm, and the absence of all surprise, prove her in my eyes an essentially "grande dame." It is impossible to be more so in the true meaning of the words.'

'DANGU,
'*September* 13.

'Who would have said that I should be at Dangu? There is nothing changed, except that Berthe's husband is with her here. The Walewskis arrived three days after me. I sat beside Comte Walewski at dinner, and asked him what news he had from Naples. He surprised me very much by saying, "Extremely serious news. Yet I hope we may have better, and that we may avoid certain measures which would have been already taken if we had not been asked by telegraph to suspend them." "What measures?" I asked. "To recall our legations and to send our fleets." "Really! and what do you think will happen now?" "Confirmation of the news which makes us think that the king will yield." "Good heavens! And if not, you will go forward?" "At once. Does that annoy you?" "Certainly it does. It frightens me." "What are you afraid of?" "First, what may result from the measure, which I do not quite understand, and then the *tolle* of all

Europe against France and England." "Do not fear that; everybody understands and approves of us, and I can tell you that the Emperor Alexander II. has written to the King of Naples advising him to follow blindly the advice of the Emperor Napoleon." "Really! That would make things easier; but still I am afraid." "Do not fear for any possible eventualities. I am certain the King will yield, and nothing will happen." "You are sure of that?" "Nearly; don't you think so?" "No; I fear he will not yield." The conversation, which was longer than what I have reported, gave me much to think about. These public affairs touch me too nearly that I should not be very anxious, and though I did not speak to anyone of what had been said to me, I could not think of anything else.'

'Next day,
'*September* 14.

'Walking together in the park, Comte Walewski resumed our conversation of the previous day. He spoke to me for some time of Lord Palmerston, and again repeated that it was almost impossible to live on good terms with him. I was extremely sorry to hear him say so. At the bottom of my heart I do feel that Lord Palmerston's tone is detestable, as is that of Lord Clarendon, when they speak of Naples. The way they speak of "King Bomba" is very offensive.

'Meantime Comte Walewski told me an inconceivable story of the King at the time when the Comte was the French Minister at Naples.

'The King sent for him one day and gave him a letter to read from Mme. la D. de B. It was to introduce a Frenchman who wanted to found a newspaper, or do something else for the cause of legitimacy.

'"I refused," said the King, "and in showing you this letter I give you a proof of my loyalty to the French Government. I suppose you would not believe me if I told you that I do not want to see my nephew on the throne of France. I know it is out of the question. I think his party is a party of fools and idiots, and I think the safety of the monarchies depends just now on maintaining the authority of the President. [He was not yet Emperor.] He has put down revolution, and by so doing he proved himself the defender of all thrones. I do not think we can do better than support him."

'"After these sensible words," continued Comte Walewski, "how could I think of the King otherwise than as a reasonable and very intelligent person? I have always spoken of him in that sense to the Emperor. For a long time I tried to serve him and shield him from the attacks made on him; but at last it became impossible. The reforms he promised seemed further and further from his intentions. England pressed us to act, and the King little knows how much we have protected him from the English Government. But it is impossible to go on, and our patience has come to an end." . . . . . .

'After this conversation I was not surprised, when I returned to Paris on the 20th, to find that the news of the squadrons putting to sea was almost

officially announced. Curiously enough this news, which interferes with all my plans, was told me on Sunday, the 21st, by Alphonse Ratisbonne.* He simply announced it as a bit of ordinary news, in the course of a long conversation we had together that day. However, we talked of other and very different subjects. Merely to see him evoked all the great memories of my life and the chief interests of my heart.

'I had tried a dozen times the previous afternoon to see Père Gratry. I succeeded at last, and for the first time I spoke to him of my past life. . . . No one has ever shown me so clearly the evident duties I owe to God, and the absolute necessity that I should fulfil them. I do not mean merely the duties which I owe in common with all creatures, but my own individual duties which the goodness and the gifts of God have imposed on me. Such an influence might possibly enable me to do great things, but for that it would have to be permanent. Yet is it to be useless to me because it is not so? May God avert this!

'I mark September 20th and 30th as the days on which I read a certain manuscript.† I pray God that its effect may be lasting on me.

'In the first place, amid a thousand differences of circumstance, there was an extraordinary similarity at least of aspiration to mine, if indeed I may compare desires which have borne no fruit with unconquerable resolve and heroic sacrifice. There, too, was clear to me the only evident means for me—

* See 'Récit,' vol. ii., p. 313.

† Probably the 'Vie Intime' of Maine de Biran.

means which I have fully understood, but which I have never really adopted.

'To overcome love by love,* what is perishable by what is eternal, the visible by the invisible, the human by the Divine, and this not by the extinction, but by the full development of our faculties. Never have I read anything that so corresponded to my inner consciousness. My heart tells me that herein is truth.

'Is it for nothing that God has given me this narrative to read, and has shown me these manifestations of His perpetual presence, and has made known to me these accepted prayers—these petitions and the answers to them?

'Is not all this truer than what we see with our eyes? Stranger, sweeter and more limitless than all we could dream?

'I know not what will come of all this. Nothing, perhaps. Nothing! Great God, that is impossible! I shall have seen and heard and tasted all this, and make no further steps along the path Thy grace has shown me? It may be so, for so it has been a thousand times with me. Ah! that indeed is to be feared and grieves me, and there is naught else in the world that need be feared. I should never again feel sorrow or alarm if I could be, and know that I was, faithful. But such as I am, it is no wonder

* In the words 'Overcome love by love' Mrs. Craven probably remembered the passage of St. Augustine which she often quoted: 'Scribe Domine vulnera tua in corde meo, ut in eis legam dolorem et amorem. Dolorem ad sustinendum pro te omnem dolorem; amorem ad contemnendum pro te omnem amorem.'

that I am trembling and troubled, and that I live uneasily between earth's delights, which no longer please me, or are not for me, and that heavenly peace which I have not known how to attain.'

'LUMIGNY,
'*October* 16, 1856.

'Friday last, the 10th, I spent at Fleury, with my dear Mme. Swetchine. It was a day which was, as always, useful to me, and it was even more beneficial than usual.

'I have brought back, I think, a firm resolve, for I am convinced that the progress she would have me make is absolutely necessary to my soul. If I do not make it I may lose the grace of salvation, and if not, certainly the plenitude of those graces which, in God's mercy, I may hope for. If, on the other hand, I make the effort required of me, I may obtain even in this world the peace which is given to hearts united to God. I may know in coming years some of the happiness which I see in her incomparable example—a happiness which transforms and beautifies old age, and which is the only real and inexhaustible happiness on earth. I have not to learn what happiness is. Joubert has well said: "In heaven we shall be no longer believers; we shall only be thinkers. Let us, then, cultivate intellect, because it is a Divine and eternal gift." Her dear, great soul has done this, and therefore her mind is now more vigorous than in her youth; and though age weakens her body, the powers of her soul and of her mind are more and more developed, notwith-

standing the cruel physical pain she suffers, notwithstanding sorrows only known to Him who created her tender and large heart. Among all whom I know, she is the most enviable of creatures.

'All that she said to me confirmed the impression produced on me by Père Gratry's manuscript. It is curious, after all, how that impression has vanished. I cannot regain it, but I do not forget the resolutions to which it gave birth. That is the important point, and though God does not again give that joyful feeling which was akin to enthusiasm, which raised me above myself and detached me from the world, it does not matter. I will not alter my course. Père Gratry also spoke to me in the same sense as did Mme. Swetchine; and, without knowing what she had said to me, he repeated almost the same things.

'I should be unworthy of God's grace in bringing me in close contact with those who desire the good of my soul (a grace which in one form or another has been repeated at every epoch of my life)—I should be unworthy if I did not at last, without reserve, and for ever, correspond to it.

'Many, so many, others have never even heard of what it is given to me to know. Shall it be in vain? My God, grant that it may not be; this time grant for certain that it may not be!

'To begin. The idea of thoroughly mastering myself in one matter troubled me. Early rising has always seemed to me the most difficult thing to do, a thing impossible for me, and yet I know better than anyone how inconvenient it is to be late.

Wherever I live, I find my day constantly interrupted before I have been able even to begin it. Everywhere it has happened to me thus to lose—absolutely to lose, even in the restricted sense in which I use the word—a day, two days, sometimes eight days running. I know how great is the discomfort that follows. I know that while leading a life of regular Christian duty, I was often uneasy and felt a sort of remorse, and on examining the cause I found it was my waste of time. I sighed for an impossible solitude, and dreamt of chimerical retirement from the world. Only the other day I felt the same dislike to make the effort. I said then that I would see about it at Naples, but I had already found what came of postponed resolutions. At last I said to myself, "To-morrow, yes, to-morrow without fail," and notwithstanding my present indecision and my restless life, which is just now disturbed as it has never yet been, I will now, here in Paris, which I shall probably leave the day after to-morrow, begin to order my days, and as a first step break my morning sleep whatever my body may say to it.

'Mon Dieu! mon Dieu! la grâce de continuer, de poursuivre, d'accomplir. Ainsi-soit-il.

> '"O gente umana, per volar su nata,
> Perchè a poco vento così cadi?"
> "Purgatorio," xii.'*

* 'O ye race of men,
Though born to soar, why suffer ye a wind
So slight to baffle ye?'
Cary's translation.

Two days after this entry Mrs. Craven began the series of Meditations which fill six small volumes of her small, fine writing. Some of them were published by her twenty years later. They are for the most part more impersonal than is her Journal, but the few words of preface in the first volume so well express the thoughts of her Journal at that date that they may be translated here:

'LUMIGNY,
'*October* 18, 1856.

'A great master of the spiritual life having said recently that it was good to meditate pen in hand, I have begun to do so again. At least, I will note day by day in writing the thoughts which have most struck me during my morning meditation. It will help me to make it more attentively. It is not the first time that I have made trial of this exercise, but except during a retreat in Rome when I was required to do so, I have abstained since the day when a good priest told me that it was not a good method of meditation, because involuntarily the fact of writing made us think too much of ourselves.

'Père Petitot not being of this opinion, I resume the custom, but not with the intention of neglecting my morning exercise.

'How is it and why is it that we love any creature? Is it not because of the attraction which draws the heart to the perfection which we think we see, or because of the love which we inspire?

'In that supreme love of which all other is the shadow, in what degree do these motives actuate us?

'To feel and realize that they are present, though it would seem natural to do so, requires grace, a grace which is not readily obtained. Perhaps the reason of this is, that the soul really possessed by such love is in this life free of all that can be called sorrow. Not that the conditions of its earthly life are altered, but what suffering exists is suffered for love's sake, sure of love unchangeable and sure of limitless fidelity, and of the eternal consummation of ineffable union.'

These were the thoughts that underlay all others in Mrs. Craven's mind at this crisis of her life, when she was determining to arrange and edit Mme. Albert de la Ferronnays' journal, and give its final and perfect shape to the history of a human passion that led up to the very gate of heaven, not by its eradication, but by its full development. Of all her contemporaries, as far as human judgment can perceive, there was no one who could have told the story of 'love overcome by love' as Mrs. Craven could. She set so high a value on earthly love that already it carried her imagination to heights from whence the highest became accessible. She had such large sympathy with men and women, both in their strength and in their weakness, that in 'Le Récit' not one harsh word of blame or reproach is uttered. The ripened charity, the respect for humanity, which were hers, attend the central figures of her drama. In 'Le Récit' is the outcome of that good sense, experience and art which she had perfected in her nomad and brilliant career, and which are in that book applied to her dearest and most profound

emotions, to her spiritual convictions and her zeal to share with others the kingdom of God.

The third of the small manuscript volumes which contain her Journal from 1852 to 1859 is prefaced by the lines in Dante's 'Purgatorio':

> 'Sta come torre ferma, che non crolla
> Giammai la cima per soffiar de' venti:
> Chè sempre l'uomo, in cui pensier rampolla,
> Sovra pensier, da sè dilunga il segno,
> Perchè la foga l' un dell' altro insolla.'
>
> 'Purgatorio,' v.*

Neapolitan news caused much anxiety just then to Mrs. Craven. On one occasion when she had passed a specially restless night, she wrote:

'PARIS,
'*October* 20, 1856.

'All the same, I got up at the accustomed new hour, walked to the village (Lumigny) and heard eight o'clock Mass. The fresh morning air did me good. At three o'clock I went back to the church and the cemetery. I prayed sadly but quietly by my Eugénie's grave. "Oh, life! life!" as she used to say; "it is very short, but it is long enough to be very much disturbed. Sorrow and joy take good care that it shall not be monotonous."

'In that place, and remembering that grief which was preceded by so much happiness, my passing

* 'Be as a tower that, firmly set,
Shakes not its top for any blast that blows;
He in whose bosom thought on thought shoots out,
Still of his aim is wide, in that the one
Sicklies and wastes to nought the other's strength.'
Cary's translation.

troubles seemed insignificant. I came back slowly by the familiar path where I had walked so often with her. The dead leaves added to its melancholy, and my thoughts were far from joyous. . . .

'Nothing could have been kinder than the farewells of the circle at Lumigny. My pride and vanity are too much pleased in these meetings. But what a check has come to counterbalance this popularity of mine!

'Sunday morning, the 19th, I left Lumigny, and here I am again in a whirlwind of doubts on account of the flying rumours, which do not, however, confirm the newspapers.

'Last night, at Princess Lieven's, Mr. Howard told me for certain that Augustus had been ordered by a telegraphic message to leave. So now I am more perplexed than ever. On hearing from Augustus I wrote to him that I should leave on the 24th, but now he is certain to come here. Monday I waited for a letter from him all day, and felt tired and lonely. Tuesday a letter from him stopped my departure.'

'*Thursday, October* 23.

'It is strange. Since that flash of fervour, that momentary view of an entirely different order of things which suddenly revealed to me this world and its affairs in their absurdity, since that day and in spite of the resolves I have made, and to carry out which I again renew my determined intention, the impression of which I spoke has absolutely disappeared. I know that what I felt was true, both as

regards my real desires and my real needs—true, in fact, about myself, and the true light in which things of this world should be seen. I do not express myself clearly, but I understand myself, and I have noted this here, so that if that flash of light never again illumines my life, I shall still remember what it has made clear to me. I shall still train my rebellious will in that direction. Even when this breath of enthusiasm may possibly be quite over, my will will remain fixed, I am sure. I must make it clear to myself that I am resolved to follow the course I have laid out. It is almost laughable to say all this about such little things.

'Such little things, that all the women of my acquaintance do as much—the greater number do more—yet it is no use making comparisons. Some things are an effort for children, and a play for their elders. I am still a child about this important point of early rising. Old as I am, I have to begin. I have done nothing yet, and it is no use to attempt much. It is enough to make sure that I have gained something in the conflict with myself.

'Formerly I found it hard to get up at nine o'clock. I went to the ten o'clock Mass without having finished dressing; came back to breakfast, then dressed, and only began my day at twelve o'clock. I often made my meditation when my head was full of the day's disquietudes, and when silence had been broken for hours. My strength lies in silence, and it is some gain to me to be in church at half-past seven. That enables me to hear Mass, to make my meditation and say my prayers in peace, and to be home by

nine o'clock, so as to finish dressing and breakfast before ten. Then from ten to two o'clock, my great aim will be to work every day in solitude. When I breakfast with Augustus at ten, I may gain an hour for my work beforehand. It is not easy to be alone, but I have done well these past ten days. I trust that God will second my desire and smooth all external obstacles.

'As for Augustus, if I do not look too tired, if nothing in my face makes him think that early rising is bad for me, I am sure that he will find it more convenient than otherwise. I shall really have more time to give him as well as more for myself. My dressing at eleven often bored him, and when I have some hours already well employed to my credit, I shall not grudge him the time he asks from me as I did when I had done nothing all day. When I feel oppressed by the sense of being behindhand, so that every hour increases my uneasiness, all this gives rise to a flurry which is fatal to self-communing and prayer, and perhaps fatal also for me in society. I mean to say by this that I lose the faculty of silence, of checking too great or untimely excitement in conversation, of watching over my words on any subject. I always wish for the gift, and I ask it earnestly from God. I always repeat with attention the words in the Mass: "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth, and a door round about my lips." I seldom fail to say them attentively, and I have marked their place in my prayer-book with a picture of St. John of Nepomuk, who seems to me to be the true patron of silence.

'It appears to me clear that I honestly wish for this virtue, and I am never wanting in it without being seriously unhappy.

'Well, there is no question but that when I have passed a wasted morning, and joined in every sort of worldly conversation, I should not be astonished when I go into society unprepared, and insufficiently mistress of myself, that I am beaten in every discussion, as I deserve to be, and as any man would be who went to battle without putting on his armour. When the moment for fighting came, he would be busy in buckling it. On such occasions I have exactly the same feeling, and it increases my confusion, for notwithstanding my disorderliness in everything, when I prepare myself beforehand I seldom fail. Thus another point will be gained by my early rising. I shall escape from this "detestable hurry," as Father Faber calls it, which prevents my ideas from lying peacefully in my mind as still water in a vase. On the contrary, they often boil up without cause, only because I am what English people call "flurried," and then I can't say anything, or scarcely think anything, quietly. By the way, this ought to be more trying to my health than early rising, and, in fact, I know by experience the harm it does me. As soon as I speak with sufficient excitement to make my heart beat and my cheeks burn, I know that I no longer speak as I ought. If my emotion were justified, if it were a question even of God's truth, such excitement is bad for me, and without some previous excess of feeling, I should not so quickly lose my sang-froid, and my calm

would last longer had it not been disturbed beforehand.

'So now I see very clearly what is the evil, and also that a remedy, which does not at first sight seem applicable, will reach it, as a diet which is not specially suited for the stomach may benefit the general health.'

'11, CHESTERFIELD STREET, LONDON,
'*Tuesday, December* 9, 1856.

'Certainly when, on October 23, I wrote the preceding pages I had no idea that I should re-open this book in London, less than two months after the day when I thought I was leaving England for ever. I might learn from that to give up making any kind of previsions, and let myself go without resistance down the troubled and whirling current of my life as God shall will. I should confine myself to willing each movement as He imparts it, while on my side I do all that depends on myself; that is to say, I must maintain my soul in peace in the midst of all these fluctuations, my will submissive and my heart ready for all that may happen. If there is a lesson that God wishes to teach me, it is that. If He wills concerning me one thing more than another, it is complete indifference to the place where my life is spent, and the virtue He specially sets before me is that of interior independence, of maintaining the stability and order of my soul whether in favourable or in difficult circumstances. . . .

'Augustus arrived in Paris on October 29, and now, thank God, we are together. I have nothing

now to do but to obey, and that is much easier than to have to decide for one's self. Yet, though I have no further responsibility, we are still in great perplexity between the discomfort of passing our winter away from our only home, and on the other hand the fear, if I ask that we may go back to Naples for the present, of seeing the chimera of which we are in pursuit vanish altogether. Augustus has still some hope of reaching it; I have none.

'In the meantime it may be strange, perhaps wrong, and certainly it is vexatious, that I find myself obliged against my will to leave Naples. After having detested it, longed to leave it, and feared to establish myself there, I had begun really to love it. My return there gave me as much pleasure this year as it did annoyance a year ago. My heart is heavy when I think of my good friends and my dear children; of the sun, and the way it shines on the gray and gold of my room; of my pretty pictures, and of the general effect of things which for some time I so little appreciated. . . .

'According to my taste, as we are away from Naples, it would have been infinitely delightful to me to have been in Paris, and, under the good influences I had there, to have walked with quicker steps on the road of progress.

'How am I as to that? What have my impressions and my strong resolutions produced?

'Not all that I expected and thought I should accomplish, yet something; and I hope that in more favourable circumstances that "something" may grow, and I will not let myself be discouraged. Not-

withstanding the tiring evenings of London, I have continued to get up two hours earlier than I used, and in this matter I have been faithful so far to the resolution I made in Paris. I have gained more self-collectedness [*recueillement*], and some hours of time, but solitude is almost impossible for me in our present way of living. The plan that I proposed for my day's occupations has been much interfered with, and many negligences were added to what was involuntary, so that my days were not filled up as they might have been. This is at once the evil and the good of my present existence. It is good for me to put it in writing, and doing so will help me to do better in one way, and less badly in the other. I want also to take my Journal up again as I did last summer, and from time to time narrate what happens to me.

'On Thursday, November 4, we left Paris with Lord and Lady Granville, who were returning from their embassy at St. Petersburg; Comte Marescalchi, the Duc de Richelieu, and Mr. Henry Corry met us at the station. We had a merry journey altogether, and as we came along I partly lost the feeling of regret I had in leaving, a feeling which showed me that I had wished, more than I myself knew, to settle in Paris for the winter. Sea detestable, but quick passage, and at five o'clock I set foot on the shore to which I had bidden an eternal farewell two months before. The big room at Folkestone, where we all dined, was bright; a blazing fire warmed it, and the English look of well-being and comfort was so complete that my impressionable temperament

reflected the influence, and during dinner I felt quite gay. I was glad, too, to be there with Augustus, and to have thrown off the painful sense of solitude which I felt when I travelled without him. Marie was very good and affectionate; our other fellow-travellers were also very kind, and put me in excellent humour. . . .

'I wrote in this Journal a year ago, "If I were obliged to leave Naples, it would have to be when I had become attached to the place, and when I was settled there for life, or something of that sort." I little thought that both these conditions would be fulfilled within a year. God's will be done. I desired earnestly that Augustus might find some occupation. Now it appears that it will be absolutely refused, or given at the cost of new and great changes of residence and neighbourhood, and of all my tastes and ties of affection. My present life is like sitting in a room with an open door. One cannot feel at peace. How can I be, with this open door in my life through which may enter every kind of extraordinary combination?

'After all, nothing can come through that door but by the will of God. In spite of everything, in the middle of everything, that certainty should bestow on me calm and cheerfulness.

'Since our return to England we spent a week at Brocket, where in August I passed such troubled days. Who could have told me that I should be again there in November, and nearly in the same society?'

The reader will remember the pages of Mrs.

Craven's 'Reminiscences' which are taken from this part of her Journal. Of one of the guests mentioned, she writes, in an unpublished passage:

'Why had she not been brought up by a mother such as mine, and with the completeness of happiness and continuous help which I enjoyed in my childhood, and which I still possess? The thought silences all insolent criticism, and all recurrence to a past which is blotted out by the present.'

IX.

THE meditations on the great Christmas feast and its attendant commemorations which Mrs. Craven published with others in 1881 were written for the most part at this date. They are translated into English, and except as they illustrate Mrs. Craven's life, and retain some personal incidents and emotions not yet published, they need not be reproduced here. Her Journal continues under the date :

'*January* 18, 1857.

'On our return from Brocket, we came back to this house where, after a fortnight's stay, I believed that we should have seen the end of our indecisions. Days and weeks have passed, and January 15 has come. Mr. Monsell has been to Rome, and returned on November 18, when he left us here established in his house, as we then thought, for a few days. He is in Paris, and says he is returning. We are at last obliged to come to some decision, and we have no more idea than we had on our arrival, November 7, what we shall do. . . .

'Yet, as I said eighteen months ago, what does this teach me, except that I must practise that kind

of detachment which is specially disagreeable to me? Why? Because it costs me so much that I find it difficult, and I am cowardly and weak. . . . I have seldom been for so long what I call "lost." "Lost" is the only word which expresses the distressing and weary sensation.

'I come and go, I talk, I read, I write, I go to church and stay there. I come home and busy myself; I go into society and laugh, and through it all I never anywhere for an instant feel I am myself. This consciousness that I am not what I would be nor even what I seem to be is inexpressible. It tires my head and nerves as if I were not "all there." Sometimes a word, a fragment of conversation, or even an air which I hear sung, restores me to my own self for a moment; tears come into my eyes and I could easily sob, though the cause of my emotion does not seem at all sufficient for the effect.

'In fact, I think that this prolonged uncertainty has strained my nerves.

'We only left London once between November 18 and January 1, and it was to pass forty-eight hours with Lady Mary Labouchere at Stoke, near Windsor. Our "merry Christmas" passed in solitude by the side of our borrowed fire. In this country, families meet together and collect their friends round them; but on this day, devoted to hospitality and friendship, we are alone. . . .

'New Year's Day, 1857, passed in much the same way. We might, however, have been in the country, but Augustus was detained in town; nor did we dine

tête-à-tête, but with the kind Duchess of Inverness at Kensington, and there cordiality was not wanting. . . .

'After dinner I felt painfully how much I was out of my element. I hardly knew where I was, and it seemed to me that never again should I be in a genial atmosphere. Young Mendoça sang "Le Chemin du Paradis," and he reminded me by contrast of Laurette. I thought of last year, where, at the same hour, we were all together in my drawing-room, and so gay. Laurette and Thérèse so pretty; one all in blue, the other in white and gold; and Berthe, full of the joy of young life which knows not its future, and my dear children, who recited verses, and sang couplets, and embroidered slippers for me. I see clearly how much I really appreciate all that well-being and affection which I have not always sufficiently recognised. Perhaps God is correcting me for that, and this may explain my contrariety.

'January 2 we left for Broadlands, where the Palmerstons had asked us to stay a fortnight—a long visit at this time of year in England. The Lavradios and the Marquis d'Azeglio travelled with us. We found Lady Jocelyn and some men at Broadlands. Next day arrived Sir John* and Lady Milbank.'

In short, it was the party that is described in Mrs. Craven's 'Reminiscences.' It was a party the elements of which would, in another mood, have been full of interest for her. Lord Palmerston was at his best, but in her Journal is noted:

* English Minister at Munich.

'All this ought to have roused me. Being in the country does me good, as a rule, more than anything else, but this time everything was ineffectual. A bad cold added to my moral discomfort, and all the week passed without a moment of spiritual relief. Doubtless I made little effort; being unwell, I got up late. I left the bridle loose, so that my will might go as it liked, and follow the feeling which has for some time oppressed me. It is not strange that I should have but a confused remembrance of those two weeks.'

On the 25th, Mrs. Craven left Broadlands to spend two days at Rushmore with Lady Rivers, and thence she went for a visit to Lady Shaftesbury at St. Giles.

There was no issue to Mr. and Mrs. Craven's indecisions when they found themselves again in London. 'Never before have I been so tossed to and fro,' she exclaims. 'My mind feels the consequences, and my soul does even more.'

'*January* 25, 1857.

'I have received the *Correspondant*, and by the side of Lady G. Fullerton's charming novel I find an article by Montalembert on St. Simon* which amazes me.'

* Apropos of the same article, Mme. Swetchine wrote to Mrs. Craven: 'L'abus des allusions est en ce moment a son comble.' In the same letter she says: 'Je veux que vous sachiez mon enchantement de la *Comtesse de Bonneval* lancée par vous dans le monde.' It was the novel of which Mrs. Craven writes as having appeared in the *Correspondant*, and remains a proof of its author's (Lady G. Fullerton's) command of French, in which language it was written.

Mrs. Craven resented the attribution of pre-eminent virtue to that 'great Christian,' who was compared by the writer, her friend and Albert's, to Bossuet, not only in style, but in the beneficial results of his writings. While she admired M. de Montalembert's eloquence, his vigour and splendid language, she asked herself on what it was spent—'On the panegyric of a clever man, and a writer in the highest degree entertaining; instructive also in the limited sense that is applicable to the lively descriptions of a corrupt society. There is, no doubt, much to be praised in the "Memoirs of St. Simon," and it may be said that his is the best of all similar works. We should have a right to complain if it were withdrawn from us, for, side by side with ignoble anecdotes, uselessly saved from oblivion, are to be found the admirable portraits of the great characters which rightly aroused his enthusiasm. But, after all, there is not enough in all that to carry one away. . . .

'Certainly, though some pure and noble reputations have gained in honour and charm by his writings, the general effect of them makes it impossible to read his memoirs without profound disgust for the epoch they describe. Montalembert feels it even more than most people, and truth compels him to say that the 150 years which have elapsed since have not been wasted, and that the flood of evils which still inundates us is, after all, not as great in infamy as the scandals of the past were. They would be impossible nowadays. If so, let us be more lenient to the age in which God willed

us to be born. Let us live as St. Francis de Sales advised — without being too angry one with the other.'

Mrs. Craven observes how unjust St. Simon is to Mme. de Maintenon, which, she adds, 'makes him responsible for a century of calumny.'

'If there is anything of which I am tired, it is the form under which every attack and invective is carried on at present. There is not a book that is not written to make you understand something different from what it says. Every subject is turned and twisted to that end, and hardly anything is treated with sincerity.

'*Monday and Tuesday*,
'*February* 9 *and* 10.

'Yesterday and to-day are days for me of dear remembrance, of sad and sweet thoughts which lie deep in my life—thoughts which are ineffaceable and always present, as on the first day. Time is but a little thing, even on earth; the past is still so living, and the longest future is so short, that our span of life seems often in reality but the dream to which it is so often compared, in which long series of imaginary events take place during a second. When I return in thought to that time of Albert's and Alexandrine's love, which seems so living and so near to me, to the pain of uncertainty and waiting, and the separations which then appeared so cruel and of such consequence; when I recall their marriage and the flash of happiness followed by the gloomy days of their mortal suffering which altered all, and the new life of Alexandrine after Albert's

death, so interwoven in its reminiscence and aspiration that her lost joys were less often subjects for our conversation than those she looked for; all that passed more quickly than human prevision could have foreseen, and all is past—finished; and already they have been re-united in heaven for a longer time than their love on earth lasted. More than that, they have taken possession of the ineffable things hidden even from our imagination, as well as of all the reality of that which to us on earth seems happiness.

'Beauty, youth, love, union, poetry, divine harmonies, delights of which ours are but shapeless promises—all that is theirs for ever in God; that is to say, realized beyond all that is given to us to understand.

'We did not desire this world's splendours, nor anything which is counted earthly prosperity. We wished to love and be loved. We wished for life in which there should be affection, and duties transfigured by affection. We wished for busy but private lives, spent among our friends, and given to religion and study and love. Albert, Alexandrine, Eugénie, Olga, were not those our dreams? They are the dreams of many another, and they are righteous dreams; and if God does not let us realize them on earth, it is that by well-endured privation we may hereafter earn their complete fulfilment.

'And yet, when the bolt falls on our youth, which destroys our faith in happiness, it seems for ever dead; and when I recall the time and the way in which all those dear ties were broken, and all those

pleasant forecasts proved illusions, I confess that even now I feel deeply the pain of that loss. Yet in all I acknowledge that every one of us has to bless God. During these two last days I have for some moments felt a living sense of that heavenly happiness which is most within our conceptions—that of reunion. I must altogether doubt God's mercy, or believe that those dear souls are saved and are together. My father, my mother, Albert, Alexandrine, Eugénie, Olga! Have they not all believed, suffered, loved, hoped, and worked the works of faith; some in the strength of their innocence, others in that of their repentance, and of their perfect and unmurmuring faithfulness to the law and the will of God?

'Dear, dear souls, I cannot fear for you. I hope and I believe in your happiness. What would mean faith and hope, if it be not that you have reached the height of all these joys, by the lapse and loss of which we were once so grieved? Past sufferings have become but faded dreams, and for you, awaking for eternity will be the realization of all perfection.

'Their lives and their deaths allow me, as I believe, to think thus of them without presumption. There is such happiness in the thought, that joy, and not sorrow, is the right word to use on the day of their entrance into their true life. I cannot but feel—notwithstanding the thick shadow in which their absence leaves me—I often think that God's goodness is very great towards me. So many others love and lose as much as I have done, without having the same reason as I have for hope. Their

hearts are pierced by a double sword, of which one is so cruel that were they saved from it, as I am, it would seem to them that they did not suffer. May these thoughts be not in vain, my God!'

The next entry in her Journal is dated:

'ALDENHAM,
'*February* 25, 1857.

'I left London last Saturday, to spend a couple of days here with Lady Granville, and I am detained by her sharp attack of illness, which came on the day after she arrived. Here I am for some days to come, away from London, and obliged to stay here —which, indeed, I like. I love the situation; the house is charming, in it there is complete repose; and John Acton, whose solitude I invaded with his mother, has so many mental resources that time passes very pleasantly alone with him. A great sorrow has shadowed the last days of my stay in London, and I am not the only one to feel it. Even outside the circle in which an irreparable breach has been made, the death of Lord Ellesmere is a misfortune not only felt, but shared universally.'

'LONDON,
'*May* 1, 1857.

'I have done a great many things since I wrote last in this book, and it is two months since I opened it. In the interval I left England again, believing that I should not return, and instead, I find myself almost settled in a new London house. It is surprising. None of the things happen which I expect, and nothing is stranger than to be here

in a new home which is actually mine. Here I am, nevertheless, sitting at a charming table and surrounded by my books and pictures, and with every right to believe myself really at my work. As a fact, I am, but it is as a ship always under sail. It is only a pause, but it is rest, and I accept it and enjoy it, and thank God for it.

'I want to resume the habit of writing something regularly once a week in my Journal. It would make me remember more exactly how time goes, and it goes so fast!

'So fast! especially now. For the first years of youth we are, as it were, anchored to the shore; we do not believe that we have to leave it, nor that what we see round us will ever disappear. But towards thirty we push off; the shore grows distant with ever-increasing speed, and weeks seem to pass as days did before.'

Mrs. Craven had passed her pen through the following paragraph, but later she has written across it:

'Why have I struck this out? It is true, and ought to remain.'

'It might have been better if I had begun a journal like this much sooner. Yet, after all, I think that true things take a larger place in our minds as we grow older, and in that respect it is not when we are twenty years old that we are best able to write. The shore to which we sail, as we leave that of youth behind us, is, after all, our fatherland. The nearer we approach it, the better we discern its features in their true light.

'I left London on April 3, and arrived in Paris the same evening, with Lady Granville, but I did not know how long I should stay there. A letter from Augustus, three days later, almost decided my summer plans. In any case I shall return and spend some months in this new habitation, until it fulfils its real purpose, which is, to be let.

'During this fortnight in Paris, in the midst of much fatigue and hurry which make enjoyment impossible, I have had, all the same, some pleasant moments. Holy Week gave me those special feelings which are peculiar to Paris, and which, both in themselves and by the memories they invoke, will always be for me the best and strongest of any.

'Ah! for instance, what a sad and singular impression was mine, as on Holy Wednesday I found myself once more dining at Adrien's—in that house which I cannot re-enter without such a rush of contending memories, that the habit which I have found so necessary, of keeping to myself the innermost depths of my heart where no one can enter, and pursuing my way without a pause or hesitation, stood me in good stead. . . .

'After that dinner, another reminiscence. Ah, dear Alex! I seemed to see and hear you and be with you as we went to Notre Dame with Adrien and Fernand.

'Fernand—dear fellow! Adrien let him go with me in his brougham. We talked, but I have too much to say of which I will not write here. Let it pass. May God, in this scattering of our poor family, have mercy on us and help us, separated

as we are from one another, to walk forward each of us in the way of salvation!

'To Notre Dame. Strong and profound emotion was caused by the scene, both as it was then and as memory recalled it to me.

'Nothing has ever, in my eyes, surpassed the general effect of what is to be found in that place, and at that hour, during those holy days. The crowd of men was greater than in the days of the finest sermons from Père de Ravignan and Père Lacordaire; yet Père Felix does not at all equal either of them. That compact mass of listeners is all the more edifying. But what gave me one of those spiritual shocks, rarely felt, but which strike from the soul a living spring of urgent and fervent prayer, was the anthem Parce, Domine, which followed the sermon. Without having heard it, it is impossible to imagine the effect of the cry, first uttered by one voice and then by the five or six thousand voices of the men who overflowed the vast nave of Notre Dame. "Parce, Domine, parce populo tuo." Never were words and music in such accord. Never did the impression of unanimous prayer—the prayer which obtains—strike me so strongly.

'The men of Paris! so powerful alike for good as for evil! When I remembered that it was their voices I heard, I could not help joining them with confidence and hope and faith in the future of our sick and troubled commonwealth, which is yet so full of the vigorous sap by which national prosperity may be always resuscitated.

'It is when I remember this that I love France,

and that I feel I still belong to her. In no other country does one feel so happy, so pure, and so full of energy in the presence of evil. Fighting it at close quarters, not disguising it by specious names, not yielding to it; keeping our souls at their highest level, using the words self-abnegation and devotedness in a sense that is more thorough than the meaning in which they are understood elsewhere—a sense that is the highest, and which is forgotten by other nations. Of such Frenchmen I am the fellow-citizen and the sister. They were, no doubt, not the majority in that great building, but they were certainly more, many more, than the ten just men who once sufficed to save a nation. God alone knows their number, and it may be much greater than we believe. As for those who are worldly and frivolous, I think they are inferior to all others of the same class on earth. The contrast is great on arriving in Paris from England—the country where respect for woman is proved by the complete absence of that mixed coarseness and ill-nature which is the basis of conversation in Paris. True, one unfortunately gets used to it; but the first impression is the right one, and I feel it again, and I am startled and shocked by what is said and what is listened to. Decidedly, in proportion as fervent and intelligent Christians are here superior to those who are to be met in England (for the reason that here they each pursue an ideal, and the Catholic ideal is the nobler of the two), so in proportion those who are not fervent in religion are inferior here, for the reason that the human, political, national, perhaps

even domestic ideal in England is higher and nobler, and agrees better with that natural law which links happiness and right order together. There is something disorderly in French society which does not exist in that of England.

'I know not if there is truth in these remarks, perhaps not. I do not cling to my generalizations. I know what I feel. However that may be, and whatever its defects, Paris remains a delightful place, and I believe that in the long run it is the only place which entirely suits me. How much has been said to persuade me that it is so! My vanity and pride have had much to feed on, in what I have heard on the subject, during this short stay. Fortunately I do not lack antidotes, as I think of the great contrasts of my life. I appear to have more friends than anyone, to inspire general liking; and I know it is so, and memory supplies me with a long list of names when I think of all the people worth knowing whom I could easily gather round me. I love, and I am cordially beloved by, a few intimate and dear friends; and yet, notwithstanding all, few lives are more really solitary than is mine. I do not grieve over it, but I remark the fact. I am convinced my solitude is not bad for me, though it is often extremely painful, owing to my long habit of opening my heart, and my need of doing so. Yet it is, perhaps, in this very pain and all its causes and its results that lies my true chance of salvation.

'Lord C.'s answer is come, and it is what I expected, since I have lost my illusory hopes. The effect on Augustus has also been just what I antici-

pated. I cannot be astonished that it is disagreeable and sad for him to live in this country which is so full of life and interest for others. I do not myself care to stay here longer. In the first place, I share with him the bitterness he feels. I am too much vexed by his vexations to feel still the personal liking I had for England and its habits and its habitations. Besides, as I grow older I weigh and measure things better according to their real worth. Affection only can give them value, without it there can be no pleasant intercourse; and though I am far from saying that I have not pleasant friends here, my recollections of Naples and of Paris hinder my thinking of London as a place where I am loved, though I may be agreeable to some. What a difference there is between that sensation and what I feel in France and in Italy. Well, well! everything has gradually combined to destroy my exaggerated liking for the country which had become mine. I shall always think that to live in it and share its political activity, or possess property in it, is the best of human destinies. But those who have neither interests of that kind, nor strong family ties to keep them in England, will do better to go elsewhere.'

'*June* 17.

'The last time I wrote here was on May 30, and the time that has since elapsed has been a memorable time for me. During three weeks I was ill. My illness was aggravated by solitude, and during that solitude I was attacked with a violence I never felt before, by every impression, real and imaginary,

which could most disturb me and throw me into a state of depression as humiliating as it was miserable.

'This has been my condition, I might almost say my trial. It was a trial shamefully badly borne; at least that was my impression. God only knows if the sincere desires of my heart and the unavailing efforts of my will kept the under-currents of my soul less troubled than was its surface. Perhaps so, but I am far from being sure of it. For a moment I felt disgust for myself. I find myself entirely without the noble and delightful qualities which I see in others, who yet have not as I have the stimulus of piety and of a faith which naturally should supply them. During my illness and solitude I had all of a sudden a clear vision of the final departure of that reflected youth which I had retained, perhaps, longer than others do. It was a sharp pain for an instant, as if I had suddenly passed from youth to age. I thought of my charming Princess, and all her lively and happy feelings, and that atmosphere of kindliness which she carries with her; her confident aspirations, her courage, whether to enjoy or to wish, to suffer or to hope. And besides all that she has been, and the many interests which have filled her life, she has the sense of youth—the sense of triumph which is doubtless what the Bible calls the "pride of life." I remember how vividly I felt it; and my self-love, always, alas! so great, whispered besides that not only was I young, but that I was dowered with some of the gifts which give radiance to youth.

'And now all that is over and past, and already

far distant; and instead of having gradually become aware of my decline, it suddenly breaks on me that but yesterday I was young, and to-morrow I shall be old. The use of this strange feeling, and perhaps its true end, is to give me at least the wish to offer my spent youth to God, as if yesterday it had been still mine, and I had been suddenly bereaved of it.

'I wished to offer up the past and accept the future in the chill aspect which age assumes when first it meets us. Notwithstanding a thousand hesitations, and my great repugnance to the idea, I was, at least, as I believe, sincere in my wish, and I felt a confused but strong conviction, which promised me in return more sunshine than I had looked to find in the shadowed path where henceforth I shall have to walk. However that may be, these impressions and reflections were accompanied by much physical discomfort, and resulted in a complete separation from society. In the isolation caused by the absence of Augustus, I nearly resolved in good earnest to let the curtain fall between me and what is called the "great world," as far as it depends on my will. I seriously considered that my place is no longer there by any title, and I resolved to act accordingly.

'It is the beginning of a great peace as well as the end of many vexations, and it is not the end of that which at all times has given me the chief joys of my life. There remain the society and kindness of friends; the delights which Nature and Art can bestow; study and the great interests which occupy and elevate the mind; and, above all, God, to whom

we belong more and more—God, who at last can reign alone; God, whose immortal love takes no account of time, who is always "the God of our youth," because He is the God of the soul, which never grows old; God, who keeps His best gifts for those years to which, in our foolishness, we look forward with dread. Surely these considerations cast a light on the future, not less than that which shines on our past, and which, indeed, will far surpass it if our souls be but faithful.

'These consoling and true thoughts have not been always present with me; on the contrary, I have had dark hours of struggle. I felt myself at times separated from what makes the charm of life, and yet unattracted by those compensations which were offered to me from above. I went over the desires and the miscalculations of my life. Above all, I felt in all its old keenness the poignant regret of being childless, a regret proportionate to the love I bear children. It is the strongest of which my heart is capable, and it is spent, whether I will it or not, on every child who nestles in my arms. I love children, and I weep for those whose place has remained empty. May God's will be obeyed and loved! It is easy to say so to-day, but in my hours of storm that voice of the past has not been mute.

'And in the midst of all this the great Feast of the Blessed Sacrament passed, and I could not even go to church. Father Savigné preached, and I could not go once to hear him, and Augustus, who was absent, seemed to have deserted me in my sadness and suffering.

'Yet it was not so, and by my ardent wish for his return I knew what security I felt in his affection—the support, the help, the comfort, which there is for me in him. Let him say what he will to me on those days when the cloud rests on him which sometimes hides from me my sun, he loves me as no one else loves me. I have no dearer friend—none more necessary to me or more indispensable, and no one who can be so trusted.'

'CARLSBAD,
'*July* 29, 1857.

'I have been at Carlsbad for a fortnight. In consequence of the illness I had in London, I was ordered these waters which I am taking. They suit me, and I feel stronger and more comfortable than I have done for some time. Our life is monotonous, and has little or no interest in it, but the country is charming. We have the repose of solitude, much greenery, much of that calm, natural beauty which suits people of all countries, as well as that which pleases less prosaic imaginations. Thanks be to God, as I grow older I appreciate and understand Nature better and better. It might even be possible to love her only. In youth we feel her beauty, but we treat her rather as a confidant than as a real friend. She reflects our youthful dreams, and we love her because we find them thus repeated. But she does not calm us; on the contrary, she stimulates us with intoxicating influences of the present, and excites the curiosity with which we desire to know that future which seems to us to promise even more. When one is young, so many things are

mingled with her charm that we cannot taste, as we do later, her beneficent and serene influence.

'I remember the impression autumn made on me long ago. I loved its aspect and its odours. I loved to make long excursions in the woods. I loved the veil of sadness which my surroundings threw over my everyday pleasures. In the clear and fresh air of the year's last days there is something vivifying and exhilarating, and her shadow of melancholy makes an impression not to be forgotten. Together with feelings such as these, to which one side of my nature has always been sensitive, autumn also reminded me that the season of repose was nearly over and the time of pleasure had nearly come. Beyond the dead leaves were visions of other things very different and very frivolous compared with those of to-day—brilliantly-lighted ball-rooms, wreaths of flowers, and besides

"tous ces bruits
Dont partout la solitude est pleine,"

those of the world made themselves very audible. The music of dance and of song, words and impressions in harmony with it, and many hopes, some vaguely perceived, others clearly promised for the year to come—a repetition of all that made the remembrance of the last year so delightful.

'I do not now dwell on the imperfect and reprehensible side of all those visions and aspirations. I only say that it is not amid the world's noise that the great voice—the voice of God Himself—can best be heard. Only as the sounds of earth grow weaker can we hear it. When they have ceased, and only

then, do we comprehend its secret sweetness. As I write, I thank God, who suffers me to realize very strongly these happy thoughts.

'Since I have been here, I have that joy which is perhaps too sweet—the almost painful joy of taking charge of my dear little Lina, while Thérèse drinks the waters at Marienbad. For the first time in her life she let Lina leave her that I might enjoy her. I feel this proof of affection as I ought. It is like the tenderness of my Eugénie, and it makes me love Thérèse even more than I did. She has the same charming unselfishness, the same generosity of heart, the same devotion to those whom she loves. I am sure that Eugénie in heaven blesses her for the love she bears me. So I have now around me the life and light which a child's presence gives. I could not love this one more if she were my own, but then I should love her without feeling the transitoriness of this joy and the absence of its reality for me.'

X.

'PARIS,
'*September* 6, 1857.

'WE have been in Paris for twelve days, and there seemed to me nothing to say of our commonplace life during the first of them. But now, alas! I have to record most sad and important memories. My dear, beloved, and admirable friend, Mme. Swetchine, is dying. Mother, sister, friend—she was all to me. My soul and heart and mind were all satisfied when I was near her; all were at peace.

'"How resigned you are!" I said to her during a long day which I had spent with her at Fleury, earlier in the autumn. "Do not use that word," she said to me. "I do not like the word 'resignation,' which means that we *will* a thing, and that we sacrifice it to something which God wills. That involves a double action of the will which I do not understand. Is it not simpler and more reasonable to have, one's self, absolutely no will but the will of God?"'

During Mme. Swetchine's final illness, Mrs. Craven had been much by her side, and she describes how, at one crisis, 'an iron bed was rolled in from an adjacent

room, and in half an hour she asked again for Princess Gagarin and for me; and we found her lying on it in the middle of the drawing-room. It was not unusual for her to do this, for she did not habitually sleep in her bedroom, but on a bed rolled of an evening into one of the sitting-rooms. It was a singular custom, and it helped to give her death-bed a special aspect. There was no trace of illness visible, and she, who was sinking before us under the weight of complicated disease and her great age, retained to the last her familiar and dear appearance. Her dress was, as always, simple, but not neglected. The same exquisite cleanliness was maintained; the perfume of eau-de-Portugal, which she always used, harmonized with her serene countenance. Her features, which could express such sympathy with the troubles of others, but were immovable when she spoke of her own, never failed in their double characteristics until the last moment of her sufferings.'

Mrs. Craven has recorded every circumstance of her illness with touching minuteness; but as M. de Falloux has already published almost the same narrative, we will not follow Mrs. Craven's.

XI.

MRS. CRAVEN was anxious to return to Naples. She writes: 'After all, it is for me the only place connected with memories of the past, and now for some years it has had the charm of habit. And besides, Thérèse needs me, and Lina, to leave whom would cost me as great a pang as if I were her mother. I cannot care for London, because Augustus is haunted there by his persistent regret. Paris is indifferent now to me since my dear, adorable friend is gone from it—she with whom, and with whom only, I so ardently longed to stay two years ago. In short, if Augustus were at Naples, free of certain annoyances and, as far as might be, happy, nothing would suit me better than to return there now; and that seems to me our wisest course.'

It refreshed Mrs. Craven's spirits, and she needed comfort and strengthening in the bitterness of her sorrow for Mme. Swetchine, to go to La Roche en Brény. She writes in her Journal after her visit:

'PARIS,
'*October* 1, 1857.

'I had no time to write during last week, which I spent at La Roche en Brény with the Montalem-

berts. Those days of rest in the country, though they were but few, have given me a sense of happy well-being. Independently of my friendship for Montalembert, my dearest memories are so inextricably bound up with him, that with no one else have I in common so many precious interests of the past, and so much thought on existing subjects about which we are in full sympathy. I also love Anna very tenderly. There are many points of difference between us, and few women are so little like each other. She attracts and pleases, but sometimes astonishes me, and yet I love her better than I do anyone else.

'The Castel of La Roche is situated towards the centre of Burgundy, in a district of the Morvan which is wild rather than picturesque, though it has its share of that sort of beauty. It is far from all human beings, and the repose of its solitude is complete. It is the solitude felt in great woods; we walk under their shadow, and feel a restfulness which is a characteristic of the country. Doubtless it is a place to which one might become greatly attached, yet it seems strange to have bought it, though certainly it has a charm which might attract Montalembert, and a character of its own unlike all other landscapes. The castel is flanked by towers, and surrounded by a deep ditch full of water. It is made accessible by two bridges, and by one of them a square court is reached. In it is the entrance to the house, which on that side is entirely covered with ivy. The first view of the building is very picturesque, and the interior is unlike any other. Turning to the left, the

visitor enters a large hall, the ceiling of which, as well as of the drawing-room next it, is supported by beams painted in dark colours, and everywhere decorated by coats of arms and mottoes. Among them occur frequently the fine legend of the Merodes, "Plus d'honneur que d'honneurs," as well as that of the Montalemberts, "Ni espoir ni peur." There are others besides, such as, "Bien ou rien," and the singular device of the sixteenth century, "J'obéis à qui je dois; je sers à qui me plaît; je suis à qui me mérite." There were many more which I do not remember. As well as by these, the ceiling of the hall was ornamented all round by the answer to Charles the Bold, on an occasion which is set forth in large letters:

'"Duke Charles measured all things by the ell-wand of his will and of his private advantage, and he proposed new subsidies and strange taxes. But the Sires de Joinville, de Charny, et de Myrebeau, and other true Burgundians, answered for all the corps of the Burgundian States, 'Say to the Duke that we are his very humble and very obedient subjects and servants, but as for what he asks of us now through you, it never has been done, it cannot be done, and it will not be done.' Lesser men [*petits compagnons*] would not have dared to hold this language."—*Taken from St. Julien de Baleure*, 1531.

'It must be allowed that this long quotation used as a decoration is sufficiently curious, but it is certainly not commonplace. And so it is throughout the house. Some elegancies that may be found elsewhere are perhaps wanting, but, on the other hand, the varied and sustained interests of life at La Roche exist in no other home. Conversation there is always charming and amusing, and the atmosphere

is so cordial and so intellectual that heart and mind alike expand in it. In short, the only guest who can never gain an entrance into the antique castel is Ennui.

'After my anxieties and sorrows, I felt to the full the beneficial change of thought in that repose of country life of which my nerves had much need, as well as in the contact with minds more active than my own, which was not less salutary for me, and I was in such harmony with them that no discussion occurred to weary me.

'On some subjects we do not think absolutely alike, but we agree on all that forms the mainspring of my opinions, and on which contradiction is just now a very great and wearisome fatigue and annoyance.'

A hurried visit to England followed. Mr. and Mrs. Craven let their house there. Mrs. Craven wrote from London, in October, to the Duchesse Ravaschieri:

'I was reading aloud to Augustus the day before yesterday the lists of Bills passed in the House during the last very important session. He said nothing, then he bent his head down, and I saw two big tears roll down his cheeks. I feel still in my heart the pain they caused me.'

'LUMIGNY,
'*November* 7, 1857.

'I could not finish what I had to write about La Roche. A new turn of our uncertainties has occurred since I closed this book. Our house in London is let, and it is decided that we are to return to Naples

for this winter. Meantime I am enjoying physical rest, and the moral well-being I feel in the country, whatever country it be.

'How strange is my life! I look at Claire, and at twenty-eight I see her established in a calm and equable existence which has already acquired the charm of habit, and which is not threatened by any probable change in its peaceful current. At most, its changes would be but those to which the life of every man is subject in what regards their wishes and their will. I compare this life with the broken fragments of mine, and I do not complain of the difference, for I only know the weariness of change, and it is possible that I might also suffer from that of monotony. I see the beloved figures around me in the beautiful past years. My heart often melts and burns within me when I can entirely escape from the present, and summon again their distant voices and recall their lost forms. I was then myself a different person, with other thoughts and other wishes. And then—one after another—those who had almost filled my life vanished from it. Not only are they all gone, but I am no longer in the places where they were, or if after long years I see those places again, they are so completely changed that no trace of the past can be found, except some remains which are like the ruins of a shattered building.

'Nothing, not even the aspect of the country, reminds me of what was. And I have lived in other lands and possessed friends to whom the dear companions of my youth were unknown and remain

unknown. Those who are here around me, bound to me by ties which our common country and our relationship draw closer than all others, are but accidents in my life, and to friends with whom I have spent most of my past ten years my dead are for the greater part strangers even in name.

'I have had a home, I have lived in it with a certain success; I have received in it many friends as well as a crowd of persons for whom I cared not, but among them all there were hardly any of the friends of my youth; and my nearest and my dearest were not of the number. I only write this generally; the details of this lack of unity in my life are yet stranger. I have always had a passionate love of memories, and felt the need of connecting what is past with what is present. I have for long had a profound dislike for all that can end, as well as for all that can begin.

'Sunday last, November 1, we went after vespers to the cemetery. On that day, according to the custom of the country, we all go to pray by the graves of those we have lost. We go in together, then we separate. Adrien and his sons knelt near me, Claire and her relations a little further away. Oh, my beloved, all is well. You are in heaven. Your children have grown, and are as you would have liked to see them. In choosing another wife, your husband doubtless acted as you would have wished. Claire, who has in her life only loved Adrien, is his, and her mother lives with her in the plenitude of a happiness which is the realization of her early dreams. Everyone is now happy here. Is

it wrong in me for whom nothing is changed, in me for whom the irreparable void is deeper than ever to-day, for me who have no shadow of compensation for your loss, who am ever conscious that it is the incurable wound of my life—is it wrong, I ask, that I should have felt a tinge of bitterness mix itself with impressions which, in spite of their sadness, would have been sweet to me when I remembered that all this environment of happiness has its origin in this very pain and misfortune. How sad and lonely I felt at the moment of our common prayer!

'I was on my knees, my head resting on the stone. Little by little everyone had gone away. Sister Marie Timothée told me to get up, for the ground was damp, and then I perceived that only Adrien, Robert and Albert had remained. I got up, but I know not what feeling (to which I ought not to have yielded) made me take a different path from theirs as I returned to the château. I had barely started, when I was sorry I had done so, for at that moment we were truly united in the same thought. I felt it when I found them awaiting me on the doorsteps, as the night fell. Adrien took me in his arms and kissed me, saying that it was sweet and consolatory that I could be there on that day. His dear children also kissed me so tenderly that my full heart felt somewhat relieved and calmed. Claire also was good and charming to me. Dear Claire! it would be too bad of me to feel vexed because God has been good to her. We all love His will, who *can* but will our welfare. The divine will gave her all this happiness,

which He withdrew from us. May it be done and accepted without a murmur!

'LUMIGNY,
'*Thursday, November* 12.

'The quiet I enjoy here does me great good; but I am living outside my real life, and it is tinged with melancholy and a certain uneasy feeling as if I were appropriating to my use something that does not belong to me. When I take up my ordinary existence, I shall again feel troubled—the trouble of disquietude, to which I would so willingly put an end. . . The remembrance and the fear of what are mostly imaginary difficulties pursue me and prevent my inmost soul from enjoying the calm which rests my body—that calm I owe, in the first place, to being out of a town and in the presence of Nature, even ugly as is this country, and leafless at this time of year. I owe it also to the regularity of life here, and the absence of those multiplied occupations which more than aught else tire my mind and my nerves. Yes; the mere view of a horizon clear of any house, visible or invisible; the mere sight of the yellowing trees and the fields which are still green; the broad garden walks; the few remaining flowers which show here and there; and, above all, a sky singularly clear and brilliant, considering the season—all this gives me a great feeling of healthy comfort. Nor am I unconscious of most cordial affection. Yet, in truth, I need for full enjoyment of a scene like this a certain community of tastes and opinions, of interest in the same things and the same people. In short,

I need complete sympathy, such as I once knew here and such as I can feel. Meantime, these are among my better days, and I thank God for them. But—they are over. I had hardly begun to profit somewhat by this quiet, which I could not at once enjoy (I had had previously too much anxiety). The waves were just calming down, and I could look better into my heart, but now the changes begin again. . . .

'Oh! if this beautiful book of Père Gratry, which I would not read until I was settled quietly far from the noise of towns—if this book* were to do me all the good it might; if my soul, which certainly wills to accept the light and the life God would bestow on it—if only my soul could freely give entrance to it and be flooded and transformed by it!

'It falls into my hands at an age when it should do me most good—at the age when I enter that "last third" of life, the approach of which rouses in me a feeling of terror and regret, which is at once painful and puerile. To read it will show me how best to disperse my confused feelings of discomfort. May I not hope that it will leave some lasting impression? Dare I not hope that among the truths which I have grasped, though clothed in language and metaphors somewhat too lofty for full appreciation in all their power by my ignorance, a few may so take root in me that I may yield some fruits, it may be after long waiting, and some day I may see and taste them?

* Probably the work of Père Gratry entitled 'La Connaissance de l'Ame,' published in 1857.

'Ne permettez pas, mon Dieu, que mon défaut de science me prive de la moindre parcelle des consolations renfermées dans ce livre. Elles tiennent à des réalités que vous saurez bien me faire comprendre, si vous le voulez et si je le veux. Faites-moi donc d'abord vouloir, puis accordez-moi de saisir avec cette volonté, la vôtre toute entière dans son infinie, inépuisable et incomprehensible miséricorde! Ainsi soit-il.'

A destructive earthquake on December 16, 1857, which ruined villages in the Basilicata, and was felt even at Naples, suddenly strained every nerve of humane persons in its relief. It was impossible to prevent the widespread suffering of homeless parents who had lost their children, and of orphans with perhaps no relations or friends left to care for them. By two performances, soon after her return to Naples, Mrs. Craven collected the large sum of 17,000 francs for immediate necessities. £8 each was given for many of the tickets, and every place in the little theatre was taken.

The bereaved infants were her special care; she wrote an appeal which brought her help from France and England. She established a house at Pizzofalcone, which could receive thirty children, under the care of French Sisters of Charity. She meant it as a nucleus for further work by those admirable women, and in an appeal for help she wrote:

'Who knows if these works of charity will not even in our lifetime have greater results than those we now anticipate! Who knows if these poor

children, driven away from their cottages by a sad catastrophe, may not return when the healing action of time shall have restored their poor homes, and bear with them the germs of educated life, which they may transmit to their children!'

The children—some of whom, when recovered from the ruins of their houses, had been found badly wounded and crippled—were reared in peace and well-being until they were twenty, and able to maintain themselves in easy employments. Many who found themselves by the death of all their relations during the earthquake possessed of sufficient property, became useful, as Mrs. Craven prophesied, to their more ignorant neighbours by their education.

No better account of the Neapolitan society in which she lived can be found than in Mrs. Craven's novel, 'Le Mot de l'énigme.' The brilliancy, the kindly spirit of it, where ill-natured gossip was only to be found on the lips of foreigners, is vividly portrayed. The book reflects the Italian side of its author's cosmopolitan tastes and distastes. It is, indeed, the key to much in her that few of her friends understood, though its facts were pure creations. Who could read her sketches of the Toledo during the Carnival, of the scenery of the bay between Capri and Ischia, or of a Vesuvian eruption, and not feel a sense of sympathy with the writer? Before 'Le Mot de l'énigme' was written or published, time had given perspective to Mrs. Craven's experiences, and softened the sharp outlines of some circumstances echoed, if not directly stated, in her story. But even in their more intimate

spirituality the incidents Mrs. Craven relates bear unmistakable evidence of truth. 'There is more of myself in the book,' she said, long after, 'than in anything else I have written.'

In the mystical but almost sensible relief which Ginevra, the heroine, experienced during confession, in her conversion—sudden as was that of St. Augustine, when in the garden he heard the words 'Tolle Lege'—we have full witness to the author's keen ears for Divine whispers. In the breadth of her sympathy for tempted souls, and the place she makes for recovered sinners, in her ideal world, we have that truest liberality which was hers. It would be difficult to mistake the portrait of her dearest friend and the beloved Lina in the Stella and Angiolina of the story. Throughout it, though the incidents are, it is needless to say, purely imaginary, the spirit of Mrs. Craven is present, and animates every page with that ardour, that high conception of life and of the part played by religion in human affairs, which she possessed. Not less is her artist nature, her sense of beauty, and her taste in all its visible manifestations, proved in the novel. As part of Mrs. Craven's own biography, the words she puts in her heroine's mouth express in a manner her own sentiments:

'I loved Italy as I saw her, endowed with those gifts of nature, of poetry, religion, and of historical interest with which she is so magnificently endowed. Here and there I had already heard the murmured words, "Rome as capital." They shocked me, and seemed to my intelligence a monstrous national and

religious offence. They roused in me almost repulsion for what was called the new birth of Italy. Stella, however, did not agree with me. Her nature was quickly excited by all that was energetic, brave and devoted, and patriotism, be it ill or well conceived, readily assumes those aspects. No one could declaim as she could Filicaja's address to Italy:

'"Deh! fossi tu men bella o almen più forte!"

or Dante' apostrophe:

'"Ahi! serva Italia! di dolore ostello!"*

'As to what related to Rome, Stella did not feel Ginevra's anxiety. The more eminent Italian leaders of the day believed that to diminish the majesty of Rome, to rob her of the only sovereignty that confirmed to her the antique right to be called Queen of the World—in short, to menace the Papacy—would be treason to their country, and would discrown Italy itself.'

1858 was the last year of the charitable theatricals of Chiatamone. Political tension was becoming too great. Some unwise attempts, particularly by English Catholics, to minimize the evils of Neapolitan government, vexed Mrs. Craven to the heart; and of them she wrote indignantly to Mr. Monsell. There was no entry in her Journal until the winter was nearly over.

'ROME,
'*March* 29, 1858.

'Not a line written here for six months! What does that mean? It means that time has passed at

* 'Ah! slavish Italy, thou inn of grief.'—Cary's translation.

Naples as usual in a way that leaves nothing to record. I do not mean that time has not passed pleasantly. Rather the contrary. This book is more often opened on sad than on happy days, but I also note in it the recollections of pleasant hours, when they are outside the ordinary routine. It is not altogether unprecedented that I should be at Rome for Holy Week, but it is always a new joy for which I am thankful to God, and the impressions I receive here are always good and of lasting profit to me.

'I arrived here with Thérèse, who is entrusted to me on this occasion. It is a great pleasure to me to act as her chaperon and cicerone. We are alone, and free to do as we like, and we are enjoying complete peace, which is a primary condition for full enjoyment of this place. Rome both awakens and calms the soul, and rouses interest as does no other place. It is good to abandon one's self to the sensation of magnificent [*grandiose*] repose, felt here as nowhere else; it is well to be free of distraction from external circumstance.'

Mrs. Craven's sensitive nature could, as her Journal reveals, suffer much from her environment; but in proportion her heart could expand (to use her own expression) in scenes which were responsive to her aspirations in the spiritual order, and to her taste for all that tells of exalted humanity and noble art, whether old or new. She revisited gladly her favourite objects with the Duchesse Ravaschieri, always loving what had been hallowed by her past memories more than what was new to her. 'In Rome nothing is

mediocre,' she exclaims; 'only in Rome can we have a true idea of grandeur. Elsewhere it is partial, but here it is complete.' She notes that the devotion of the 'way of the Cross,' which she followed as it used to be practised at the Coliseum, was disturbed for her in some degree by the very exuberance of pious and overwhelming thought which it produced. 'Yes,' she exclaims, in another page, 'I love to pray in St. Peter's. I am often transported by a sense of joy there, and a sort of pride, such as the son of a noble house might feel when he enters a splendid building that reminds him at every step of the greatness of his ancestors.

'Doubtless it is also well to feel sorrow for that condition of exile which is the Christian's on earth. The cathedrals of the North inspire it, and therefore prayers are multiplied and fruitful under their high arches and in the gloom of their stained-glass windows. Each kind of feeling can, in its turn, fill our hearts, without altering, but rather by completing the Catholic idea. It recognises joy and sorrow alike, and divides the year into days of mourning and days of festival.'

Nowhere does Mrs. Craven's Journal so fully reveal her artist nature as at Rome. She suffered from ugliness as she revelled in all true beauty. Of the Good Friday service in the Sistine Chapel, she writes:

'When the last verses were nearly finished, the setting sun threw vivid rays upon Michael Angelo's fresco, and as I saw and heard and recalled in memory the service just concluded, I thought it more beautiful than any poem, and truer than all

realities of this world. I felt a rare joy of living in the full accord of my soul and mind and senses. All worked together to make me understand what can best heal the pain of earthly life. I let myself be lifted and carried on by the music as by a wave.'

Much of Mrs. Craven's Journal during this Roman visit was incorporated by her in a chapter of her published 'Reminiscences,' under the heading of 'Une Semaine Sainte à Rome. It is slightly altered for publication, and personal feelings are frequently generalized. Yet here, in this endeavour to portray Mrs. Craven with a greater freedom than she allowed herself in publishing her private, and perhaps most deeply felt, thoughts, a passage of her Journal at Rome which she did not give to the world may be translated.

Writing of the verse, 'How often would I have gathered thy children together, as the hen doth gather her chickens under her wings, and thou wouldest not!' (Matthew xxiii. 37), she says: 'Are there not many souls who abuse that freedom of their will which God seems to respect with an almost fearful justice? When we reflect on this, can we have too great a reverence for the mysterious privilege?

> '"Di che le creature intelligenti,
> E tutte e sole furo e son dotate."
>
> "Paradiso," v. 24.*

'Dante, who so writes, has just described free-will as—

* 'The boon wherewith
All intellectual creatures, and them sole,
He hath endowed.'

Cary's translation.

'"Lo maggior don, che Dio per sua larghezza
Fesse creando, eò alla sua bontate
Più conformato, e quel ch'ei più apprezza."
"Paradiso," v. 21.*

'If God Himself holds it necessary that our will alone should lead us to Him, how can men have the right to constrain one another by external force to make acts which are without value in the sight of God, except what is given to them by the interior and secret working of their will? This would carry me far from Jerusalem and the Palatine, whence my reflections arose.'

Again, in the passage which records her visit to the Pamphili gardens, and the memories of her family evoked there, these touching words, which reveal so much of Mrs. Craven's own feelings, are omitted:

'As long as I live, Eugénie's death will be for me a grief unrelieved by any earthly consolation. It is greater now that age has made me value more and more those ties which are drawn closer with every year, and which nothing can replace. I feel now, even more than when in the flower of my youth, the dearest joy of my life was struck as by a thunderbolt. The years, alas! bring for me many of those anniversaries which commemorate unquenchable grief. It has become a habit with me to keep them silently and secretly in my heart, and not to importune others with them.'

* 'Supreme of gifts, which God creating gave
Of His free bounty, sign most evident
Of goodness, and in His account most priz'd.'
Cary's translation.

In the last few lines of her Journal, narrating her impressions of Holy Week in 1858, Mrs. Craven says:

'There were none that did not help to make me better, and after experiencing them I understood that for me a pilgrimage to Rome was more helpful to my intelligence than any book, and of more service to my soul than any sermon.'

Readers of 'Le Récit' will remember the pages which preface the second volume. They have fresh value when placed side by side with these entries.

That year Mrs. Craven joined in the hospitable services rendered to pilgrims by the members of the association established for that purpose. In 1840 she and Alexandrine had been enrolled in the Community, which is an active one; for its members, among whom are men and women of the highest rank, attend to the personal wants of the hundreds of pilgrims who come, poor and travel-soiled, from the wildest regions of Italy.

'We will bring Lina next year,' said her mother. 'I want to see it all again with her.'

The child could have sympathized with the emotions of that friend who loved her hardly less than did her mother, though she was but nine years old. In the midst of the intellectual society, the frequent journeys to France and England, the many preoccupations of Mrs. Craven's mind, it is a touching surprise to come on the profound traces of her love for Lina from her infancy. At Mrs. Craven's first visit to the Duchesse Ravaschieri, Lina took possession of her heart, and the love of the little

child healed much of the pain left by the family losses of the previous years. Some strange spiritual tie drew the woman of forty and the infant together with the pure passion of love—love answering love, deep calling unto deep, without explanation of instinct or custom.

'*Wednesday, June* 30, 1858.

'Yesterday was my fête day, and the twenty-second anniversary of Albert's death.

'Twenty-two years since the day which is so fresh in my memory. Its pain was living and strong for us as was our youth. With what a weight suffering falls on the young! What illusions, faiths, and hopes, are shocked and scattered by its sudden and terrible presence! We think ourselves happy, protected and preserved, and all at once we are struck, and with the vigour of natural impulse which demands happiness, and believes it to be one of our rights, we struggle against the terrible grasp of misfortune.

'These last days I have wished to resume my former task, and put my voluminous packets of letters in order, so as to go on with the work, of which I have not completed half or even a quarter. Yet if God does not singularly assist me in it, it seems altogether beyond my powers. I do not even feel equal to reading over again those first letters which for a long time made my chief happiness. But at that period life had not begun again for me. I still belonged to that epoch which is now so far away. I had no other memories, and all my life centred in them. I had not lived outside them. I

did not conceive that I could do so. I cannot describe what I feel to-day when I try to replace myself among those witnesses of the past which are heaped around me without order; what I feel as the handwriting of my father, of my mother, of Albert, Eugénie, Olga and Alexandrine comes under my eyes and my hand. When I take at random and open and read one of these letters, I find myself carried away into such different scenes, and moving amid such distant thoughts—thoughts so dear, so cruelly sweet, so utterly vanished—that in a few minutes I can read no more. I feel bewildered and exhausted. I cannot comprehend that it is I, myself, who am the same Pauline of whom they all speak, and to whom they wrote those letters which break my heart. Yes, it is certain that I should feel the torture of it less, and find my task easier, were it less beautiful, less touching, less precious. What can I destroy or omit when all I read seems worthy of preservation? On the other hand, I think that a long life would not suffice for the work. I feel lost in the memories it recalls, the hopes and joys it awakens in my mind. So many, many changes in a life which is already long! and it may still last and still change in many ways.

'The contrast between what is and what might have been, between the projects I had formed and the events which happened, is strange; not one of them has been in accordance with my expectations, or with probabilities, or with my wishes. All this makes my head dull; my heart beats and my hands burn, and this labour does not tend to calm or

relieve me; and yet it is necessary that I should occupy myself and that I should write. I know not how to do anything else, and I have some facility in writing. God seems to point out the work for me all the more surely that my imagination turns from every other thought. I have besides leisure, and I have no special interest in the world, the true and chief interest of women having been denied to me. Ought I, then, to force myself to overcome the pain of my feelings, mingled as it is with a keen hunger for admiration and love, and persevere if I ought to do so? If it be so, may God give me strength and show me how to work!

'Dear, holy friend, last confidant of all my thoughts, spoken or written, how I miss you this day!'

As Mrs. Craven relates at the opening of the second volume of the 'Récit,' her courage failed her at that time. More sorrow and pain were to be hers.

In the summer some friends proposed to her to visit the country in which is situated the village of La Cava dei Tirreni. It lies in the valley which cleaves the mountainous range that rises between the gulfs of Naples and Salerno. Mrs. Craven was enchanted with the view of the sea on the side of Pæstum and Amalfi, but the fact that Lina and her mother sometimes stayed in summer at the Duca Ravaschieri's country place of Rocca Piemonte had much to do with Mr. and Mrs. Craven's wish to possess a home within reach of them.

Nature could produce no more beautiful scene, Mrs. Craven thought, than that she saw from the summit of San Liberatore. She had left Naples in some depression, but the splendour of the view roused her energies and her delight in the sense of worship before such a creation. She lingered behind her companions, and she writes :

'Sitting there alone on that great height as the day closed and the moon rose in the sky, I felt a moment of joy and emotion of which I cherish the remembrance as I do that of the splendid prospect.

'I had but to remain motionless and gaze before me to feel that fervent adoration which is the natural result of such contemplation, and going slowly down the mountain in the cool evening air, under a sky at first still lighted by the reflection of the day, and later sparkling in the splendour of the night, I felt happy and full of peace, separated from the whole world, and, above all, separated from myself and the thousand nothings which are the common cares of every-day life.'

Mr. and Mrs. Craven had lived so much in the world that it was at that time a rest to them to spend a summer in one of the farms scattered on the slopes of the mountains, and in a solitude not to be found by the seaside of the Neapolitan bay. They found lodgings in the house of a *galant'uomo*, or small proprietor, who belonged to a class not unlike that of English yeomen, and who are often of excellent birth, though living by the produce of their vines and patches of maize. 'One day,' the Duchesse Ravaschieri writes, 'Pauline, strolling with the

child Lina on the hill of Castagneto, came on a peasant's cottage close by a ruined castle on the brow of the deep valley of Dragonea. From thence was the finest view of its noble beauty. Climbing up the rough stairs of the cottage, Pauline and Lina went out upon the flat roof, which formed a terrace, and remained for a moment rapt in delight before the scene. In the wooded valley shadowed by the mountain ranges, themselves bathed in sunlight, was an open glade through which flowed a torrent, sometimes in rushing flood, sometimes hardly more than a streamlet. It had its rise near the historical Badia della Trinità further up in the hills. Below, where the valley widened, were to be seen the double and triple arches of a picturesque bridge, so graceful and slight that popular legend ascribed them to the art of a magician, to which time and its ravages had lent additional wonder. On one side the soaring and beautiful crests of Finestra, Dragonea, and Raiti closed the valley. On the other the wooded heights were bathed in a glory of light and colour, the light and colour of the Tyrrhenian sea. The marvellous lines of beauty which led the eye to the distant shore of Pæstum and its Greek temples, suggestive of the East, were broken by the white houses, the cupola and bell-tower of Vietri.

'"Ah, Pauline, it is here, exactly here, that you must make that home which you are always asking Augustus for!" exclaimed Lina.

'God's blessing was on the thought, and in due time the ruined walls were changed into an ideally pretty house, the corn-field adjoining was turned into

a garden whence mountains, woods, and distant sea seemed part of the demesne. Lina's delight was to be with "her dear Pauline." From her arrival at Naples in 1853, and through the varying incidents of the years, few thoughts were sweeter to Mrs. Craven's heart, few more important and more engrossing to her spirit, than the well-being of her beloved Lina.'

'CASTAGNETO,
'*August* 20, 1858.

'Since the day on which I scribbled the preceding words I have left Naples. I meant to stay only a month, and now I think it will be to the end of the summer. . . . I am settled in the furthest, the most picturesque, and the most entirely solitary part of La Cava.

'I bless God for this retreat in such glorious natural scenery. I am both physically and morally strengthened by it. I wish to nurse, to increase and develop in myself the love of solitude. . . . I say this even when I anticipate that my exterior life will be as mundane as in the past. What I ought most to desire is that consistency which would make my outer existence conform to what is, and ever should be, my interior life.

'Just now it is in harmony, and I thank God I am enjoying it, thank God I know that my ardent desire, which, among a thousand contradictory ones, makes itself oftenest and most distinctly felt, is for peace, silence, and regularity; for a busy but monotonous life, and, moreover, for the country and fresh air away from towns. I love to be in the presence of

Nature, which is almost always beautiful. To delight me it is not necessary that it should be magnificent as it is in this country, and under this sky, though when, as here, all that is most enchanting surrounds me, the pleasure of solitude is doubtless enhanced. . . . It is not only now that I feel it time to let the curtain drop between me and the great world; not always, that would be impossible, but I will often take, as it were, a bath of solitude—a strengthening and purifying bath from whence I shall emerge better and with a better courage.

'It is certain, meanwhile, that unbroken silence, retreat, and the reflections which fill it have different aspects at different ages. Silence weighs on the ardent and enterprising activity of youth, yet the dreams it fosters please us by their charm; in later life the weariness of all that we have succeeded in attaining makes us long for rest, and we must be prepared for serious thought, which is far from resembling the bright dreams of our youth.

'We look around us; we see that, be our remaining years few or many, they are short in comparison with those already spent, and in those remaining years what have we to expect but old age and death? Doubtless, the uncertainty of life allows and demands serious reflection even for the young, but the vague sadness which in a measure checks the impetus of young souls, and throws on them its shadow, is often only another charm added to all those lavished on them by hope and illusion, by mingled error and reality. It is very difficult to reconstruct the old thoughts, when so many have been effaced, when, in

truth, all illusions are gone, and when they are no longer needed for beings whose youth, as I study it, grows dearer to me than my own ever was, and for whom I find myself once again longing, hoping, and dreaming as if it were for myself. To trace their footprints is to begin life over again.

'The thoughts which arise in me are sometimes sweet, serene, and even great, as they have never yet been. . . . Yet there are also among them thoughts that are awe-inspiring, which must be met face to face. I must grow used to live with them, as I lived in old times companioned by the golden dreams of earth, but with feelings that certainly belonged only to graver thoughts. It is because they fear to encounter these that so many people dread to be alone.

'I ask God that I may be preserved even from the wish to avoid them. Je veux au contraire regarder bien en face cette pensée de la mort, et la vaincre au lieu de la fuir et ne la quitter que lorsqu'elle sera vaincue. L'illusion qui la fait oublier est une folie aussi bien qu'une faute. Mais la réalité, le bonheur vrai, la paix, c'est de triompher d'elle en l'embrassant, et j'en dis autant des autres images qui avec celle de la mort entourent le déclin de la vie.

'To overcome them, great grace from God is required. He may refuse it even in the solitude which is voluntarily sought for the battle, but he will certainly not give it while we are busied in the world. Therefore, even though we suffer, even if sometimes we believe ourselves overcome by the assaults of our own thoughts, we must remain at

our post as a soldier endures the fire of the enemy from which his nature would recoil. Like him, we must stand before the foe and face him, and the battle will end in victory. So, at least, I believe, and my belief is an act of hope which God will hear, I am certain. Believing and hoping thus, I desire to make a true act of love, and I pray God to accept it.

'Since I have been here, I have resumed the task which in the noise and bustle of Naples seemed to me as painful as it was impossible; and now, as a first result of the strength which peace can give, I find my work sweet, easy, and good for me. May God give me perseverance in that and all other things, and may He keep me in the same disposition when I return to the world of society as I am in now when far from it!'

In many of the difficulties of her spiritual life it is well to read the meditations made by Mrs. Craven in the innermost citadel of her soul, side by side with the journals in which she records her social impressions. The tides of her spirit had their ebb and flow, and sometimes they fretted against its walls; but she had only to enter into that citadel, and she was safe and at rest, and recovered strength for fresh encounters with the foes she perhaps over-anxiously dreaded. If, indeed, she had not suffered from disquiet and instability, and been conscious of her suffering, she would not have left us the record of her courage, and of her faithful perseverance in learning how to meet her natural sensitiveness, by increased resignation and by perception of the

Divine will in every trial of her life. In her frequent anxieties she became more and more sure that they were a good discipline and a special test of her faith and hope. 'There are sufferings,' she observes, 'which our Lord has named Beatitudes, but there is one suffering forbidden to us. It is one which can so possess my soul that there is hardly an instant of my life in which I do not feel it, and that is anxiety in all its forms.' Quoting the passage in St. Matthew x. 29, Mrs. Craven says: 'Those words ought certainly to cut short those thoughts of mine which have reference to the past, the present, or the future of my life—my life is worth more than that of a sparrow . . . how should I imagine that what is, is not the best for me in the true sense of my own wishes, though perhaps I may not know what I wish. Yet I desire a rest and a sense of comfort, etc., and God wills me to have it; but of the best possible kind, a best beyond what I can understand. Let me, then, give up all regrets for the past, all desires for the present, all anxieties for the future. I will leave all to God, and place my burden in His hands. He can and will relieve us, and we are unreasonably foolish to wish for relief from our load.'

Thoughts like these may seem too sacred for a memoir to be read by however sympathetic a public, yet they illustrate Mrs. Craven's most real life—the life which was the basis of all other life in her, and without an occasional glimpse at which its surface cannot be truly depicted.

XII.

At the beginning of another volume of her Journal Mrs. Craven remarks that the three preceding ones begin at the same time of year, 'which shows,' she continues, 'that this is the season in which I am most inclined to thought, and when reflection is most easy to me. If there be any quiet in my restless life, it is chiefly at this time of year rather than at any other. But never in my life, I think, has my peace been so complete as this year, notwithstanding my undecided nature, notwithstanding the vague sensation which in Italian is called *smania*, and in German *sehnsucht*. . . . I feel deeply the good of these quiet and regular hours, and of steady work, and of time nearly equally divided between God and useful or innocent occupations, which those of society seldom are; since at the best they injure our minds by distraction, and they dissipate our thoughts. At this moment I believe I have all I need for calm and progress—solitude amidst this enchanting scenery, work to do which I love, interesting and improving books, long hours, and even days, of blessed silence which are necessary to my peace. For never, if I talk for long, do I fail to regret something that I have said. I

have far greater spiritual resources than at Naples, or, indeed, than I can have in the country anywhere else. I have a chapel so close by that it seems to belong to the house — Mass every morning, and every evening the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. I have an unexpected happiness in finding a confessor in one of the Benedictines of the fine monastery of La Trinità. Often in this silence have I heard that dear voice which used to speak to me not a year ago. Often have I visited Fleury in thought, and listened here to what she used to say to me there. Her words made, two years since, such an impression on me that, notwithstanding a thousand failures and through all the occupations of the world, it has never been effaced. A little more than a year ago, during the last day I spent there with her, what tender and good advice she gave me! With what wise and trenchant sayings did she make me understand and accept it!

'She was witness as no one else was of the anxieties my life occasioned me. Often she said that I must make a refuge in my heart to which I could retire in times of uncertainty; she said that I needed an immovable central point in my soul whatever were its external agitations. . . . "Il vous faut l'assiette dans ce repos intérieur." She often repeated and wrote the phrase, and sometimes she hurt me by so doing, because it did not seem applicable to what I was suffering at the moment — painful anxiety, anxiety about circumstances independent of my will. Sometimes she said almost harshly to me, if the word could be applied to her sweet and gentle words,

"You suffer because you are wanting in calm." And yet it appeared to me that I was not calm just because I suffered. Sometimes I wept as I listened to her, and looked at her in dumb appeal that she would console me in a different way. How I remember her sweet smile at such moments! and I see her now especially as she was one evening. It was not at Fleury, but in her Paris drawing-room. I had given my thoughts free course as I never did but with her. Neither my mother, whom I loved so tenderly, nor my sisters, to whom my heart was open, had known how to read it as she did. I would not appeal to their affection, which was too ready to sympathize in my troubles and to excuse me. I felt that their tenderness might have enervated me, and I knew that I required strengthening. For this reason my dear friend could help me more than any other, for, however tender might be her love for me, I did not fear weakness in her. For that reason I hid nothing from her. That same evening I was kneeling by her side and crying. She gently shook her head and stroked mine so tenderly, so lovingly, and the expression of her countenance remains so vivid in my memory, that I feel certain that her love for me endures, and that her prayers for me are still offered in heaven. Then she laughed a little, and said to me, "You look at me with your great suppliant eyes as if I had said something very cruel to you. Yet what I said is truth, believe me. Of course, I ardently wish for you all external help from a tranquil life, but whether we have that or not, there is a complete interior stability which you ought to acquire. I should

feel no anxiety for your soul if you were to die in your present state, but I firmly believe that God asks more of you. It is a step in advance which I ask you to make; but I am anxious that you should be happier."

'It was on that day, or perhaps on another that I went to see her when my heart was heavy with some sorrow—I do not remember what—that she said to me at the end of our long conversation, which did not appear to have justified them, words which surprised me:

'"You are happy. Be very sure of that. You know how I enter into your suffering, and that I can understand the pain of even imaginary trouble, yet, and I tell you so, you are one of the happiest persons I have ever met. You have happiness which you yourself know not of. You ought to feel it, and be thankful instead of lamenting your condition." She often astonished me by repeating this, even though the weakness of fears and regrets, which so warred within me against my tendency to happiness, was then very apparent.

'Why is her memory so vivid to me to-day as I record my thoughts of this retreat? Is it not because I am convinced that she would have approved of it, and among all external means that might be useful to me she would have ranked solitude among the first? In fact, if ever I fully understood what she implied by the *assiette*, I do at this moment. Examining my soul, my prayers, and my meditations of each day, I see that there is a dominant idea which gradually takes the place of all the old ones.

. . . The idea is that I should abandon even my most legitimate wishes, even the wish of ceasing to feel anxious and accept as simple pain, that fault in my character which increases anxiety, if it does not create it, and which I cannot or know not how to correct.

'This reminds me that on another day my dear and noble friend said to me, "The best time of life, according to my experience, is at fifty."

'It is strange that I, who am very sensitive to the flight of time, and who love the charm of youth and regret its departure, can yet understand this so clearly that, now and then, I see how much becomes evident which before was strange to me, I grasp many thoughts more fully, and I can better feel all the greater pleasures of life. For never have nature and study and art afforded me such delight as now. I ask myself if it is not childish to give a thought to the loss of external advantages which, after all, played a very secondary part in my youth.

'Quite independently of its spiritual advantages, I love this uniform and peaceful life. It pleases my taste, and it really would be my ideal of happiness, not only for a few months, but at all times, if now and then the society of two or three good friends could be added to it as well as some possibility of hearing good music. I crave for music sometimes, and feel the need of it and of poetry.

'What is strange in the feeling of well-being which this life gives to me is that I have suffered much since I came here. . . . I feel at times as if my heart were

grasped in an iron hand, and so oppressed that it appears to be enduring physical constriction, and that if exposed to view it would be found really suffering from material pressure.

'I had left a detailed account of one of those attacks in a volume of this Journal. My dear friend made me tear out the pages. I was a little annoyed, but I did not hesitate, and afterwards I was very glad. That very day she said to me, "Ah! dear, though I advised you as I did, certain that you would do wisely, vous auriez eu bon marché de moi ce matin quand j'achevais ces pages," and her pitying eyes were wet with tears.

'I have interrupted to-day my dear work that I might write in this book, but I will resume it. . . . I want to write with more method, and, if I can, follow in that also the advice of her whom I shall always love to obey.'

It is not strange that Mrs. Craven should have found the echo of her own thoughts in Maine de Biran's 'Journal Intime.' Many passages in it might have been written by her, and, indeed, the psychological history of the philosopher enables us to sympathize with the emotions and difficulties felt by Mrs. Craven, perhaps more fully because we approach them from possibly higher levels of human intellect. It is true that while all her life she had been fed by Catholic doctrine, Maine de Biran was led from the philosophy of Condillac towards a full realization of the Christian God by devious ways. Passing by the attraction of ideal stoicism, he could find rest only in the consciousness of a personal

God. The divine thirst known to À Kempis and Fénelon seized him. To use his own words, he 'took refuge in the bosom of God.' Religion ceased to be for him a questionable hope or a mere element in maintaining the stability of society. His 'Journal Intime' is full, as is Mrs. Craven's, of personal abandonment to the will of God, of constant effort to realize the promised union with the Supreme Ideal. He keenly felt, as she did, the contrarieties of the world and the daily struggle for the rest which both so ardently desired in that union.

'*Thursday, September* 2, 1858.

'I do not like to interrupt my work, and yet again to-day I want to write down some thoughts which occurred to me about a book which strikes and interests me, and which is appropriate reading for me here. The book is the "Journal Intime de Maine de Biran."

'I perceive that this wise man, this philosopher, whose intelligence rose to such heights and was acquainted with such depths, regretted that he was no longer young, and sorrowed over advance in years and the ugliness that belongs to it. This consoles me somewhat for my foolishness on this subject. I do not feel the mental decline he speaks of, nor the increasing sadness, nor the loss of interest in subjects I formerly felt. I agree with him about worldly and frivolous things (partly, but not yet sufficiently), but not about things that are worthy of attention, and one of the very reasons

which sometimes make me sorry to grow old is because never, as now, have I loved methodical study and solid occupation. If I had felt in this way when I was eighteen, what might I not have learned, and how many delights might I not now enjoy of which I am deprived! But at that time I was vain, inattentive, and extremely idle, and I had not perseverance. Nor did I know anything of art. It was when I was twenty-four or twenty-five that I began to appreciate pictures, and my pleasures of that kind have every year increased, and were never more intense than they are now. I have loved poetry and music from childhood, and I have understood them better and better, and enjoy them more than ever now. When I was eighteen I did not understand Shakespeare, and only these last five years have I loved Dante and read him again and again, and I have extreme delight in comprehending him. I do not see that my power of appreciating and admiring beauties such as these has one whit abated.

'I say the same about those of Nature. In my youth I never felt fuller or purer admiration than that which sometimes now fills my heart with joy in presence of a fine day, of a beautiful night, or of a beautiful scene. Notwithstanding the frequent strange and sharp suffering which is not unusual for me, I have moments when, even more than in my best days, I can use Romeo's beautiful phrase, "My bosom's lord sits lightly on its throne." It exactly fits my nature. Ah! if I dared but hope that all this comes because of my more fervent, more

habitual realization of the presence of God within me! Ah! if I dared to think so my joy would be really great, for I should see before me a future of ever-increasing delight.

'But Maine de Biran's suggestions of the part played by physical influences disturb me. I am so pusillanimous. Perhaps all my sunshine would disappear before a severe headache. Up to the present I feel no loss of strength, nor of activity, nor of physical comfort, and if I never looked at my glass I should not the least perceive that I was growing old.

'Certainly Mme. Swetchine had none of Maine de Biran's sadness; yet her mind was not inferior to his, and their thoughts habitually pursued the same track. In her case there can be no doubt that her unshaken calm, her complete freedom from anxiety and fear of any kind, were entirely due to the real and constant presence of God in her heart. She was born to suffer both morally and physically. Was it ever known that a body and soul should struggle so long and so triumphantly against bodily infirmity, and not only against bodily infirmity, but against acute and prolonged pain, as she did, without Divine support? Since she was twenty-five years old, since the time when she herself told me she had enjoyed existence, it is almost certain that she was never for a day free from pain. From that time she was a prey to sleeplessness, so that she could not secure even some hours' truce to her sufferings. I remember an expression which very much surprised me one day when I was pitying her want of sleep,

and she said to me, "It does not matter, for my nights are delightful." '

'*Sunday, September* 5, 1858.

'I must write here again, though I do not like to leave my "Souvenirs," with which I want to get on, and though I have letters to write. I want to say something more of Maine de Biran's extraordinary book. I had not finished it when I wrote the preceding pages. Now that I have read to its last line, I feel astonished and pleased to find myself led back by this profound thinker, this philosopher, this lucid, sincere and acute mind, independent in his line of thought, unshackled by the beliefs which are naturally mine from my birth—led back to the spot on which I have stood ever since I knew or understood anything and simply followed my Catechism. I exclaim to myself in Manzoni's words:

'"O bella benefica Fede ai trionfi avezza."

Truly this is one, and it illustrates the meaning of the completed circle. This great mind has gone by an immense round, in which I cannot follow him. At the end, as the extreme limit of his discovery, I find him attaining the simple truth of my childhood. Even in this country, where there is so much ignorance in matters of religion, but which is deeply penetrated by the sunlight of absolute truth, how many poor souls are perfectly contented! The poor creature whom I saw these last days, tortured by pain on her pallet and indescribably wretched, who said to me, "Io vivo di una vita spirituale"—words which deeply touched me, in the midst of her many

miseries—was in full possession of that third life to which we tend with such eagerness, feeling the necessity of peace and the impossibility of finding it elsewhere.

'I quite understood the book, and yet my enjoyment of it was disturbed by a conviction that my mood would change, that I should read it again without emotion, that the frivolities and the preoccupations of life in the world would begin for me again, and that I should again suffer, notwithstanding my faith, all that Maine de Biran suffered without it. It is certain that, not having, as he had, to trace my own path in the midst of pain, having nothing to do but what would have seemed to him so easy, to clear a way for accepted and absolute truth, as we make way for light by removing that which prevents its entrance, I should be yet more foolish and stupid than sinful, if I did not strive to enjoy in full the good which I possess by what are, indeed, easy efforts, for my way has been smoothed for me.'*

* It seems probable that the Life and the 'Pensées' of Maine de Biran had been given by Père Gratry to Mrs. Craven. He had sincere admiration for the philosopher who, beginning as a disciple of Condillac, and passing through a phase of Stoic thought, had finally been brought by his splendid faculties to the foot of the Cross. M. Ernest Naville had recently published his 'Vie et Pensées,' on which Sainte-Beuve wrote a charming and sympathetic article in April, 1857.

In Ueberweg's 'History of Philosophy' (vol. ii., p. 341, English translation) it is said of Biran: 'From the Stoic attitude of the second period [of his philosophy] he passed in the third to a mystical and Christian standpoint. In his "Anthropologie," his last work, left unfinished, he distinguishes three lives in

At the conclusion of these interesting observations on Maine de Biran, and on her sympathy with him, is a note added by her in 1878, when she was extracting for publication some passages from her Journals:

'MONABRI, 1878.

'What a strange sensation I feel as, after twenty years, I read these pages again, and find them truer and more applicable to-day than they were when they were written. A thousand times more true. Twenty years—during which all things relating to a certain sort of worldly happiness, which then still remained,

man: the animal life, or the life of sensation; the human life, or the life of the will; and the spiritual life, or the life of love. Personality, which he had previously considered as marking the highest degree in human life, was then regarded by him simply as a passage to a higher stage, where personality is lost and annihilated in God.' There is very much in common between the mental and spiritual characteristics of Maine de Biran and those of Mrs. Craven.

'There is no evil in pain,' he, as Stoic, could repeat in later life; and with much the same sensitive feelings as were those of Mrs. Craven, he could declare with her, 'In pain is my good': for, as she also felt, 'it is unrest, not suffering, which hurts us.' Might not Mrs. Craven have said, as he did, 'I am often sorry for myself; I deplore my failures of intelligence, the weakness and narrow limitations of my powers, be they moral or physical. The feeling of this pity and compassion reflected by self on itself is pleasant enough, for in feeling it we know that we have a nature which is superior to the nature which suffers, though in intimate union with it'? By many Maine de Biran is considered another Descartes, and Sainte-Beuve ranks his 'Pensées' with those of Pascal. That Mrs. Craven should find in him a spiritual brother is interesting, and illumines recesses of her mind into which few have ever penetrated.

have one by one slipped as beads through my fingers. Now I am quite old, ruined, poor. My self-esteem is deeply wounded, and in what fashion! I suffer more from another's pain, which I cannot allay, than from my own. Am I unhappy—really unhappy? No; for better and better I understand the lessons God has taught me since my youth, and has for the last nine years sternly repeated. In truth, they are summed up in one: absolute detachment and complete acquiescence; peace in utter abandonment to His will.'

'CASTAGNETO,
'*Thursday, September* 9.

'Here we are on the morrow of the great Feast of the Nativity of Our Lady. Yesterday was the day of the procession from Piè di Grotta to Naples, and here the parish fête of La Cava. It is celebrated in the church, within which is the sanctuary of the Madonna dell' Olmo, much venerated in this neighbourhood. . . . I am sufficiently Italian to understand many things which astonish others who are used to different religious customs, and to be touched and edified by what might scandalize them. Therefore I am, perhaps, better able to judge than other people, and to say what I am about to say.

'I know there are many Catholics who, in the midst of the solemn ceremonies of the Church, the poetic beauty of her holy offices, the zeal of the clergy and the piety of the faithful, choose to represent the religious state of Southern Italy as enviable and worthy of imitation. . . . I confess that I have

never understood their enthusiasm, though I have heard it eloquently expressed both in English and French. I ask myself why they choose to see things in this light. If, instead, they saw them as they are, would it not be well for those who would all the more appreciate the good things they possess, and also for the Church herself? She would be strengthened to remedy abuses, instead of being weakened by the imprudent friends who give occasion to her enemies to point out these abuses as inherent in the Church, instead of being in flagrant contradiction to her teaching. I reverence and love the Church too much to fear anything for her. She is absolute truth, and no truth can injure her, while evil and error are her natural enemies, and, like all enemies, more dangerous within than without her pale.'

Of those who meet attempts at reform with the hackneyed argument that the Southern Italians have a faith which is not given to other nations, Mrs. Craven sensibly remarks:

'It is curious that such an objection should be made, as if it were a question of undermining that faith which remains the one consolation in their misery. It would be strange if it were to disappear with the accessories which disfigure it. If it were so to vanish, the sooner the better, for to believe in its existence would be a delusion. . . . Many Catholics appear to conclude that on no occasion is the word "superstition" applicable. I think otherwise, and that the open-hearted faith of the Catholics of the South, and their lively imagination, expose them to that

risk more than to any other. The efforts of their guides should be spent in keeping them within the due limits of truth. It seems to me that it is as easy to overstep them by excess as by defect.

'At a short distance from Nocera, and therefore near this place, there is a village which is called by the name of its well-known shrine, "Mater Domini." The image venerated there is worthy of a loving respect. Devotion to it dates from the eleventh century and has never slackened, and it is right to feel emotion when kneeling where so many generations have knelt with the fervour and faith to which Jesus Christ has promised miraculous answer—a promise of which, be it said, no Church but ours has ventured to claim the realization. Were we a thousand times mistaken about the details of any special miracle, there are many too positively certain to be denied. That is sufficient to confirm our faith, and to help us to understand how, without guilt before the eyes of God or of man, we may attribute effects which possibly have purely natural causes to a special act of the Divine power in which we firmly believe, and for which we, as it were, are in haste to praise God. We are also eager to venerate relics, as were the early Christians, even though we may mistake the identity of the relic which we think we possess. After all, what does it matter in God's sight what we venerate, if we sincerely believe the authenticity of what is under our eyes? Be there error in that or not, still our homage is offered to the true object, wherever it may be. I have never understood this materialistic objection. God knows that

at Trèves it is the coat which is *believed* to have clothed His sacred humanity which pilgrims in such crowds kiss tenderly, as they would have prostrated themselves in the dust if they had met the Saviour by the way.

'If we on earth saw anyone kiss something which he thought belonged to us, and if in that trifle we knew he was mistaken, should we not be equally touched and think that he loved us all the same as if the thing had really belonged to us? The very promptitude of his action might even seem to witness to his love, better than if he had made long preliminary inquiry about the authenticity of what he venerated. The smile that would follow such a mistake would be a kindly and tender one.

'I also think, however, that all possible precautions should be used to prevent such mistakes. There are some relics which faith finds it difficult to accept, and in their presence it is necessary to remember that the Church allows us to retain our freedom of opinion and of devotion.

'I walked to the church of Mater Domini, accompanied by that dear and pious child whom I love as if she were my own, and with the escort of the good priest who is chaplain to her parents. Both are simpler in their faith than I am, and probably they by no means shared my painful impressions, particularly the child, who is anxious that I should gain all the indulgences attached to a visit to this antique sanctuary. I also wished to profit by them, and I was glad to have the opportunity of doing so. We reached the village, where we found the road

obstructed by platforms on which all sorts of shows were going on. We got through with difficulty, and turned into the vast courtyard which is in front of the fine old church. It was crowded with booths. I was tempted by two pretty baskets, but the thought that it was Sunday stopped me. . . . We went in. I defy any Northern imagination to picture the interior decoration of the church, and to describe it is very difficult.

'The marble baldacchino, under which is the image of the Virgin, was transformed into a battlemented tower of white, blue and gold-coloured muslin. An immense scaffolding in the centre of the church was covered in the same style, and was devoted to the orchestra. It was a large one, and at the moment of entering the church it was playing a noisy *pot-pourri*, in which I recognised airs from "La Traviata." With some effort I began to say as devoutly as I could the prescribed prayers, and then prayers for my own pardon if I felt too strongly the bad impression which I had received from what was around me, and pardon for those, whoever they might be, who have allowed the holy solemnities of the Church to fall so low, if it be they who are guilty in the sight of God and not I.

'However that may be, English Catholics should bless God that they are English as well as Catholic, and be good enough not to complain that some traces of persecution yet remain, which only affect those who bring it upon themselves. Let them remember that where the clergy are exemplary, where religious communities are fervent, the faithful earnest and devout,

and the Church free, they have no right to complain of the country in which they were born. French Catholics are less inclined to the fault. They know that in these respects they need not envy Italy. And, then, what is there to envy in this dear, beautiful country except that glorious nature which could not be spoiled by man? Why are there even in France Catholics who think it their duty to aid and abet all those political abuses of which the bad customs that vex me, and that I have just described, are the inevitable result?'

In reading these remarks of Mrs. Craven it is well to remember the date at which they were written.

'CASTAGNETO,
'*September* 18, 1858.

'It is gloomy weather. Augustus has gone back to Naples. I took Lina back to La Rocca, and returned without her, and, as usual, the profound silence, after two days cheered by her childish voice, seemed sad. This evening my heart beats distressingly. What my soul really needs is, not that my pain of heart should be relieved, but that I should will it not to be. Age has not decreased the impulses which God gave me, and from which I have suffered so much and shall always suffer. That, however, is only common pain.

'Oh, Dieu! que ce serait peu de chose, si on était réellement détachée de ce qui passe, si on l'était seulement un peu. Mais il y a humiliation dans cette souffrance. Humiliation à sentir qu'on ne peut

la secouer et ce seul mot devrait me faire comprendre sa raison d'être. Laissons donc serrer mon cœur. Laissons donc cette main divine comprimer cet élan trop vif, trop facile, qui le ferait encore bondir s'il était permis à certaines joies d'y pénétrer. Après tout celui qui l'a créé, qui en compte les battements, sait pourquoi il faut lui imposer ce malaise. Encore une fois, acceptons l'aveuglement. Plus j'aimerais à m'y soustraire, plus je dois être assurée qu'il m'est bon de m'y soumettre. E cosi sia.'

The article entitled 'Montagnes de La Cava,' in Mrs. Craven's 'Reminiscences,' is taken from her Journal at Castagneto that autumn; but she has somewhat altered its arrangement, and the reader can be best referred to that if he feels interested in her impressions of that enchanting country. The entry of November 2 in her Journal has the charm of her own personality, which, as a rule, she carefully veiled in all she published.

'CASTAGNETO,
'*All Souls' Day*, 1858.

'I have passed these two great days pleasantly, for which I thank God. It was fine this morning, and after Communion at the morning Mass in our chapel I went to the Trinità to attend the High Mass. It was very well sung, and the organ was divinely played. I felt singularly happy, though I was entirely alone. I had not a moment's sadness, and my mind was full of sweet thoughts and cheerful fancies. . . .

'Yesterday was not so bright, and the memories which among the many others of the year were

revived by those two days had filtered into my heart and caused me one of those attacks of dejection to which I am but too subject. When I opened Dante under its influence, my eyes fell on these lines, which struck me in a new and personal sense :

> " Perchè tanta viltà nel cuore allette ?
> Perchè ardire e franchezza non hai ?
> Poscia che tai tre Donne benedette
> Curan di te nella corte del Cielo."*
>
> " Inferno," ii.

'I raised my eyes, and seeing before me the frame in which are the three portraits of my dear and blessed sisters, I felt as if they and my guardian angel had put before me those words, and meant them to be consolatory. The circumstance made a happy impression on me, which lasted all day, and still exists. It is the second time within this week that a passage from Dante, which I had read a thousand times, suddenly seemed to bear a new meaning, and one applicable to my thoughts.'

'CASTAGNETO,
'*Friday, November* 5, 1858.

'To-morrow morning I leave Castagneto, carrying with me a happy remembrance of my quiet time here, and a heart grateful to God for His mercies, of which I am conscious in all my troubles. . . .

'The fine weather is over. It has been singularly

* 'Why is such baseness bedded in thy heart ?
Daring and hardihood why hast thou not ?
Seeing that three such ladies benedight
Are caring for thee in the court of Heaven ?'
Longfellow's translation.

cold for this climate, and yet I leave unwillingly. I regret my busy days and quiet evenings, and my walks in the country, which seems to me almost more beautiful in the clear winter light, which outlines the dark mountains on the transparent sky better than when they were bathed in the burning brilliance of summer evenings. The sort of beauty peculiar to them is, if I may say so, too beautiful for me. It touches and moves me, weakens, and always ends by saddening me. Nothing, on the contrary, so enlivens me as to pass through keen air as I walk, and to look around at the landscape, which in such moments possesses not only the unalterable charm of the South, but that of the North also, with its vivifying influence. If we really establish a sort of summer nest here, I will not give way to any troublesome foreboding; on the contrary, I will say that it is God who has combined the chances which have caused us to light on this out-of-the-way place. I will enjoy, as being His will, all the charm which this enchanting country has for me, nor let my thoughts return to other dreams.'

XIII.

THE events of 1859, ushered in by Napoleon's misreported but fateful words addressed to the Austrian Ambassador on New Year's Day, were, as may be imagined, of profound interest to the diplomatic circle which nearly every evening met at Chiatamone. We know now that Cavour had had his way, and that Napoleon had agreed to liberate Italy from Austrian interference. But there were certainly no anti-dynastic schemes tolerated within their house by Mr. and Mrs. Craven.

It cannot be too clearly understood, in judging Mrs. Craven's Italian sympathies, that her generosity of heart, her enthusiasm for humanity, were stirred to their depths by the facts of her daily experience at Naples. Yet it was not the cruelty of the prisons, nor the alternate shiftiness and violence of the Governments that had no right to rule, except that bestowed on them by the Holy Alliance and Metternich, still less the dramatic outcries of the revolutionists, which moved her conscience. Her Liberalism was as orthodox and as distinctly Papal as that of the French school, which had dealt mortal wounds to Gallicanism; it was probably more so than that of

Pius IX. himself before the murder of Rossi. It was founded on passionate faith in the Church as in very truth the mother of our race, a Church ready to recognise and admire the growth of humanity during the centuries, and healing its wounds with a tenderness equal to their severity; a Church claiming men's obedience to her formulated dogmas because they fulfilled, by the mercy of God, the needs of men and their diviner instincts. La Mennais' appeal to a consensus of opinion could not, it is true, replace Divine revelation and authority; but his best disciple, Gerbet, clearly understood that the teacher of that revelation to man must use man's language and sympathize with man's aspirations towards those ideals which she offers to his dim eyes and groping hands. If we leave La Mennais out of the La Mennaisian school, we understand better its immense influence while Europe was in its transition from old to modern systems of government. His fall was as that of Lucifer; but some angels, who had been his fellows, sought in humility and obedience to keep alive the fire he had kindled in the hearts of men. It was the fire of widest charity, by which the rights of man can alone be secured—the purifying fire in which the errors of '89 might be burned away, while the liberties of a spiritual theocracy should be secured to every man alike.

It is a dream that may remain a dream as long as our race exists, yet it is one of those dreams which point us forward on the right road of progress. It is only, perhaps, those who can recognise the practical action of Christian mysticism under the veil in which

it loves to shroud itself who will perceive how Mrs. Craven, sensible and sociable as she was, loved to ascend the Mount of Transfiguration. Besides her delight in reaching the Divine Presence, and seeing its glory shed on the suffering world, to look for it and live in it had been her training. Catholic mysticism is essentially and in the truest sense liberal. It is probably the only porch by which men can attain and have attained fraternity and equality, both secured by the consciousness of a supreme Ideal towards which every human aspiration ultimately tends. It is, perhaps, the best title to respect of Catholic mysticism that it lifts our ideals towards their origin, and no action is more practically altruistic than contemplation of the Creator; for from it follows loving contemplation of His creation, immense and active co-operation in helping men and women by every means consistent with the decalogue, and even reverencing their passionate outcries for happier life. Despairing of the old order revived by the restoration of 1815, vexed by Concordats and consequent Gallicanism, French Christians in 1830 placed their hopes in the Church's direct spiritual influence. They feared that too visible support from dynastic and material forces would hinder her from her great mission of reconciling the masses of working and poor men, who are the first objects of her care. They hoped for a vast revival of faith, if what seemed to them dross was eliminated from her pure gold.

There was, therefore, in Mrs. Craven's 'liberalism' a larger hope, based on wider inductions than were

commonly accepted in the ranks of partisans on either side in the struggles of 1859-70. Her cosmopolitan experience stood her in good stead when she doubted the honesty of tottering Governments and their methods, and perceived wider horizons than those of some among her family and her friends of the Faubourg St. Germain, or those of English Catholics, who in their reaction from excess of private judgment in religion are often more conservative than the Vatican.

In her Journal she wrote:

'NAPLES,
'*March* 4, 1859.

'I have never been able to conquer my dislike to the mixture of what is temporal with what is spiritual in the past history of the Church, in those parts of it which are changing as is time itself. And so I cannot help shuddering as I see John Huss burned, and I also shudder at the excommunication of the Colonnas, because in neither case does their crime seem proportionate to their punishment. I should have preferred to see Huss excommunicated as the heretic he was, and the Colonnas burned or beheaded as traitors; but to see heresy punished by death, and the crime of high treason punished by spiritual deprivation, disturbs and saddens me. At the same time, whatever be the miseries of the present epoch, and notwithstanding the many evils from which it still suffers, it has certainly gained in justice. Not that, possibly, we love justice better or desire it more, but no doubt it is better understood.

'To express briefly the kind of pain I feel in Italy,

I see no remedy for existing evils except through the action of fervent Catholics, and fervent Catholics refuse to see them, or at least to admit them. They leave to others any statement of the truth, and the remedy is abandoned to hands that know not how to apply it, and who will do in anger what ought to be done with respect and love.'

Journal:

'ROME, *Trinità de' Monti*,
'*Holy Tuesday*, *April* 19, 1859.

'This book has remained closed the whole winter. I write some words which will leave a trace of this unexpected stay at Rome, of my short retreat in this dear spot in which once more I find myself, and, as always, with the same sense of well-being, silence, peace, solitude, good things always and everywhere, but better now than ever, in these times of dispute and discussion. In them my eagerness lays unperceived snares for me, which leave my heart and my soul disturbed and ill at ease. That is one of the chief reasons why I seized the opportunity that offered, of passing four days in the complete shelter of the convent. The time is doubtless short, but it is enough to take a bath of self-collectedness and peace; were I but to plunge in it for a moment, I should come out refreshed and calm.

'Yet I have suffered solely from anxiety of conscience, and anxiety for my dear child,* who is not yet recovered. Nevertheless, I have prayed and I have been silent; I have read and written in peace;

* Lina Ravaschieri was attacked by illness which presaged her early death.

I have thrown all my desires into God's hands—at least, I hope that I have made some good resolutions. I shall re-enter the world to-morrow, if not better—I know myself too well to hope for that—at least, with fresh and ardent wishes to become so. Amen.'

During the same retreat Mrs. Craven wrote in her volume of MS. meditations:

'ROME *(en retraite à la Trinité du Mont)*,
'*April* 15, 1859.

'Mon intelligence et mon cœur sont également convaincus, qu'est-ce donc qui résiste en moi? Je ne sais, mais vous le savez et vous pouvez me guérir. Faites-le, mon Dieu. C'est ma faiblesse, je crois, qui est si grande et si forte contre moi. Oh Jésus! il vous est bien facile de la vaincre et de la fortifier, et si vous daignez le faire, oh! je vous en bénirai seul. Je sens et je sais trop bien, qu'aucune force, même humaine, ne se trouve en moi.'

Mrs. Craven was fired with indignation by the absolutism which dragged religion at its heels through very miry places, but she was still Legitimist after the fashion of the Comte de Falloux. Possibly her ideals of Liberal monarchy were too English for Italian practice, and she did not sufficiently realize what might be substituted for despotism by the anti-Christian societies with which Italy was honeycombed. Enthusiasm is always sanguine, and invocations of freedom expressed in noble language roused her Breton soul. Dazzled in the light of dawn, she did not recognise the gulfs of evil that

were revealed after the French had done their rapid task of relieving Milan. Perhaps the pain Mrs. Craven suffered that spring and summer, while she watched with her friend by the sick-bed of their Lina, lessened all minor anxieties and damped her political hopes from the action of the 'Veltro,' as, recalling Dante, she called the French Emperor.

A letter written during that eventful summer, between the battles of Magenta and Solferino, will give a glimpse of her feelings:

To Mr. Monsell.

'NAPLES,
'*June* 14, 1859.

'The enclosed is a line to the brother of my Benedictine friend, whom you allowed me to introduce to you, and who, on the reception of this note, will probably leave his card upon you. I am sure you will be kind and charitable enough to see him, and patient also, in case he should (as few Italians would not at this moment) express opinions not exactly as anti-French as (I conclude) yours are, in common with the generality of the world in England. For my part, I suppose that when I have left Italy I shall be able to look at the question in the same light that you all do, which is totally impossible to anyone placed on this side of the Alps, where naturally the only very conspicuous fact in what is passing is the expulsion of the Austrians from Italy, a consummation which had been hitherto more devoutly wished for in England than anywhere else, and which I am stupid enough to prefer seeing accomplished by war rather than by an insurrection.

'Great and favourable changes are taking place here too, but, in fact, I have little time or thoughts to bestow upon

any of these stirring subjects, being entirely occupied by the dangerous illness of a dear child, whom I love as if she were my own—the little granddaughter of the Filangieris. Her mother, the Duchesse Ravaschieri, is the dearest friend I have now, and her distress I not only feel on her account, but on my own, that darling child having been almost constantly with me for the last five years.'

It was in the March of that year that Lina had been first seriously menaced by the decline which after eighteen months brought her exquisite childhood to its close; she had 'outsoared the shadow of our night,' and though Mrs. Craven was still to know many years of it, there is no doubt that her life was henceforth more than ever detached from mundane interests. Yet the valiant words she wrote as the conclusion of her meditations on the Epiphany show the spirit which at all times governed her:

'In any case, when the path in which God has set our feet leads us into society, let us not sigh for another lot than ours. Wherever we are, whatever we do, God wills to be ours and wills us to be His. This is certain, and if in our actual circumstances the Divine union seems harder to realize than in other positions of which we dream, we may dwell on the thought that the difficulty which disturbs and pains us may one day prove to have been among the trials for which we shall thank God when we read in Him the history of His providence towards us.'

Mrs. Craven paid her usual summer visit to England.

No one knew better than she how her bright and gay delight in society continually reasserted itself,

nor did she wish it otherwise. Her lifelong struggle was not with the human influences around her, but rather with the forces which tainted them. If it be said of her that she was worldly, that she enjoyed her success and popularity, that she, indeed, liked to increase it and to aim at the highest distinction in her world, the reader will understand, if he have read the preceding pages, how ideal were her ultimate aims. Few of her social friends had even a conception of them, though as she passed among them a surprised curiosity was often felt. One of her acquaintances who saw much of her in 1859, 1860 and 1861, at Naples, writes of her, and with truth as far as it goes :

'Mrs. Craven was an excellent artist, and throughout her life I should say the secret of her charm and influence was the "divine spark" of art which was the keynote to everything. In her many-sidedness she threw her soul into all she had to do, whether politics, religion, or social life; and for that very quality she was often ill-judged by the aggregation of conventionality called "society." In Italy, with the charming *naturel* of the Italian character, she could be and was herself.'

It is hardly necessary to add that the friend who saw her in this light was himself an artist by nature, and to him Mrs. Craven's gifts in that direction appeared pre-eminent. No doubt she had the artist temperament; it was one facet in her many-sidedness. Other and different friends, widely apart as were Mme. Swetchine and the Duchesse Ravaschieri, as were Montalembert and Lord Palmerston, circles

as unlike as were her own at Chiatamone and in Berkeley Square, equally admired her as a brilliant and sympathetic apparition in an orbit that was beyond their measurement, though they hardly knew why. To one observer she might easily appear to be, as he said of her, a lady 'qui débitait mieux qu'une autre les niaiseries d'un salon.' Her very spontaneity and crystalline sincerity of nature was, to people who had not her multiform sympathy, a frequent surprise. In one report all are agreed. What may be called her social generosity was unbounded; she always used her influence with the broadest charity.

Journal:

'CASTAGNETO,
'*October* 6, 1859.

'From April 19 to this day, October 6, what has happened? So much that this volume and three or four other larger ones would be full if I had written every day, or even every month, a detailed account of my various impressions.'

The impression and feelings of the year before during Holy Week were repeated. The Duchesse Ravaschieri was not in Rome in 1859, but with M. Rio Mrs. Craven continued to examine critically his favourite objects of art, and compare his theories with what she saw, not always with complete acquiescence in them. He specially admired the Amazons of the Vatican and the Minerva which is in the Braccio Nuovo, but Mrs. Craven says, with her broad judgment and liberal taste:

'To declare that these are not only types of

beauty, but the only types of feminine beauty which the art of sculpture has produced, will never be generally acknowledged, and I do not know why they should be nor how they could be. Beauty of expression may suffice in painting, but it is not so in sculpture. We cannot look at statues without acknowledging how large a part must be allotted to beauty of outline. A woman's head bereft of hair or entirely hidden by a helmet does not satisfy the eye with the ideal beauty it seeks, and which it has a right to seek when artists claim to offer it. My objections seemed in the highest degree puerile and ridiculous to Rio. He no longer believes in my capacity to judge of art, and he scornfully accuses me of confounding beauty with grace, and giving grace an importance it should not have, and which is incompatible with that exalted point of view from which we ought to judge the products of art. I remain doubtful, however, if, in the presentment of beauty, grace be not an indispensable condition. Sometimes it may be otherwise in painting, because painting expresses a number of ideas greater than beauty; and therefore this art appears to me to surpass sculpture nearly as much as the soul does the body.

'All these ideas, however, played a secondary part in my impressions of Rome this year. A great and poignant interest absorbed all others. When I reached Rome, war was threatened, and it broke out while I was there. I heard on the Piazza di St. Pietro that hostilities had begun. It was Easter Sunday, and I had just received the Papal blessing. The effect of the war on my personal plans was that

I returned to Naples, which a month before I had left intending to travel towards Paris. Soon after I had decided to do so, I perceived that I should have done better to continue my journey. . . . I came back to bear the pain of seeing my beloved Lina suffer for three months—suffer as I hoped it had been impossible for a child to suffer. And now I have not courage to dwell on those dreadful days, as each is entered in my note-book.

'The agony of so loving, as with a mother's love, a darling little creature, and yet of being altogether unable to relieve her, as I should have tried to relieve a child of my own, was mine. There are refinements of suffering in this that I will not record. My heart was pierced with sorrow, and yet I was obliged to carry on my usual life, for the world does not tolerate unconventional affections, and what is not understood is, for the most part, blamed. With all this was combined great political excitement, and, for Augustus, new hopes and new disappointments. Partly by the advice of my doctor, who feared a summer at Naples for me after so much agitation, I left it again for the second time on June 29, and spent in France and England the months of July and August. In those countries I heard the inexpressible clamour of our day, and only in them can it be fully recognised. What of it have I understood or accepted? Above all, to what conclusions has it led me? It would be hard for me to say. The same burning questions (never was the word better applied) were discussed in my presence this year, whether in Rome or Paris or London. I have, therefore, heard

everything that has to be said by everybody, and I have barely twice heard an opinion which altogether coincided with my own, for I see that mine is only held by very few. That is a reason for questioning it, for I am not of sufficient importance [je ne suis pas de taille à m'adresser le compliment] to pay myself the compliment. And yet if it be true that Nature, driven out, returns at a gallop, how much more quickly returns a thought, once it has taken possession of your heart and soul and intellect—a thought which you believed incontestable, though you had not known how to make it understood? But when we are in this state of mind, we suffer much from doubt, though we are ourselves certain. The fear of being wanting in submission and humility, and yet the impossibility of constraining reason when it seems necessary to imprison it in too narrow entrenchments, is painful, for to do so carries disturbance into those depths of the soul where alone we can be consoled for all things.

'Can I explain to myself the contradiction which meets me everywhere? I wish I could, that I might extirpate the evil root which, perhaps, is its cause in some region of my soul or my intellect. My difficulty lies in clearly defining that shade of colour in my mind which I can no more help than I can help the colour of my hair or my eyes. If I search in the depths of my soul, that I may discover and check the one and dominant desire which is the active principle of all that follows, I perceive that this wish which God sees as it is in me at this minute, truly is that the Church should not be rich, powerful and

sovereign of several provinces, but that she should be absolute mistress of all souls.

'From this wish naturally follows an infinitely greater regret for the wounds she receives within her own bosom by scandals, not merely those imputed to her, but the real ones, such as the Almighty sees, than for all that can be done by her enemies from without. They are powerless when they attack her immortal part, but they become formidable when sacred truth is, as it were, forced to take their side. This, this is the pain, the great and only pain, which I feel deeply, and in comparison with it every other is easy to bear. Truth! that mighty power which I worship, which is the substance of the Catholic creed, and which no other religion possesses; truth in one of her aspects is often put forward by people I detest, and is denied, hidden or altered by those I love and venerate, and in whose opinion alone am I interested.

'This is the fact, and the ultimate expression of my thoughts, and this conviction, whether in itself or because I have badly explained it, has been disputed at Rome by admirable ecclesiastics, and by nearly everyone to whom I have expressed it. Everybody seemed to see danger in another direction, and to wish to restore me to another view as if it were a duty. Once, for an instant, I even thought that my conscience was to be enlisted on that side, and that was a real trial. I think afterwards I understood my own self better, and I succeeded in gaining leave to make my one claim. I did not assert that I was mistaken, but only that I claimed the right to think as I did on some points, even if I were mistaken.

'In England my peace of mind was even more shaken. I found the opinions I had heard at Rome accentuated. It was a surprise and an anxiety, and for me a particular disappointment, for if there be any remedy for the evils I deplore, other than those terrible punishments which may yet be averted by care, the remedy might be found in an earnest, strong, and devoted support of the cause of Italian reform. Such support might be given by the English clergy, who are so reformed themselves, and who know better than any others what the Church would gain by liberty and publicity.

'And now I have returned to Italy, and my feeling is stronger than ever. It seems to me, when I remember what I saw among English Catholics in England, that I have left there a newly-born Church, and that I come back here to an ecclesiastical system that is sinking, because of the laxity and indifference which everywhere sadden heart and eyes. I feel the contrary of what I felt in England. I am alarmed when the enemy's eyes are turned upon us; whereas in England I should have constrained all my acquaintances to come and see the fruits of the Church, and by those fruits convince themselves of its sanctity. I mean, however, to struggle against what is perhaps an exaggerated impression. I will give my attention to the poor and pious folk who surround me here; especially I will endeavour to procure for myself that blessed silence which I find so hard to practise, and yet which I never break without afterwards bitterly regretting having done so.'

Journal:

'CASTAGNETO, CAVA,
'*December* 7, 1859.

'No; my grief is not because the estates of the Holy See are invaded by a foreign Power. My grief is because the subjects of the Pope call to their aid another Sovereign; and of all my griefs the greatest is the deplorable certainty of the evils which produce such a result. . . . What, then, is to be done, but to retire to a corner and silently pray to God, and try to think no more and speak no more, and let God ensure the triumph of the Church against those who think they are defending it.'

'CASTAGNETO,
'*December* 15, 1859.

'December 15, and I am yet among the mountains, which are to-day covered with snow! It is a curious combination of circumstances, but a fortunate one, and I wish to record my impressions, which may have some importance for me. . . .

'I have received the two volumes* which contain the life and writings of Mme. Swetchine. . . .

'I have read, and I am still reading. Her dear voice is yet living to me; her dear form is before me. In memory I again go over those too few days of my life when I was with her. The thought of her, and these volumes, confirm the impressions and desires evoked by this unexpected abode in the country, and by the trial I am giving to the solitary life which has been mine these past four months.

* By M. de Falloux.

'In every perplexity of my life I go to her in thought. I put myself by the fireplace at Fleury and speak to her, and seem to hear her voice, and I would say what follows to her:

'At the banquet of life, can we not mortify ourselves by the complete sacrifice of one dish? Do not spiritual guides sometimes tell us we must at least sacrifice the *dernière bouchée?* Cannot I, who have lived so much in the world, settle at last to give up this *dernière bouchée,* this remnant of taste for it which lingers, and which has not been long ago given up as it might have been? About this there can be but one opinion, and my dear friend would have said to me, "Certainly give it up, the sooner and the more completely the better, if you can, without failing in any duty."

'What does God intend by the situation in which He has placed me?

'There are four motives which justify the presence in society of persons who claim that their life should be considered a Christian life. There may be the necessity of protecting the early career of their children. There may be an official position which connects society with duty, or an exalted station, which has also obligations of the same kind.

'In short, and above all, it is a woman's absolute duty to consult, in the first place, the tastes of her husband, and conform to them. Retirement would be but a snare to her who secured it at the expense of her husband's comfort, which, far more than her own, ought to be her first consideration.'

XIV.

On May 7, 1860, we find this touching entry in Mrs. Craven's MS. meditations. The subject of it was our Lord's words to the woman of Samaria. She writes :

'I thirst. Ah! yes, poor creature that I am, I thirst for rest, and peace, and strength, and security, for certitude, for knowledge, for love and happiness and immortality. I cry to God, and God, in His turn, says to us, "I thirst for trust and confidence, for hope and love."'

The Duc and Duchesse Ravaschieri took their child to Florence for further medical advice, and for quiet, no longer possible in Southern Italy. Lina returned again with her parents to Naples, and it was not until August 14 that Mrs. Craven kissed her for the last time, as again she was taken by medical advice to Florence, to die there on September 1, when necessary circumstances obliged her 'chère Pauline' to be in France. Mrs. Craven writes :

'Oh, Thérèse, how my heart is bleeding! It is but a few days since I left you, and I thirst already for a word from you to tell me how our dear angel bore the journey and the fatigue of such a

departure, when she was in so weak a condition. Yes, I think you acted rightly in resolving to attempt the move. Here, after Garibaldi's daring exploit in entering not only the bay, but even the harbour, to seize on the finest man-of-war in the Neapolitan navy, he seemed endowed with some unaccountable power. His prestige struck terror among the people, as does all that is mysterious or unknown. Imagine that when this feat became public, our bay suddenly swarmed with boats full of persons making for the opposite shore. Whilst I was at church the other day, there was some slight noise, and all the people there who were hearing Mass took to their heels, crying out, "Garibaldi is coming!" What would you have done in such turmoil, when our dear angel is in such need of peace and quiet? The most strange rumours are afloat, and incredible tales are reported. I listen to all with unheeding ears, and I look on indifferently, for my heart is with you, and its hopes and sorrows are yours.

'For reasons which you know, I have arranged to leave for Paris in order to settle some affairs there; after that, I will rejoin you at Florence in October. Oh, may I find our child in a better state!

'I am with you and her, heart and soul.'

Lina died on September 1;* her illness ended more rapidly than had been expected. On August 30 Mrs. Craven writes from Paris to the Duchesse Ravaschieri:

'Oh, my beloved Thérèse! I shed rivers of tears when I read your letter of the 26th. If you had let me know at

* Lina was born on November 9, 1848.

Civita Vecchia, where I was that day, I would have hurried to your side. But God did not will it. He will, I fervently trust, spare us the bitterest of sorrows. After a crisis of such intensity, and so speedy a return to life, what may not be feared, and what may not also be hoped for our Lina? But how can we endure such anxiety? It is true that it kills me to see her suffer, but to-day I am sick of grief because I cannot see her. God grant you some comfort, my Thérèse, and to me the strength to bear this separation, which at times seems intolerable. Paris looks very sad to me. All my heart is in Italy now. If I dared make plans, mine would be to leave this place at once. May God so will it! My heart fails me when I read your letter, but there is sweetness in the pang when I think of the Divine consolations you received in Florence, and which you would in vain have looked for at Naples during those days. God help us! Write—write daily, if it were but a line.'

A telegram brought the news of Lina's death, and Mrs. Craven, still at Dangu, wrote on September 4:

'Thérèse, is it really true? Is it possible, and is it I who write—I, who am so far from you to-day? My poor friend, my beloved Thérèse! My eyes are blinded by tears, and I cannot see what I am writing.

'The telegram is perhaps at this moment in your hands in which I beg you to call me whenever it may please you to have me, that side by side we may weep for our daughter.

'Everyone here sympathizes in my sorrow, and Emma with her mother's heart joins in your grief, and has pity on mine. I ought to be at Boury, where those rest whom I have so loved and mourned. It was there that I should have heard of that angel's death, who has gone to join them and for ever. I have no more strength but to press you to my heart and pray for you.'

A week later Mrs. Craven had better courage to bear the profound desolation caused by Lina's death. On September 12 she wrote again to Lina's mother:

'A visit to La Roche Guyon to the good Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld, whom I had not seen since the last moments of our very dear Mme. Swetchine's life, prevented me from finishing my letter yesterday. I want to see again those who knew Lina and who know you. I have refused to be at the great hunting party here, and I leave this lively, yet for me melancholy, Dangu to be with Laura* and Marie† in Paris to-morrow, and with them weep for our darling. I need besides the consolations of the good Père Gratry to give strength to my soul and lead it heavenwards.

'My old friend Boislecomte,‡ is shocked by my excessive sorrow, and has written to rebuke me. I send you his letter. To-morrow I will write to you from Paris.'

In her meditation for that day Mrs. Craven wrote: 'My soul is sorrowful even unto death; my soul is adrift on a sea of anguish. I cannot meditate to-day; instead, I leave my heart to bleed at Thy feet.'

Among her friends and relations in France during that autumn, so eventful for Italy, Mrs. Craven found small sympathy for her Italian opinions; perhaps the trial of Lina's death, terrible as it was, steadied her soul. Of her grief she could write on September 20, when at Fontenay:

* At that time Princess of Camporeale, and afterwards Donna Laura Minghetti.

† Maria Camporeale, Contessa Bulofi.

‡ Comte de Boislecomte, attached to M. de la Ferronnays' Embassy at Petersburg; French Minister at Lisbon, 1837.

'I must accept to the full, and in all its bitterness, my cruel loss, my perished joy, and sorrow irreparable in this world, just as it has stricken me. Accept, and bear, and offer it up. Struggle against the aggravations of imagination, which are destructive of calm, and which cruelly trouble mine; regrets, remorse, useless but haunting recollection which waste my strength and weaken my will to be resigned. I must struggle against this kind of aberration, which is caused by grief.

'Help me to comprehend this mystery of a child's agony. Heal me of this useless torture which depresses and does not lift my heart to Thee, while it continually broods over the incidents of the sad past, rather than on the glorious present which is hers. Only for us is the pain; take away from us the illusion which still associates the idea of terrible suffering with her dear form instead of endless life and glory.'

Before October was passed Mrs. Craven rejoined the mother of Lina at Florence. On October 31 she notes that on that day in every year she habitually reflected on the beatitudes of heaven, and concludes with these touching words:

'Ah, chère petite âme bénie! réunie en ce moment et pour l'éternité à ceux qui me furent les plus chers sur terre, de quel œil dois-tu regarder avec eux les tourments que me causent mon ignorance et ma faiblesse! Mais, Linette chérie, sois maintenant l'ange protecteur de ta pauvre vieille amie. Prie pour elle, aide-la. Attire son âme et toutes ses facultés vers ce ciel où tu vis avec les autres qu'elle aimait, que tu aimais aussi avant de les avoir rejoints.'

XV.

In Florence, orderly and reasonable during the revolutionary epoch which had regained for her autonomy without social dissolution, Mrs. Craven and her friend found greater quiet in their grief than was possible at Naples; after it was somewhat calmed they remembered again their political interests. Fresh from Catholic discussion in France, Mrs. Craven wrote to her friends, the Comte and Comtesse de Montalembert, with whom she was no longer quite of one mind in Italian affairs, as she had been, and would be again, in the European struggle for religious liberty against State interference. At the time the following letter was written she let her friend, the Duchesse Ravaschieri, copy it, and from her version we translate some passages from this characteristic and eloquent defence of her Italian sympathies:

'Florence,
'*November* 13, 1860.

'It would not be easy for me to resign myself to the pain of not having seen you while I was in France, if I did not feel that my presence here comforts my poor friend, with whom only can I freely express the sorrow

that has these three months tortured my heart. I should have regretted days spent with you, because I could not have been by her side during three anniversaries, sad for her, which we have lately spent together. We passed them almost entirely at the church of the SS. Apostoli, where lie the remains of our dear Lina. . . . My friends, if you knew what deep roots of affection that child had planted in my heart these past ten years, and what a sad void is left in it by her death, you would forgive me if I write of her at a moment when your thoughts are bent in a quite different direction. I am so used to find consolation in both of you, that I do not think it will fail me to-day.

'I am anxious that you should really know that child, and I forward you the manuscript of the translation I made of what her mother wrote to me about her from Bologna.*

'I am sure that, in reading of her life, you will see the resemblance between Lina's angelic soul and the souls of my dear ones, who were linked to me by ties that when broken, broke my heart with sorrow. You will understand that it was as sweet as it was good for me, to have found in my declining years my own happy youth reflected in that God-chosen creature.

'Notwithstanding all the sorrow of the recent time, I must tell you how good our retired life in this beautiful place has been for me. It is one of the cities most dear to me in this world, because, while it is the centre of noble life, whether intellectual or material, it has all the characteristics imprinted by a great past.

'Having left the noisy struggles, the violent discussions, the turmoil which politics always excite with us in France,

* Mrs. Craven's translation of the MS. will be found at p. 257 of her 'Reminiscences.'

I cannot tell you the well-being and rest I enjoy here, where the past is everywhere and the present is almost absent from our impressions. We think seldom of public affairs; but when the people we see introduce them, it is in a form so little aggressive or quarrelsome that the difference seems immense between their ways and ours, and I feel, here in the heart of Italy, better content than elsewhere. When I was in France, if I heard the bell ring, I instantly tried to conform my judgment to the French fashion; but now that I am here, I cannot help seeing the providential *eppur si muove* which comforts me and calms my fears.

'I could not but be entirely sincere with you, and to be so I feel bound to tell you that I am convinced of the consistency and reality of the national movement which is shaping the new Italy. I think its formation is possible, and I hope to see it, but I feel also that it must receive pardon from the Church, and be baptized, as Father Ventura says. I wish that from that party which first in France, and thence throughout the world, proclaimed the necessity of union between religion and modern liberty, should issue a voice that would defend the Italian cause, and do so with a convinced spirit, capable of embracing the greatness of the argument. Such a man, or such men, if they appeared, might perhaps be called revolutionary; but were not all of you, who in 1830 did such useful service to the Church, so called? Were you not like these same men whom you to-day condemn, while you abuse Italy and possibly harden her in her temptation to seek and find justice only among men who, while loving liberty as you do, do not equally love the Church? Oh! my friends, do not burden me with such a cross. Now that I open so much of my mind to you, let me say all I think to you. It is impossible not to feel, and firmly believe, that the worst danger for this poor Italy would be to draw back. In

an outburst of impetuous grief (which would be general) she might fall into excesses, which I am bound to tell you have not yet been committed during the eighteen months that this revolution has lasted. It seems to me that its only deplorable side—its rebellion against the Papal sovereignty—leaves the religious faith uninjured, even of those most to blame, and less impaired than is believed in France. If God were to raise up a man, a saint, who could find the way to re-awaken in Italian hearts the love of the Catholic Church, without sacrifice of his national aspirations, he would be listened to by a people on its knees.

'In short, what you said one day of England is a thousand-fold truer for Italy. Yes, she needs the Church, and the Church needs her. May God, then, bless those who endeavour to reconcile both, and increase their number and seek them among those whom I desire to see on their side.

'I pause, alarmed at my audacity. You will not at least reproach me with being on the stronger side (a reproach bitter from your lips). It is so much the reverse, that I am perhaps the only one among your friends, men or women, who has the courage so to speak to you.

'For those who, unlike you, are influenced by force and numbers, to be with a majority is an important consideration; but what can I do? Have I not told you that my will is not strong enough to conquer my reason? Reason, I feel, can for me only give way to questions of religious faith, and, thank God, in this question I am given full and complete liberty.'

The letter in which these passages occur was written just before Mrs. Craven left Florence for Naples, where Mr. Craven awaited her. Thence Pauline wrote to her friend on December 1, 1860:

'DEAR THÉRÈSE,

'I feel giddy when I look around me, seeing how all is changed, as is, too, the life of my heart. First, let me speak of yourself. I am anxious because I have not heard from you since our sorrowful separation. Dear friend, accept as some consolation, however slight, that we preserve in our hearts the memory of your angel. She is present in all our thoughts, as in yours. I see her, and find her again everywhere. How sweet was our common life in Florence! I wish it could have lasted longer. What can I say to you of myself in this changed Naples—changed in so many ways, but the same in her beautiful sky and in all material things? I seem to live in a perplexed dream, and the Neapolitan word *stonata** can alone make you understand my condition since my return.

'As for the political changes here, from the little that I have seen and all that I have heard, the horizon seems to be clearing in several directions, and as after the tempest, when the clouds break, some spaces of blue are visible, the sinister and grotesque faces which appear after every revolution are fewer from day to day. Red shirts still abound, and they make a little noise, particularly the English Garibaldini; but Farini will see to it. He has summoned to his help men who can second his excellent projects. Cardinal Riario's return is longed for, and there is hope, if not certainty, of it. All the best of the Neapolitan clergy are to call on him to-day, and entreat him to come back and resume his functions, with a promise that he and the Church shall enjoy full liberty, such as, perhaps, they had not before.

'In short, were it not for the fault-finding temper of our Neapolitans, I believe that, steering amid a thousand difficulties, we could reach a not distant future of peace and

* Out of tune.

progress. They eagerly wish here for the construction of railways. They would give work and develop great life in this part of Italy, which is as yet without them. In their establishment Augustus, my brother Charles, De Martino, and others, take an active part as representative of several foreign capitalists. . . . Imagine how I enjoy sitting at table every day between my brother, who thinks as all Frenchmen do on these affairs, and Count Arrivabene, a young Garibaldian, *à peine défroqué et débarbouillé* from his prison at Gaeta, from which he was set free by an exchange of prisoners, as was also the correspondent of an English paper who has been with Garibaldi in his campaign, and who has been quartered on us! . . . I feel sometimes as if I were on burning coals, and I feel a wild wish to escape, particularly when they bring forward that endless Roman question. Yet I will not conceal from you, as generally I do from others, that, perceiving the moral force of these plebiscites, which one after the other lead all the Italian cities towards junction in one great kingdom, I cannot shut out the hope that from Rome may at last come the *gran rifiuto* of her lost provinces, which would so greatly increase the spiritual power of the Papacy.'

That her dear Italians should love their country without losing their faith, and that they should love religion without abandoning their country's cause, was Mrs. Craven's prayer, and probably few, if any, of those who found fault with her enthusiasms for the individual rights of men, more earnestly sought within the Church for spiritual support, and for daily increase of humility and obedience to its dictates.

She needed support; she found it in the advice and guidance of Capocelatro, who is now Cardinal Archbishop of Capua.

'I never knew a nobler mind,' she writes of him, 'nor a clearer intellect; his profound reason and tender heart remind me at every turn of the Abbé Gerbet. His advice, however, is more efficacious because it is all-comprehensive, as is the light of his intellect and of his soul. I often see, also, Alfonso Casanova, who is as full of religious faith as of patriotism.'

With him Mrs. Craven had studied several plans of charitable institutions new to Naples, though well-tested elsewhere. An infant asylum in each quarter of the city, to be managed by Sisters of Charity, was one of their joint schemes. The municipality, dreading the accusation of clericalism, refused to accept the services of the Sisters, and Mrs. Craven, at her own expense, established a *crèche*, and attached it to the principal house of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, to serve as a model for other institutions of the same kind. Her courage and zeal succeeded; the prejudices of the municipal councillors were overcome, and other asylums were founded and prospered under the same system.

Among the clues to the character and taste of an absolutely convinced Christian may be counted the vision of the heaven he looks for. At that date Mrs. Craven writes of it as 'repose, security, the everlasting possession of all that we have confusedly conceived and desired here below; an expanded and satisfied intellect, capable of boundless growth; a fulfilment without stint of the heart's desire . . . all that beauty of which earth offers us the phantom, recognised once more, and this time in its reality, and in our eternal

possession. To love, to bless, to enjoy, while awaiting yet keener delights — delights surpassing even those of the sweet *revoirs* we look for, when we shall see again our beloved whom we have left on earth, and whose absence we shall hardly feel, since the longest separation will appear short to those who measure time by eternity. We do not grieve when fellow-travellers precede us by a few days to a home where we shall meet to live henceforth always together. The momentary separation seems but a means to enhance the joy of our arrival, as sweet for those who wait as for those who follow.'

Who among those who have made the Christian pilgrimage will not be touched by the thirst of this weary soul, as she cries out while meditating on the words of Jesus to the woman of Samaria?—

'Give me, Lord, this living water which can quench my thirst, and strengthen me, for I am exhausted and weak. Sorrow, which should strengthen, has this time left me worn out. . . . I must cease to turn within the circle of lost earthly joys, and make an effort to conquer my too terrestrial memory of pain.'

Neapolitan charities owed much, as we have seen, to Mrs. Craven, and perhaps even more to her energy and intelligence than to the liberal alms supplied by her dramatic performances in past years.

Measures were taken in the course of 1861 which grieved and discouraged her faithful heart, and the suppression of the monasteries was one; but she exercised all her influence in gaining exemption for

the Oratorian house at Naples, for the Benedictine abbeys in that part of Italy, and for some other religious houses. In March, 1861, she writes to the Duchesse Ravaschieri:

'Every day, for one cause or another, I have reason to feel that my being at Naples during this stormy time is not altogether useless, and that it is the will of God that I should do what little good is required of me. If you knew what cruel letters I receive from my old and dear friends beyond the Alps, and what distress I feel in being so severely judged and so little understood by them because I sympathize with this poor new Italy of yours!'

Mrs. Craven wrote to Mr. Monsell from the midst of her hopes and anxieties on January 30, 1861:

'NAPLES.

'You wish me to write, and expect me to tell you what I have thought and think of all that has passed and is passing in Italy; but you know very well that one (or twenty) letters would not be enough to do that; and as it is impossible to tell you all, and would be mischievous, or at least quite useless, to tell you only one half, I will for the present say nothing. This is certainly a time of extraordinary trial, and although I feel certain that your children will see brighter days for the Church than any we have ever known, this firm hope is not sufficient to keep up my spirits as it ought in the present gloom.

'What, indeed, are the intentions of the Emperor of the French? For my part, I do not think him bad, as you say he is. I see that he knows very well how to resist and reject the advice of England, whenever it suits him, and only appears to yield when they happen to advise what

he has determined to do. But all that does not signify; "l'homme s'agite, et Dieu le mène"; and if ever these words of Bossuet were true, they are true now, and that conviction is my only comfort.'

In a letter to Lacordaire Mrs. Craven at last gave relief to her perplexity of mind as a French woman loyal above all to the Church, and also to her family and friends. She reminds the great Dominican of their last meeting under the roof of Mme. Swetchine, whose memory she evokes before entering on her Italian sympathies. Evidently she believed that they would have been at least understood by the large-minded and accomplished woman who had been her friend, as also a mother to Lacordaire. She pleads for the Italy of that crisis, at once so unfortunate and so faulty, so foolish and so wise, at the same time so much adulated and abused, and beyond her own frontiers so misjudged and ill understood. Mrs. Craven's opinion was that the best government for Catholics would be that in which religion should be free to exercise in the best way its true power over men's souls. She describes with what grief she has seen the break-up of the time-worn ecclesiastical discipline which had obtained under the old system—a grief shared by all that was best among the clergy. To that system of absolute government, and not to the reigning sovereigns, she attributes the decay of religious feeling. 'It is impossible for me to think,' she exclaims, 'that Italian liberty, even if it reached Rome itself, could injure the Church as absolutism has done by its long existence in this ancient kingdom. . . . I believe

that, notwithstanding its dangers and the sufferings it inflicts, liberty is the only healing power able to cure the evils of our time.'

These words may sound strangely on the lips of one brought up in the society of the *Restauration*, and to the uttermost of her being saturated with theocratic thought and mystical experience. Possibly it was that very intensity of Catholic sentiment and loyalty which caused her to believe in human progress, such as is the goal and the crown of Christian endeavour. Since she wrote that letter, how many facts have justified her enthusiasm for the Church's action on the world, however often it is embarrassed by its temporary agents! How much that was feared then by adherents to authority is accepted now as the best basis for authority! It was her passionate devotion to Roman Catholicism and its higher interests that made her desire the liberties of men to be respected. In the hospitals she constantly visited, crowded with Garibaldian and Piedmontese soldiers, she found that the spirit of religion was perhaps more prevalent, and certainly under nobler aspects, than that worst scepticism of men who have lost faith in ideals by losing their own independence.

It was great pain to Mrs. Craven to witness the contrast. She writes:

'God only can measure how I suffered, when the truth forced itself on me, and I found myself irresistibly drawn to the side which was opposed to the traditions of my youth. Yes, the side which was opposed; for I am bound to say that by what I now see, as by what I have before

seen, I feel that going back to the past (which could only be done by force of arms) would be the greatest calamity both for these provinces and for the Church.'

Lacordaire's answer satisfied Mrs. Craven's scruples lest her sympathies with the Italian movement had been too freely given. He writes:

'I read your letter with that care and attention which it deserved, for your own sake and for that of its contents. My feelings agree entirely with yours, except in one point—the unity of Italy; up to this time I have not thought that it was possible, or even desirable, except by reserving for the Holy Father a part of the Italian territory. What you tell me inclines me to believe the contrary, always, however, keeping for the Pope what is his by right. I cannot now write definitely of this. Events sooner or later will throw light on what is now dark in this great question. Meantime, I think the right of Italy to shake off her foreign yoke is undeniable, and also the right to assert her nationality and insist on government by those civil and political methods which are in harmony with the ideas of modern society—to constitute herself, in short, be she united or be she confederated, as a nation, mistress of her destinies in the European family. All this appears to me undoubted and clear, without hesitations or regrets. Still, it is true that the temporal conditions of the Papacy will suffer for the present by the enfranchisement of Italy, and may yet suffer for a long time. That is a misfortune that will find its purpose in the mysterious ways of Providence. To suffer is not to die, and from the expiation which belongs to sorrow a light may arise. The world was saved, Rome may be saved, by the Cross.

'I think that the Papacy, though it may not regain its territory, may preserve and recover what is necessary to its

dignity and independence. That is important. To those who would say I am chimerical, I answer that God's providence and justice are above human events. A Christian cannot reason as would an atheist. He must make God his starting-point in politics, even in matters that seem unlikely and beyond human hope.

'I hang only in doubt between unity and federation. I lean towards the last, but you have given me good reason to wish for unification, because of the very needs of the Church in Southern Italy. God will see to it. In any case your feeling in these affairs does not seem to me such as need trouble your conscience. It is the feeling of a Christian and liberal mind. For thirty-six years of my life the strength and consolation of my whole being has been supplied from the same sources.

'If our common friend, Montalembert, does not recognise in Italian events a sensible progress (always excepting what has been evil) in what has appeared to us for the benefit of the Church, it is because he is influenced by his profound dislike of the French Government, to which I am far from being favourable; but my aversion does not lead me to ignore the fact that its action may have served Italy, whatever were its motives. God makes use of all, even of egotism and despotism. To effect some ends, hands not absolutely blameless may be made serviceable.

'Italy, and Rome still less, cannot remain as the treaties of 1815 required. Both lay in expectation of a hand that should raise them from the bed of pain on which they were bound. That hand has shown itself. I should have better welcomed the hand of Charles X., of Louis Philippe, or of the Republic—of a France, in short, that possessed liberal institutions. They declined the task. Another has accomplished it. What help was there? Am I to declare myself against Italy because her chains fell at an untimely

moment? Truly, no. I leave to others such intensity of passion; I prefer to accept good from whatever quarter it comes.'

'This gives me liberty to feel as I do, and peace has returned to my mind.'

So Lacordaire's letter was endorsed by Mrs. Craven, and for a time it restored her conviction that the Italian changes were for good. Whatever her judgment of the means by which they were effected, she believed the impulses were generous, and, indeed, justifiable, which insisted on man's right to stand erect, and most so when he is in the presence of God. There was, however, more of Gerbet than even of Lacordaire in her aspirations for herself and for others. Yet Gerbet was at that time Bishop of Perpignan, where his ultramontanism had associated itself with that of Veuillot and the *Univers*. But it was not any system of civil government, nor any care for parties and persons, that roused her eloquent anger, but a burning desire that the Gospel might belong not less to the poor than to the rich, not less to Italianissimi than to Papalini, and, though herself more truly loyal to the Papacy than most of its defenders, she eagerly hoped that from the Vatican might come the impulse of generous reconciliation.

Few traits are more characteristic of Mrs. Craven than her interest in the politics and objects of the country in which she lived. It may be said of her that she not only visited, but lived the life of, the places where she stayed, were it but for a few months. Her horizons were broad in every direc-

tion, and no doubt it was almost necessary for her sensitive and anxious temperament to get at times beyond her immediate personal interests in worldly affairs. Her free spirit loved to survey an expanse and fly far afield. She enthusiastically admired action, though she cultivated spiritual calm for herself as a remedy for her too ready agitation. It had always been a grief to her, as to her husband, that he had had little sphere for his considerable activity. When Southern Italy was teeming with over-sanguine schemes for national development, Mr. Craven was not unnaturally eager to embark in some of them, which were in themselves admirably suited to the immediate wants of the revived but still sleepy country. Foreign capital seemed ready, and the two improvements on which Mr. Craven spent a considerable part of his fortune were urgent. He carefully studied the possibility of supplying Naples with good water by the river which had been found amply sufficient in Roman times, but the course of which had formed since then a hidden way to the sea under the coast-line of sand and shingle. A scholarly and interesting memorandum on the lost river is all that remained to Mr. Craven of his labours in promoting the health of the city where typhoid fever was so general, nor was he better advised in his promotion of highroads and railways in Sicily.

'The path we are following with feverish anxiety,' writes Mrs. Craven, 'is not our way, the way we have hitherto followed; and I sometimes ask myself how it will end. Towards wealth or towards ruin?

We were born to go in search of other ideals, and the millions flashed before me do not attract me.' Again, she writes that she 'thirsts for a breath of the air which expands the lungs of the soul, and recalls the early days of full life and youthful fire, and hours of reading in the sanctuary of the library.'

Meantime the house at Castagneto was finished, and the world has gained by the days of her solitude there, when, having lost the visits of her child Lina, Mrs. Craven turned more faithfully than ever to the records of her youth and her *santi*.

XVI.

'CASTAGNETO,
'*April* 24, 1862.

'I AM once more in this nest which I have so longed for, and to secure which I took so much trouble. To what end? I ask myself. This first day of my return I would recall my intentions, and, first, let me thank God for the realization of my wishes. I complain so often and murmur so readily.'

A letter written by Mrs. Craven in the course of 1862 will show her continued interest in Italian affairs, which was only second to that of the dominant work of her life—the picture of Albert and Alexandrine's love, painted with the prayer and the purpose of an Angelico.

To Mr. Monsell.

'NAPLES,
'*April* 29, 1862.

'I have this instant received your letter, and I sit down to answer it, and to attempt to meet your wishes by writing you a good long letter in return, although you just happen to make that request at a time when I feel no other inclination but that of keeping perfectly silent;

this is such a painful moment for those who are not fortunate enough to agree heart and soul with the majority of the people they love and revere.

'It is, however, a great and—I own it—an unexpected satisfaction to me to find how very much nearer agreed we are than I imagined. The language of almost all the English Catholics I had come across had not prepared me for this, and it is a great relief to me. You hit at once upon the very thing which seems to have been overlooked throughout by them, and that is, the dangerous and impossible position in which people and clergy are placed when driven to choose between their feelings of nationality, their (most natural) wish for liberty, and their religion. You should be here, and see as much as I do of quite the best priests (I might almost say the only good ones) to understand fully what that difficulty is at this moment at Naples! You can imagine it, however, very well by fancying what the Irish would feel, or the Poles, or the French, indeed, if they found that a repugnant political opinion, or any political opinion whatever, was in any way imposed upon them as a conscientious duty.

'You say, and you are right, indeed, to say so, that the opinions of the "revivers" (which are those of the Civiltà Cattolica) give strength to the revolutionary feeling; and there again, I say, you should be here to judge of it. But first explain to me how it is that the whole of the French Liberal party, who have seen this so clearly in France, have been entirely blind to it in Italy. How is it that Montalembert, A. de Broglie, etc., all of them (except P. Lacordaire) have done nothing since the beginning of the war, but give the whole of their support to that party? How is it that they have never tried to ascertain whether there were no true Catholic Liberals whose most useful influence they were weakening and destroying? I attempted more than once

to point this out to Montalembert, but in vain. It is, nevertheless, true; and had he or they given some little credit to those who, in Italy, had at all times sympathized with their school in France, and now expected their assistance for themselves, much that has taken place would, I feel convinced of it, never have happened; and a feeling has arisen which might have been conquered by them at first, and would never have acquired the strength it now has. In short, if they had wasted none of their strength in opposing the legitimate tendencies of the Italian movement, and in defending Governments that had fallen under the weight of their own mistakes and misdeeds, they would have been strong to defend Rome, and in that case would have defended it with such effect that I feel convinced we never should have heard of "Roma Capitale."

'La Marmora is doing well now, and great efforts are really being made to remedy some of the past evils; but years and years of such an extraordinary state of corruption must leave long traces behind.

'In my opinion, this is an immense providential change, the details of which are, many of them, to be reprobated, but which, on the whole, is leading us to a better state of things, and one in which the Church will appear greater and more triumphant than ever.'

XVII.

In the spring of 1863 the ill-health of her eldest brother Charles determined Mrs. Craven to go at once to Paris. Her veneration for Rome would not allow her to treat her beloved city as a railway-station. She spent Holy Week *in limine apostolorum*, and paused at Bologna to see the Duchesse Ravaschieri, who was there. Mrs. Craven's love for Rome was a passion. When she spoke of the uncertainty that gathered about its political destinies, her eyes filled with tears. 'I might say of Rome what Mary Tudor says of Calais,' she exclaimed: 'if my heart were cut open you would see the name engraved there.' She nourished the dream which she herself confessed to be Utopian, of a spiritual capital where the Pope in full exercise of his sovereign power should remain the centre of the universal Church, to whom the representatives of all the Powers should be accredited, and where all questions of the world's rights and social order might be discussed, though never, however good the end might be, should they be pursued by methods of invasion. After some weeks in Paris devoted to her family, Mrs. Craven visited her dear England.

In her note-book of meditations under the date December 31, 1863, London, Mrs. Craven wrote:

'One of us is dead since last year. Twelve months ago he was in the midst of us, and nothing announced his speedy death. He suffered pain, but none of us thought that it was suffering which should end in death. Just, merciful and divine Lord, Thou hast weighed his sufferings, his patience, his great sacrifice;* Thou hast had pity on him, Thou wilt have reserved a place for him in the midst of those who went before him.'

In March Mrs. Craven followed a spiritual retreat at the Sacré Cœur convent in Paris, with the defined object of obtaining the grace which seemed indispensable at that time, the grace of complete abandonment to the Divine will. The retreat was given by the Père de Ponlevoy, who well suited her spiritual needs. Mrs. Craven's few words on the incident that Jesus went up into a mountain to pray alone express the ardent upward flight of her soul. She describes it as the first condition of prayer, 'to lift the soul above all passing things, higher than all obstacles and entanglements, above the sounds of this world—to rise higher, higher still as far as may be, and then pause—take breath—and rest in the presence of God—alone.'

Returning to Lumigny, she felt to the full that strange entanglement of past and present, of Eugénie long dead and Eugénie's sons, now young men, full of promise; of familiar scenes tenanted by less

* Comte Charles de la Ferronnays had left the army in 1833, for reasons of political honour. See 'Récit,' vol. i., p. 105.

familiar figures, who would give life the semblance of a dream but for its eternal ideals. Once more at Castagneto she found herself idle. The 'Récit' was completed. Its future was a cause of anxious consideration. Should the secret of her *santi*, the secret of their Lord, be given even to a restricted group of readers?

The question could not be finally decided at Castagneto. To occupy herself until her next visit to France, she wrote a comedy, but the Duchesse Ravaschieri, an excellent judge, found the dialogue too diffuse for the stage, and begged her to write a novel, which should be of the English rather than of the French type. 'Anne Séverin' was the result of Mrs. Craven's first attempt at that wholesome romance which she wished to embody. In it there are traces of Lady Georgiana Fullerton's method, and it was dedicated to her. It does not equal the later works of its author, but it has passed through twenty-two editions—a success, no doubt, partly owing to the public reception of 'Le Récit,' which preceded it in order of publication.

But while occupied in bridging over the gulfs that separate healthy and unhealthy fiction, Mrs. Craven's perhaps even more constant companion than the Duchesse Ravaschieri was the little book given to her in 1863 by Père Ponlevoy, 'L'Abandon à la Providence Divine,' by Père Caussade. To the year of Mrs. Craven's death it was her favourite manual of spiritual reading. Her copy is lined and interlined in blue and black and red, with every shade of emphasis. It is not difficult to understand what

comfort its doctrines of peace and adoring rest gave Mrs. Craven's over-eager heart.

In the spring of 1865 Mrs. Craven went to Paris, that she might herself submit to some members of her family the ripened labour of the last twelve years, during which she had given to documents used in her immortal work that proportion and harmony which proved her so consummate an artist. The Comte, now Marquis, de Mun's consent was required for the publication of his wife Eugénie's journal and letters. As he devoured the pages of the manuscript with indescribable emotion, he exclaimed: 'No, I cannot allow these pages of Eugénie's life to be given to the world. In any case the letters written after our marriage must be suppressed.' The blow was great to Mrs. Craven. She told M. de Montalembert what her brother-in-law had said, and he agreed that he also would have felt the same. 'I believe that you will have to await the death of all concerned before you can publish these records,' he added; while more than one person reverenced by her frankly assured her that it were better to put them in the fire than submit them to a doubtful public. Mrs. Craven writes: 'A voice in my heart, however, said, "Courage! The example of these dear souls will do much good in a wider circle than that narrow one of your Paris intimates." This assurance conquered in me my own distrust, and overcame the opposition of others.' In a later letter she writes:

'Montalembert has read the "Récit" with true enthusiasm. Adrien, kind brother as he is, holds milder language. It is settled that the first volume shall be printed at once, but in

a limited number of copies. A more ample publicity is not to be thought of, and the copies will be distributed by us alone. This, you see, greatly impairs my hopes. The publication, instead of being useful by its sale to the poor as I had intended, will cost me a considerable sum. In my final hesitations I consulted Monseigneur Gerbet (our dear Abbé), and with all his heart he gave me his *placet*. With even greater enthusiasm the celebrated and holy Père Ponlevoy (author of the "Life of Ravignan," which you admire so much) approved. Montalembert now completely consenting, not only approves, but wishes to do me the honour, unhoped for by me, of being the responsible editor of the work.'

To pass the proofs through the press, Mrs. Craven stayed near Paris. She was still haunted by uncertainty as to her future, and she exclaims: 'My life is like a looking-glass that turns every way while I fix my eyes on it in vain.' She writes from Dangu, the home of Comte de Lagrange: 'Here we are in all the intoxication of "Gladiateur's" success, who, having won the Derby, now returns the hero of Doncaster. All the "sport" of Europe hails him as the finest racer in the world. I understand all the satisfaction felt in this centre of sport, and I am most sensible to the triumph of the high-bred legs [*jarrets*] of the beautiful creature; still, there seems something childish in the joy that every Frenchman feels in having beaten the English, even by the help of a horse's legs. There is not the same excitement on the other side of the Channel. Fréderic de Lagrange, who has returned from his triumphal progress, is lost in admiration of the chivalrous

pleasure and the good-humour which has greeted his victory.' Shortly after she notes that the printing of the 'Récit,' of which the first part filled 500 pages, could not be finished till Christmas. 'May God bless this arduous undertaking! It is meant to show how in daily life the Divine presence can be recognised, desired and loved.'

Five hundred copies were struck off. Of these one hundred were privately distributed. The book was immediately in such request, and so evidently calculated to do good, that the sale of the remaining 400 was allowed by Mrs. Craven's family. In two days every copy was sold, and within a few months the book had run through nine editions; its complete publicity was almost forced on its author by the eagerness of the demand for it, and by its reception in the French press.

Mrs. Craven had been right. 'General consent,' the sense of many, which is somewhat minimized in our expression 'common-sense,' is not seldom the best judge, even of spiritual beauty and of the lives that reflect our Christian light. She proved her courage, her faith in her contemporaries, and her sympathy and love for those less illumined than her *santi*, by her steady determination to publish the 'Récit,' unlike as it is to all other works. She did not err in her estimate of how deeply and how widely felt are the emotions to which 'Le Récit' responds. To many the book was a revelation of their own undefined trust and hope. It was to yet more a fresh assurance of the eternal fact that love worthy the name is essentially one in its many manifestations,

and that human love is but the type and porch-keeper of our love for ideal union. Here were people who had lived in the world according to its actual ways, yet whose inner existence was mystic as that described by À Kempis, or as the white figures of the Christian past, that show still so clearly on the misty tissue of time. The interest evoked by these family portraits, and their life-like simplicity of attitude make us forget the noble originality which dared to trust the sympathy of her contemporaries, even of her French contemporaries. Mrs. Craven believed in a response from consciences, at a time of what M. de Montégut calls 'robust incredulity,' and she got it. Not distinctively romance, memoirs or poetry, sacred or profane, 'Le Récit' appealed to instincts within us that hardly have form enough to be catalogued. It was a flower grown in the soil of the Abbé Gerbet's teaching, suggestive of larger hopes and wider horizons, and of a union of hearts that cannot be reached by controversy and formulas. And yet what was it but the story of a love exalted by suffering and sacrifice, the story of six deaths, golden in the light beyond their mystery; of lovers bound by ties closer than those which merely human passion can forge; of parents to whom their children are gifts from God; of children to whom their parents seem their guardian angels? Never was there a more human book, and in it Mrs. Craven's own hope and faith in the right issues of our human toil and struggle give life to the figures on her canvas.

The book appeared in January, 1866, and in April

the distinguished critic, M. de Montégut, devoted an article to it, with lengthy extracts, in the *Revue des deux Mondes*. The writer half apologizes for his admiration; he minimizes the conversion of Alexandrine as an act of faith that he may the better emphasize it as an act of human respect to the wishes of Albert; yet his enthusiasm is seen between the lines, especially when he writes of Eugénie, who of all the family group pleases him the most. 'Her rare soul,' he writes, 'is revealed in the fragments of her journal relegated to the appendix; they show a nature trebly noble—noble according to the world, noble in nature, and noble before God. A "gentlewoman," to use the expression of Mrs. Craven's second fatherland, altogether Christian and altogether French. The real grandeur of her sentiments is concealed by the light-heartedness which clothes them. Her radiant piety so illumines her whole soul that in it are no dark corners. Her desire for perfection is not the result of disgust because we are born imperfect, and it has nothing to do with experience of evil. It springs to God with natural joy, as the lark sings in rising to the sky. She loves death cheerily, death harmonious and luminous, unacquainted with the gloom of melancholy or the discordance of sighs. She has a love for God so intimately familiar that she can laugh before Him as a daughter before her father; an energy in religious submission only found in Catholic believers, and there seldom in such force as hers. All this is to be found in the living and eloquent pages of which we cull the flower for the pleasure and edification of our

readers.' And these the readers, in 1866, of the *Revue des deux Mondes!* 'It seems to us,' concludes the critic, alas! far from the faith of Eugénie, 'that in this hour of robust unbelief the spectacle of souls, distinguished as these, believing in God and trusting in Him as they did, should possess interest, and even originality.'

That the instant and great success of 'Le Récit' was almost expected by Mrs. Craven is not strange. Its atmosphere, directly illumined by the Divine presence, was one in which she had lived from her first visit to the Roman Catacombs, probably since she could remember her mother's first instructions, and understood the teaching of the men formed, as the Abbé Gerbet had been, in a school of reconciliation and charity, even towards the votaries of the first Revolution. Charity inducing hope rather than commanding faith, a conduct of life exactly in conformity to their *pater-noster*, a mysticism prompted by the Comforter and limitless in its adaptation to the needs of the century, in whatever formulas they may be expressed, was the true secret of the general welcome which the personagés of 'Le Récit' received.

The *Académie* crowned it by the hands of M. Villemain, who in reporting on its claims declared: 'It may perhaps not be a work of literary art, but its value will possibly seem all the greater. It is the testament of a past time which will be read in the future. The *Académie* crowns these true sentiments which are embodied in touching language.' The usual gift of money accompanied the weighty words of the distinguished Secretary. But the true import-

ance of the book could not be well appraised, except by those who accepted that spiritual theocracy which is the kingdom of God. It was not given to many of its readers to understand its title to their sympathy, but the sympathy was certainly felt. Mrs. Craven was almost bewildered by finding herself among so many new acquaintances, who insisted on talking to her of her dead with strange intimacy. There were, in truth, relationships formed by our common aspirations which took tangible shape in the 'Récit,' where a family known to so many as popular, agreeable and accomplished were suddenly discovered to have lived in a spiritual region where the pain of life was transfigured, and the shadow of death was lifted, and the common events of humanity took new forms, so that their drift was reversed. No wonder so many desired to join the happy and beautiful souls described to them; for hope is given to all. Yet no doubt there were a few, and those belonging chiefly to the Faubourg St. Germain, who dreaded what was unconventional in its pages.

Mrs. Craven's pleasure in the success of her 'Récit' was clouded by the death in the same year of her last remaining brother. She had been able to be with Comte Charles de la Ferronnays during part of his painful illness, and at his death. But her brother Fernand was struck down suddenly by heart disease at Frohsdorf, when in attendance on the Comte de Chambord, of whom he was a devoted and faithful friend.* The news reached Mrs. Craven at

* The Prince and he had been shooting some covers in the neighbourhood. While driving from one to the other, Fernand

Naples, where she was spending her last winter in her pleasant house at Chiatamone. Her husband's losses obliged him to part with it, and their future was in question. Some hope there was of a winter residence in Rome, in a house situated near the Colonna Palace, and Pauline writes that once again she felt intoxicated in mere anticipation of its religious and artistic atmosphere. Again Paris was proposed by Mr. Craven, and a house was taken in the Avenue Montaigne, to which was removed much of their London and Naples furniture. The mixed feelings inspired by so many and such differing reminiscences as were suggested by them, and the dominant note of that Paris where her parents had lived, and where Albert and Alexandrine had died, sorely tried her, but she writes: 'I ought to be very happy. I have henceforward a good house, but, in truth, I do not like novelty; when I have lived here awhile it will be dear to me.'

The adventures of Garibaldi, which ended in the battle of Mentana, greatly pained Mrs. Craven. After it she wrote: 'The errors of Italy are now taking the shape of serious crime. Never as now has the ground given way under the feet of those who would take her part. Garibaldi wounds by his arms, and outrages Catholic conscience by his words. . . . After what has happened at Mentana, Victor Emmanuel and the Italian nation should be grateful

was suddenly attacked by the complaint which had proved fatal to his father in 1842. He was sitting next the Comte de Chambord, who was startled by a sudden change in his companion's features. He was dead.

to the Pontifical Zouaves and the French soldiers, that they prevented Garibaldi and his volunteers from accomplishing their suicidal and parricidal expedition against Rome.'

In March the first part of 'Anne Séverin' appeared in the *Correspondant*, and already Lady Georgiana Fullerton had begun a translation of it. In the hearts of some of her dearest relations there was still a chilly antagonism to its publication; 'but if I had not learnt to row against wind and tide,' wrote Mrs. Craven, 'the dear "Récit" would be still in the deepest drawer of my writing-table. Now as then it is the verdict of my unknown friends, and theirs alone, which I look for.'

Mr. Aubrey de Vere,* a poet still happily among us, was not an 'unknown,' but even then a valued friend of Mrs. Craven's and had been so for many years before that date. It is hardly the place in these pages to dwell on the finished and stately rhythm, the noble standards of life, the learned and thoughtful patriotism, of his admirable prose as of his yet more admirable poetry. He had written two sonnets on 'Le Récit d'une Sœur,' which were probably the verses for which Mrs. Craven thanked him, and of which we quote one. The second describes the scene in which Alexandrine declared that she 'could weep her Albert gaily.'

* Aubrey Thomas de Vere, third son of Sir Aubrey de Vere, Bart., of Curragh Chase, co. Limerick. Sir Aubrey was the author of 'Julian the Apostate,' and other dramas, as of sonnets pronounced by Wordsworth among the best in the English language.

SONNET.

'*Le Récit d'un Sœur.*'

'Whence is the music? minstrel see we none;
Yet soft as waves that, surge succeeding surge,
Roll forward, now subside, anon emerge,
Upheaved in glory o'er a setting sun,
Those beatific harmonies sweep on!
O'er earth they sweep from heaven's remotest verge
Triumphant hymeneal, hymn, and dirge
Blending in everlasting unison.
Whence is the music? Stranger! these were they
That, great in love, by love unvanquished proved:
These were true lovers, for in God they loved:
With God these spirits rest in endless day,
Yet still for Love's behoof on wings outspread
Float on o'er earth, betwixt the Angels and the Dead!'

To Mr. de Vere.

'PARIS,
'*March* 11, 1868.

'Your letter gave me more than pleasure: it touched me deeply. Many friends, and many people whom I never knew before, have written to me about this book, but no one as you have done it. Thanks also for the beautiful lines enclosed in your letter. They revived that feeling of gratitude which, in spite of all the grief I have known, ought, I know, to be uppermost in my heart and soul. You are right indeed to say that I am not the author of this book, and that is why I can also talk simply about it, and tell you that I believe what you say about its being in one sense more useful than controversy, as it may help to show the Protestants, without any dispute, that they are wrong in the opinion they form of our religion and of its action in daily life. I really think that Lord Russell mentioned it in his

letter, because (with that fairness of the English character which I so much love) he perceived by reading it that it was not true as he had asserted, that "Catholicism narrowed the intellect and enslaved the soul." I believed this impression has been produced on many Protestants, and I am most thankful for it. Have you seen a perfect translation which has just been published by Bentley? It was done by Miss Bowles, but under the direction of Lady Georgiana Fullerton, whose perfect knowledge of French has visibly assisted her in a marvellous way. I hope that it will now be read in England by the many people who can't read French. I don't see that the book has lost anything in the translation. One thing, however, I regret, and I cannot understand why it was done; it is that, instead of inserting the short profession of faith (very beautifully worded, I think) which Alexandrine did read and sign, and which was also signed by all the dear ones present at the time, Miss Bowles has inserted the profession of faith of Pius IV., habitually read now by those who are received into the Church, and every point of which was of course implicitly contained in the other one, but still was not the document signed by them and given in the "Récit." In all other respects it is admirable.

'Now that we have a house in Paris, I hope to see you again, both here and in England, where I have the greatest wish to go this year, and often again in future if it is the will of God. Mr. Craven unites with me in thanking you for your letter, and the recollection of our *rencontre* at Naples, which you so kindly mention. Our dear friend Montalembert is better, and hopes, as we do, that you will come over to see us here very soon and very often.'

During the autumn she wrote to Mr. Monsell as if Italian politics were her sole preoccupation:

'CASTAGNETO,
'*October* 4, 1868.

'I wish to answer your letter, but I don't know how. It seems to me impossible to make English or French Catholics understand what the real state of feeling in Italy is; it is unfortunate, I think, that it should be so, and yet I don't see how it can be otherwise. As you say, the soi-disant Italian feeling in England is simply a religious and an anti-Papal one, which makes all Catholics there anti-Italian, whilst here it is precisely the reverse, the anti-Papal feeling in Italy being almost entirely political and anti-Austrian. The confusion between the temporal and the spiritual position of the Pope is not so great here, either, as it appears to be, judging from the language held at this moment of exasperation, but it will be difficult to see this (especially at a distance) until the blessed time comes when the two strong feelings now at war can live at peace together in this country, as they do in our own. But that day, I fear, is far distant, and in the meantime I wish I had not been living in Italy through this time of trial, which is far from being to us here what it is to you there, a time of exciting warfare, rather favourable to religion than the reverse (in France and England), and you are comforted by the delightful persuasion that even in political and temporal matters all is right on one side and all is wrong on the other. This is not the happy state of mind of any Catholic living in this country, except of those who have a thorough conviction that the old forms of government are the only good ones, and that liberty is an evil to be put down and fought against, as one would fight against sin itself. I often wish I could think so. I envy those who do, for they are certainly happier than I am at this moment. . . .

'In general conclusion, I cannot doubt the strength of the national feeling, and that the revolutionary element

mixed up with it, though noisy, is weak; this was shown by the facility with which Garibaldi was materially and morally defeated the moment it was understood that his insane attempt was opposed by the Government. But what does all this signify? I care but for one thing, of which I see no hope. I can conceive nothing more dangerous for religion than the continuation of this present state of things, and what I grieve at is not the amount of persecution, which does much more harm to the Government than to the Church, but the alarming increase on all sides of indifference and hostility to Rome as a political enemy, which is awful. On the other hand, no hope of pardon is held out to them, unless they entirely retrace their steps and go back to where they were before the war. Could this be accomplished, I need not tell you that, little as I admire that former state, I would gladly see it return if I could in that way see peace restored and this scandalous struggle at an end. But is it possible? Were even the Austrians to return and to accomplish these restorations by force, would that heal the real wound? and if there is little to hope from that remedy, what other remedy have Catholics been allowed to propose, or even to wish for? Of course I think the Italians ought to give up all idea of Rome. But even if they did so, I don't see that that would give them a much better chance of obtaining *la sospirata pace*, and this is perhaps one of the reasons that have made the desire to go there become almost universal; they seemed to have nothing to gain by aiming at less, and the *tout ou rien* of the Catholic party all over the world has given this great and fearful strength to the opposite cry. Oh, how sad it is! I suffer sometimes what I had never imagined that I could suffer, and it is indeed no wonder that I should love this peaceful and beautiful retreat, where I see no one but the poor people in the village (with whom I hear Mass every

morning in the little church, and receive benediction every night), and where I am comforted by the sight of illuminated churches, and processions coming down the mountain by torchlight, accompanied by all the people and escorted by their national guards, everything looking as peaceful and pious as if there was nothing like revolution in the world! Augustus sends his love; he is very busy, and, thanks to the occupation he has found for himself, he is less troubled in his mind than I am by passing events.'

Private anxieties beset Mrs. Craven throughout 1868, and years seemed added to her life, though her energy and activity were intact. In Rome, where she spent the winter of 1868-9, her countenance was often grave, if not sad. She and her husband occupied a small apartement in the *Piazza di Spagna*, and the usual circle of acquaintances were around them, but they lived very quietly, he always ready to speak of Dante, of whose work and life he was an accomplished student, or to read Shakespeare according to Kemble traditions, yet with special personal gifts of mobile brow and fine and expressive eyes. He still retained his power as an actor, and played Joseph Surface and other parts in some amateur theatricals at Mr. Story's, while Mrs. Craven listened with all the pleasure of a sympathizing critic. In Rome she found friends from all the societies in Europe in which she had been known. It was the last year of that mediæval and renaissance atmosphere which had hung about the Roman palaces and princes longer than elsewhere.

The murmurs of the coming Council foretold the serious ecclesiastical struggle of the following winter,

and though no one could prophesy at what point it would break out, it was felt that war, and perhaps European revolution, was in the air, and would probably be made, in some way, a pretext for that Italian unity which was to be enthroned on the Quirinal in menace of the Vatican; not, as Mrs. Craven had hoped, in at least spiritual obedience to it. She was always interested in what was actually happening, and she was also keenly sensitive to the drama of the present, and ready to act in it as occasion demanded. It had been arranged that the ladies of the foreign colony in Rome should present Pius IX. with a gift on the event of his fiftieth year of priesthood, and differences arose about the choice of an appropriate present that would be twice blessed to both the givers and the receiver. A party of extreme views and bellicose tendencies wished to present the Vicar of Christ with a somewhat gaudy picture of the battle of Mentana, in which painful incidents of a battle-field were not wanting. As was natural, women of softer natures and more liberal politics thought the gift singularly unfitting. Cardinal Antonelli was reported to have said that to offer it on the part of foreigners was *une bêtise*, and that it would certainly be given away next day. Mrs. Craven in polite but eloquent words expressed what was a very general wish, to give a well-filled purse to his Holiness, who would certainly use it in good works where they were most needed. The question became a burning one, and it was settled that those who wished might offer the battle-piece, and the rest might give their unostentatious but useful *lire*.

Meantime furious Frank and fiery Hun were to offer their presents together in one audience. One of the contributors to the purse writes:

'Mrs. Craven and Mme. de Lamoricière went in together to await the Holy Father's coming. Nearly all the ladies, in rustling groups, got as far as they could from the picture of Mentana, which flaunted its ugliness at the left of the Pope's chair. No one knelt when he came in, though they grew quieter and more private in their pushing. He blessed us, and then we all knelt. The Duchesse de Laval-Montmorency read an address in a high thin voice, and the Holy Father stood up and spoke at some length in French, which he only uses "comme ça comme ça," as he told us; but he seemed pleased and much moved, and tears came into his eyes as he spoke of the battle of Mentana as the "signal for the remarkable *élan* of Catholicism since manifested." Some of the faithful were in a state of visible beatitude, and possibly forgetting good manners, they passed again and again before the good old man, asking blessings for themselves and all near and dear to them, until the Pope good-humouredly remarked, as they filed by, that he had seen them before. One dame from Lyons, on her third visit to the embroidered cross on the Pope's foot, begged a blessing for a favourite canon of her city. With unconcealed but still kindly weariness, his Holiness exclaimed, "Oh! anche il canonico." The *guardia nobile*, of which some dozen men were present, were powerless before the determined attitude of the veiled enthusiasts. Some of them climbed on the chairs

to get a better view, and a little cheer was raised as the Holy Father got away. Mrs. Craven was not edified by the over-zeal of her compatriots, and her audience was followed by half an hour's self-reproach; only half an hour, when her sense of buoyant good-humour returned with the vision of feminine absurdities under the double pressure of a crowd, and of enthusiastic emulation combined with mutual disapproval.'

Soon after Easter Mr. and Mrs. Craven returned to Castagneto, whence she wrote to the writer of these pages, who had been fortunate enough to make her acquaintance in January.

To Miss O'Connor Morris.

'CASTAGNETO,
'*June* 12, 1869.

'It is very strange that your kind letter reached me a few hours after I had read the article on "Anne Séverin," which a friend of mine at Naples, who receives the *Pall Mall* (which I do not), had sent me. Of course I thought of you, and I recognised, as I thought, your influence in that most kind and gratifying review of the book and mention of the author. But I did not think you had actually written the article, because I did not think you would venture to give me the piece of good advice it ends with (which I dare say no other convert in England would have given me, excellent and worth following as it is). You are quite right, the fight at this particular moment is not in that portion of the field of truth. Belief or unbelief, that is the question, and whoever fights for faith in these days fights more effectually for truth complete, that is, for Catholicism, than by losing time in disputes with those inconsistent

believers who still hold to the remnant of truth they possess in Protestantism. They will soon find out their weakness now that the time has come for them not to attack us, but to defend themselves, and it is no use wasting time to prove it to them. Indeed, we ought now to stretch out our hands to them, act with them as if they already belonged to us, and hasten in that way the moment of our actual reunion. But, alas! that does not seem to be the spirit of Catholicism in these days. My heart sinks sometimes at what I hear and read, feeling as I do that the right note hardly ever makes itself heard. However, it is rash of me to say all this, perhaps, and I beg of you to pay little attention to these notions of mine, which to be understood require longer explanations than can be given in a letter, and therefore had better not be discussed until we can do so *vivâ voce*. As to my writing, as you wish it, on general social topics, you are mistaken in thinking that I have the necessary talent to do it, or power to do it to any purpose. I must go on my way attempting to purify French fiction, to redeem that word *love* from the profanation which has made it almost unpronounceable in French, and to revive or produce some little sentiment of poetry in my dear but most *prosaique Faubourg St. Germain*, where (next to the other one) "poetry" is the most forbidden of all words, and is itself looked upon as a most dangerous ingredient in life, whereas it seems to me so obvious that the present danger of even the best French society lies in exactly the opposite direction. If, on the other hand, I could also induce some of the writers of modern French fiction to believe that strong feelings, and even passion, can exist in that region of purity and goodness outside of which they live and write, the whole of the little good of which I am capable would be accomplished. I am ashamed of writing so much about myself. I wish you could have come to this place. We never can

meet again in such perfect solitude, or find anywhere else time to discuss those many subjects about which you know a great deal more than I do. Since I have been here I have written a short biography of a very dear friend of mine. It is now being printed in Paris. If you will tell me where I can send you a copy of it, I shall be glad to let you have it as soon as it appears, though it is rather the description of a noble and original character than at all an interesting story, but I wrote it *con amore*, and I hope you will read it with interest.

'I suppose the book you call "Les Mémoires de la Comtesse de Béarn," is "Les Souvenirs de Quarante Ans," which have been republished; it is quite authentic, she was my mother's first cousin, and I have often and often in my youth heard her give her most interesting accounts of all she and her mother (Mme. de Tourzel) had gone through. The book is, in my opinion, far superior to "Madame de Montagu" (all except the incomparable scene of the execution of Mme. de Noailles). Good-bye, dear Miss Morris, and be very sure, both of you,* that our meeting at Rome is one of my pleasantest recollections of last winter, and I hope and trust that we shall all three meet again there in a few months.

'I have read since I came here the little book of Princess Wittgenstein,† "Simplicité des Colombes et Prudence des Serpents," and I am so charmed with it that I am determined to make her acquaintance next winter. How could the same woman fight against us in our battle of Mentana? I can't understand it now. I wish I had a chance of seeing

* Mrs. Burrowes was the friend included in Mrs. Craven's observation.

† Princess Caroline Sayn Wittgenstein, *née* Princess Caroline d'Ivanoska, widow of Prince Nicholas of Sayn Wittgenstein.

you in England this year, but with the intention of going back to Rome in November, I am afraid I shall not have the courage to stir from this place. If I change my mind I will let you know. Till then direct here. Let me know where I am to direct my letters to you. Pray send me any paper or pamphlets you consider worth reading. It will be a real act of charity, as I am quite alone here, and am not likely to get my dear husband back here before the month of August.'

XVIII.

Donna Adelaide Capece Minutolo has been already mentioned as one of Mrs. Craven's most intimate friends during her brilliant Neapolitan life.

She died in January, 1869, and putting aside other work on which she was engaged, Mrs. Craven wrote, as she says, *con amore* of Donna Adelaide. It was a year when sincere Catholics were in suspense concerning the work to be effected by the coming Council, ardently hoping from it fruitful labours of reconciliation and direction in the newer problems of society; yet not without anxiety, as the more violent partisans of this or that expected decision raised reflections of their own passions on the misty horizon, and prophesied their embodiment.

In the autumn of 1869 Mr. Craven's affairs seemed less promising than ever. In his extremity he sought to revive a claim of his grandmother, the Margravine of Anspach, against the Bavarian Government. At the time of the mediatization of the German princes, a compensation of 20,000 florins a year had been assigned to the widow of the last Margrave. Her second husband, Mr. Keppel Craven, had not claimed it after her death, but her title to it was inherited by

her grandson Augustus. The prosecution of the claim became important to him, though until 1870 the last fragment of his personal fortune had not been swallowed up. The Princess Marie of Baden, Duchess of Hamilton, a devoted friend of Mrs. Craven, rendered what help she could, and in the autumn of 1869 Mrs. Craven and her husband paid a visit to Baden on their way from Comte de Montalembert's place in Burgundy, La Roche en Breny, to Rome. The champion of ecclesiastical liberty was nearing death, and his words had an influence on Pauline that they had never had before, much as she had always loved and respected him. Never likely again to appear before the public, he spoke his whole mind. Mrs. Craven found him less opposed to Italian reform than before. 'I was able to say to him,' she wrote, 'finding myself in entire accord with him, that the union of the Church with liberty, still dreaded and opposed in Europe, would nevertheless be accomplished when the matter is fully understood in Italy. He told me, besides, things about the Council which immensely surprised me.'

Full of this painful surprise, unduly alarmed by the exaggerations of imprudent advocates of an indefinite and impossible Papal Infallibility, Mrs. Craven came to Rome. Almost without formal invitation, her intimates assumed that she permitted their evening visits, and on Fridays her apartment in the Via dei Maroniti was crowded by notabilities of almost every political and ecclesiastical hue. In January, 1870, she wrote: 'Friday last Monseigneur

Mermillod and Monseigneur de la Bouillerie, both of the Definitionist party, met here the Bishop of Marseilles, the Archbishop of Bagnieux, a Hungarian bishop, Monseigneur Haynald, and the famous Bishop of Bosnia, Monseigneur Strossmayer, the magnificent Latin orator, who has created such a stir in the Council, all of the opposite party. On both sides alike we heard them speak of matters that were exalted to the highest level, because discussed by men whose souls are so enlightened and whose intellects are so powerful.' The sensitive nature of Mrs. Craven, ardent to martyrdom in questions of her faith and conscience, but ready to accept the opinions of her friends in the Liberal Catholic camp, was for awhile unnecessarily alarmed by the *Univers*, the *Dubin Review*, and the partisans of unrestricted Papal authority. To discuss the division of the Ultramontane school into two camps after the Education Bill of 1850, when Falloux, Foisset, and the *Correspondant* were content with a compromise between the new and old relations of Church and State, is outside the scope of this memoir. By association, and by her enthusiasm for ideal freedom of conscience, Mrs. Craven was allied to the party who believed that the Church might best promote human welfare by adopting some modern ideas of social order prevalent since 1789, or, as she understood it, by conciliation and wide instruction rather than by uncompromising opposition to reforms of government eagerly demanded by most European nations. She attended the first general congregation in which the public was admitted to hear the

Conciliar decrees, and it was characteristic of her that she specially disliked to hear the anathemas necessarily pronounced in due sequence. Friendship, and that generosity which was in her so marked a trait, carried her with the leaders of the valiant minority in her private sympathies, though her salon was frequented by all men of mark. The Bishop of Orleans had been associated with her earliest and dearest memories, and every Sunday her slight figure was to be seen with her husband at the Villa Grazioli, where Monseigneur Dupanloup received his friends. Mrs. Craven loved the energy of souls aflame with zeal for a great revival of Catholic and Roman influence.

Her dread of the Opportunists or Definitionists, her consequent preference for those who did not think the time propitious for a dogmatic decree defining Papal Infallibility, was after all a transitory mood. No one was less Gallican; indeed, few of her nation were more Ultramontane in the best sense. The influence of Gerbet had taught her almost exaggerated respect for the decisions of Rome. As Döllinger did in 1855, she believed that the moral power of the Papacy never had been greater in European affairs. With the great revivalists of Roman authority who had been her teachers in her youth, she looked at Rome as the rightful champion of the people's liberty against weak yet despotic kings and infidel parliaments. Gerbet had been the spiritual guide of her dear saints, the poet-priest who always laboured for conciliation in his methods, and believed that, as La Mennais and his fore-

runner, De Bonald, had taught, the Pope was the mouthpiece of the Church, the protector of all people, rich and poor, in their rights and their liberty of conscience, the guardian of those universal traditions which cement the mosaic of human society for the good and progress of our race.

The great revival of 1830-50, in which Mrs. Craven had taken such delight, had the results we know, and which were proved by the extraordinary change in public opinion towards religion that had been shown in the first revolutionary Parliament after the fall of Louis Philippe. In 1850, M. de Falloux's Education Bill was accepted by the more conciliatory wing of what was still the great Ultramontane party; but it was scornfully and insolently rejected by Veuillot, and by those who desired that Catholicism should be in permanent antagonism to modern society. The rift widened between the men of the *Correspondant* and the men of the *Univers*. The irreconcilable partisans of the Church, as a citadel whose walls had to be guarded from even a parley with society, made open war on those who thought of her as universal mother, ever giving birth to Divine truth as it was needed for the guidance of the nations in their perplexities. To seek in the human heart all the secret cords which can reconcile it to Christianity, to reawaken in it the love of truth, goodness and beauty, and then to manifest in revealed faith the ideal of those three things after which every soul aspires, had been, in Ozanam's words, the programme of the Liberal party. Circumstances, perhaps partly her residence in England, certainly her

sympathy with Italian aspirations, strengthened Mrs. Craven's faith in liberty as a tonic rather than as a poison, and as, in truth, more Ultramontane than Gallican in its tendencies. She was possibly more consistent than was Montalembert in her dream of a theocracy of which a main support should be a united Italy. French sentiment was arrayed against her in this, and she found herself, of course, in disfavour with Conservatives of every camp.

She had, as was natural, followed the leaders of the Liberal Catholic party in 1850. Most of them were personal friends, and of distinguished merit as writers and politicians. She inherited the personal regard of Mme. Swetchine for Lacordaire and for M. de Falloux, while Montalembert never ceased to be the 'Montal' of 'Le Récit.' Therefore, in 1870, fresh from the dying bed of the chief champion of Constitutionalism, even in the Papacy, and of government by Parliamentary methods, even within the General Council, she was alarmed when confronted with the extra-Parliamentary exaggerations uttered before and even during its sitting. Perhaps by family tradition she loved minorities and their struggles, and she interested herself in the splendid but uphill work carried to its ultimate, if veiled, success by the comrades of Dupanloup and Haynald, Clifford and Moriarty, Dechamps and Gibbons.

Few will be found now to deny the practical and all-important use of the minority in the Vatican Council, who helped to fashion the dogma of Infallibility as it was finally decreed. In the heat and

struggle of the arena, they themselves hardly recognised their providential mission, and that theirs was that victory in defeat which is generally the most conclusive of all victories.

Meantime, Mrs. Craven was probably more truly Ultramontane, more eager for the influence of

> 'lo loco santo,
> U'siede il successor del maggior Piero,' *

than many a hot combatant in the majority. No doubt it grieved her that the conduct of her friend Montalembert had been almost censured at the Vatican, on the day the news of his death was telegraphed to Rome. She resented the circumstance, as did the knot of sincere Ultramontanes who, when Montalembert was young, had joined him in freeing Catholicism from State trammels in France. No man had done more for forty years to invite the great Council where now they were officially flouted.

As a patrician of Rome, M. de Montalembert had a right to a funeral service in the church of Ara Cœli, which was the parish church of the Roman municipality. No one imagined that it could have been refused; and notice of it at an appointed hour was sent to those likely to attend. Intense was the pain of the friends invited, when they found, on arriving at the top of the long stairs leading to the historical fane, M. Veuillot, of the *Univers*, standing

* 'The holy place, where sits
Who to great Peter's sacred chair succeeds.'
'Inferno,' ii. 25 (Cary's translation).

outside the church, and authorized to declare that by the highest authority the service was forbidden, lest it should be used as a Gallican demonstration.

At that moment of friction, it was not perhaps known that M. de Montalembert, who had, before the meeting of the Council, been distressed by certain extreme suggestions of what might be its result, as became so faithful a son of the Church, declared his submission to all its decrees, whatever they might be. Almost before the fact was generally known that the service at the Capitol was forbidden, the official blunder was repaired, and a solemn Mass elsewhere, in the Holy Father's presence, was offered for the soul of the great soldier of the Church. The irritation felt meanwhile showed how nerves and temper had been strained on both sides, and it would have been strange if Mrs. Craven had not suffered more than the prosperous lookers-on, to whom the definitions of their faith were not *sacro-sanct.*

'I have found in the religious exercises preached by Mermillod,' she wrote, 'comfort in my particular troubles.' The Bishop of Geneva, afterwards Cardinal, had given a spiritual retreat for ladies, at the Trinità de' Monti. 'For other anxieties it is in vain to hope for tranquillity, for it is centuries since the Church has endured so formidable a storm as this one. The unexpected tumult has arisen in so strange a way as to beget the hope that out of this struggle a good "al tutto del nostro accorger scisso," as Dante says. It is the sweet season of spring-time fragrance. I enjoy it extremely, and when I am out of doors, among the flowers of the delightful villas, or gazing

at the wide and poetic horizons of the enchanting Roman Campagna, I feel as if I could throw off the tormenting vexations of life.'

Except by a look of fatigue, natural to one so attentive to the duties and privileges of the Roman Lent, there was little trace of egotist discontent in the fine-tempered courage of Mrs. Craven, whose vehement feelings about the action of the extra-Conciliar prophets of their own invented and exaggerated infallibility perhaps prevented her from full enjoyment of the great Council. Had she remembered having heard Monseigneur Mermillod, fresh from Geneva, speak as he did of Catholicism as 'favourable to the most advanced social doctrines,' and declare that 'the Church was always suited to the needs of the age, and that she alone could secure the fruition of men's legitimate desires,' Mrs. Craven might have even then perceived how unlikely Gallicanism under Napoleon III. was to advance her favourite ideas. Surely there was an echo of the *Avenir* in the preacher's words at St. Luigi dei Francesi, when he proclaimed that the Church alone can guide the universal suffrage demanded by modern citizens; that she alone asserts the nobleness of labour, in a day when working men are imperatively claiming their rights; that she alone can transform that poverty which, without her guidance, threatens society with ruin.' It was almost strange that the exaggerations of the *Univers* could have dulled the ears of Montalembert's friend, when Monseigneur Mermillod, extreme Infallibilist as he was, could, on hearing the suggestion of a timorous opponent, that

Church and State might become separate powers, exclaim, 'Eh bien! le grand malheur!' Some of the leaders of the party, who desired to render the Papal utterances more available in difficult crises, now, when crises came and went with a rapidity hitherto unknown, were advanced believers in a theocratic republic. Certainly they were not reactionary nor indiscriminatingly conservative of certain forms of authority. Had Mrs. Craven trusted to her own shrewd foresight, she would not have been alarmed by a movement of ecclesiastical centralization; but those in whom she so trusted, by their useful and necessary stand against the extremists on the other side of the controversy, had touched the holy of holies within her—her sense of truth. She believed that they held the truth in their arguments, and she was led by them.

Ere long, even when their efforts to arrive at a universally admissible dogma seemed ineffectual, Mrs. Craven perceived that the work of her friends had not been lost, that a truth had been beaten out by the Council more likely to assist than to retard the fruition of Montalembert's wishes, and those of the Liberal Catholics. The name by which they were known as a party has almost disappeared, except in history, and it has been since absorbed in other titles that command respect, even from the *Univers*.

The reader interested in Mrs. Craven's letters written before the promulgation of the Vatican decrees will more nearly arrive at her real meaning if he reads them by the light of those that follow, and

still better if he takes to heart the picture of herself given in some of the notes she made during a retreat.

On March 25 Mrs. Craven retired to the Villa Lanti, a convent of the Sacré Cœur in the Transteverine quarter of Rome. She thus secured for her soul eight days of spiritual existence 'beyond these voices' of the agitated Catholic world. As she thought over past years, Mrs. Craven noted: 'This year seems the culminating point of that long trial which God has evidently willed that I should sustain. This year everything fails me at once. Awhile ago I was uncertain about the place where my future was to be spent. I drifted from home to home, and vexed myself because I was obliged to leave each place as soon as I began to like it. To-day no home anywhere on earth is mine.'

Towards the end of the retreat Mrs. Craven could write: 'I have well considered the things I am about to lose, many of which I have lost already. I sincerely offer to Thee, my God, all material possessions, and I offer also this sense of poverty.'

Many circumstances combined just then to give Mrs. Craven great pain and perplexity, but seldom, if ever, did she rise higher in her spiritual thoughts, or read with greater fervour her favourite Rusbrock.*

* Rusbrock, born near Brussels, 1294; leader of the contemporary mystics, priest at St. Gudule at Brussels. He caused the reform of the Abbey of St. Severin, at Château Landon. His simple piety reacted against Scholasticism. At the age of sixty he took the religious habit, and founded at Vauvert (Vallée Verte) or reformed, a house of Canons Regular. He

She wrote: 'I will wait cheerfully on events as they come, sure that no evil can ever come from God's beloved hand. As for the future which appears to menace us, I hope God will help us, though I cannot guess how; and if my worst forecasts be fulfilled, I ask of Him the strength to bear all. I thank Thee, meantime, my God, for this good little halt in the midst of my troubled life.'

Of her private anxieties, rapidly accumulating, there was little sign, except in the look of suddenly accentuated age. Mrs. Craven went through the round of Easter life in Rome, and perhaps never took part more assiduously than that last year in the charity of the *Pellegrini*.

The writer of this memoir was admitted to see the pilgrims housed in that year. The crowd was great, but the pushing and fussy strangers were railed out from the long table on which the simple supper was laid. It was very largely made up of salad and bread. The waiting ladies, wearing the uniform pinafore of the association, bustled about in a very practical fashion, pouring oil and vinegar on the salads, apportioning the figs and *finocchi* on the plates, and filling the bowls of soup. With genuine pleasure Mrs. Craven flitted here and there. Having done her task of washing a pilgrim's dusty feet, she went from seat to seat, supplying the wants of her half-dozen clients, and no doubt carefully non-

died at the age of eighty-eight. Gerson and Bossuet found some inexact expressions in his writings, but Bellarmine altogether approved them. Rusbrock and Tauler both refuted energetically the 'quietists' of their time.

observant of their furtive appropriation of loaves or salads which they thrust into their wallets with a view to future feeding. The contrast was great between her and the massive mothers, many of whom had infants at the breast; between her eager rapidity and dexterity of motion, and the stolid and ruminant peasants, dignified and ignorant. The great variety of local costumes interested the monotonous upper class who crowded to see the show; but nothing seemed to disturb the pious gravity of the pilgrims, even though a woman from the mountains of Susa sat by a semi-Greek daughter of Otranto, or a Ligurian by a Venetian. Servers and served all spoke to one another as *sorella*. For a time there was a real fraternity. Mrs. Craven loved chiefly the moment when, kneeling before the woman whose feet she had to wash, she listened in veritable sisterliness to the prayers appointed to be said. As she served, she felt within herself a sense 'that not love but hatred was supernatural—a feeling external to the human heart and strange to it.'

XIX.

Mr. and Mrs. Craven left Rome soon after Easter. On the previous Friday there was hardly standing room in Mrs. Craven's salon. Throughout the winter it had been a pleasant meeting-place for a society of unique distinction. The most eminent leaders of Catholic thought were there at their best, and their thoughts were given to the discussion of questions vital to all human progress. It was the atmosphere Mrs. Craven loved best, and much was stored in her memory for meditation when she returned to Castagneto in the last days of April. She had need of all its restorative influences, and she loved her mountain valley all the more passionately that she knew that she must soon leave it, probably for ever. With some sense of their impending loss, her friends the villagers in the neighbourhood welcomed her back more effusively than ever. The valley was illuminated for 'i cari signori,' as Mr. and Mrs. Craven were called throughout it; and always beautiful, it was at its best that May.

It may be imagined that the invitation contained in the following note was eagerly accepted by the author of this memoir.

To Miss O'Connor Morris.

'CASTAGNETO,
'*Saturday, May* –, 1870.

'How much I have to say, my dearest M., in reply to your most kind and dear letter! So much, indeed, that I will not attempt it, but when we meet I will make you understand what the value of such sympathy and friendship as yours are to me! When will you come? Why not on Monday?'

Travellers who follow the itineraries of guide-books lose much by neglect of Italian by-ways in the spring-time, when the living forces of the wonderful country assert themselves over its past records, and in every field vie with the bronzed peasants in friendly brotherhood. It was easy to understand pagan visions of nymph and faun in the intense life everywhere. Life throbbed almost audibly, and animate things mingled strangely with inanimate in the semi-intoxication produced by the vibrating air. Great Pan breathed in it, for he is not yet altogether gone from that Tyrrhene region where natural forces are so vehement that man hardly knows if he be their master or their slave. Standing on the garden terrace at Castagneto, when the sun had gone down behind the towering crests of the mountains, Mrs. Craven could drink to the full the beauty of the purple depths below, and beyond, the sunset light on the gleaming sea. In the amplitude of the horizons, the clear height of sky in which the stars moved, they seemed visibly detached.

That year a broad flower-border of orange mari-

golds enhanced the colouring of the distances, and as we sat entranced by circumstance, drifting and darting fire-flies outlined the nearer perspectives and gave hazy light to the forest eaves. Hardly a nook or cavern of the hills but was pointed out as the scene of some legend of ascetic hermits, who had fled from the plain to seek God in the stern and difficult heights above.

The taste of Mrs. Craven was visible in all the details of her dwelling. The simplicity of well-understood comfort reigned in the airy rooms and the choice of chintz and furniture. Books were everywhere. She and Mr. Craven sat of an evening in the spacious library, the shelves of which carried some seven thousand volumes, among which were most of the notable works of the century, French, Italian, German, and English. Upstairs was her morning-room, where she worked. Her writing-table stood before a window embowered in climbing plants, and from it the view of the valley, seen in its many folds, and crossed here and there by the arches of the road to Vietri, was even finer than below.

She and Mr. Craven had, while alone, been reading through their correspondence of nearly forty years with M. de Montalembert. His recent death had spurred them to the task, and they were full of renewed memories of him and his friends. Before we separated for the night, the Rosary, the Litany of Our Lady, and other prayers, in which the household joined, were said in the chapel, with which, however, I made better acquaintance next morning at Mass. An excellent copy of the Madonna

di Foligno was the altarpiece; a dead Christ, by Ribera, was at one side. Other art treasures were there, but in the serene and devout calm they were but accessories. The air was full of perfume from great bouquets of roses above the altar, and after Mass the incense of Nature to her Master seemed doubly sweet. The light clouds which floated on the shadowy mountains appeared to carry it upward to the sky.

Then the post brought its cosmopolitan supply of letters and literature. Then came English breakfast, modified by Italian custom, and when we had taken our chairs in the wide veranda, conversation followed, earnest and witty—reminiscences of forty years in the great world at its best. Discussion was freshly animated by the vivid and supreme interests of Rome, and every topic was touched by the wand of Mrs. Craven's artist nature, by her perception of beauty and scorn of its reverse, even in the meaner details of politics, of 'low ambitions and the pride of kings.'

There were few days in which some notable visitor did not pay his respects to the host and hostess; and the learned Benedictines from their Abbey of the Trinità* often came to discuss the last rumour from Rome. In the afternoon, when her morning's work and her letters were finished, Mrs.

* From the beginning of the eighth century there had been clustered in the valley of Cava cells, each of which was tenanted by one or two monks, who lived a solitary and austere life. In 1011 the Abbey of the Most Holy Trinity was founded on the site of one of these cells known as Crypta Arsicia, or the Arid Grotto, by S. Alferino, a Benedictine.

Craven read to us 'Fleurange,' her novel then in hand, or letters from Mme. Swetchine or M. de Montalembert. They were texts for conversation on what was highest and noblest in human aims, and they received fresh consecration on Mrs. Craven's lips.

To certain chords she always vibrated; new light shone in her eyes, slight colour tinged her cheeks, when generous sacrifice or the achievements of faith were spoken of. In discussing her own work she was absolutely without the egotism either of vanity or of self-depreciation. She deferred to criticism, but not too much. The truth in which she habitually lived allowed no affectations. When, after an evening of rare talk, the household met for family prayer in the chapel, a momentary glance at her face and attitude left an impression that underlay all future intercourse with her. Light was there,

> 'che visibile face
> Lo Creatore a quella creatura,
> Che solo in lui vedere ha la sua pace.'*

Faith and hope and love were revealed in her gaze, and never again could one who had seen her in such a moment forget her look, her abiding look, whatever veil custom and the reserves of society might afterwards draw over its radiance.

The two following letters sufficiently prove the

> * 'which
> Makes the Creator visible to all
> Created, that in seeing Him alone
> Have peace.'
> (Cary's Dante.)

true Catholic obedience of heart with which Mrs. Craven had prepared herself for whatever decree the Council should impose on the faithful:

To Miss O'Connor Morris.

'CASTAGNETO,
'*June* 27, 1870.

'I have not answered your letter, or thanked you yet for your most welcome *envois*, for no other reason but that I was particularly anxious to accompany Fleurange in her retreat at S. Maria al Prato, and not to part from her, even for a few days, until I had seen her off to Germany; that is, in other words, until I had concluded the second part of my story. There have been wonderful oscillations between hope and fear lately, but now that St. Peter's Festival is at hand, the extreme limit is reached beyond which it would be cruel not to allow the Council to be prorogued. Yet no definition has been brought about. How is it possible for those who have firmly believed all along that the minority represents the true spirit of the Church (or else, long before this, with so many human obstacles opposed to them, they must have been defeated)—how is it possible for these not to be very hopeful that even the immediate result will be in accordance with this impression? It seems already certain that such words as "personal" or "separate" infallibility are sure to be exploded; and in that case I hardly see how anything can be proposed to the belief of Catholics that any of them can shrink from; in short, I am once more in spirits on that great point, which I try to forget, so as to make submission easier when the time comes; but it forces itself on one's thoughts *en dépit de soi-même*. . . .

'I have been reading, in the *Pall Mall*, a review of a

novel called " Higher Law," which makes me foresee that when English authors forego their traditions, and cease to be moral, they will soon become disgusting, and perhaps stupid also, which would at least have the advantage of preventing their being as dangerous as the French.'

To Miss O'Connor Morris.

'CASTAGNETO,
'*July* 26, 1870.

'Yes, it was a blow and a trial for which I was not prepared, because I had convinced myself that that doctrine was not true. On that point I see that I was mistaken; and when I examine thoroughly what made me cling so strongly to those who opposed it, I find it was principally because of the manner—the odious and unchristian manner—in which it was defended by those who upheld it. Veuillot, the *Tablet*, and their friends, must now thank themselves for having roused in many Catholic souls so strong a repulsion for an article of Catholic truth that they have turned their acceptance of it into a painful instead of a joyful act of submission, and tempted some to reject it altogether from mere repugnance to agree with them. However, that is their look-out; ours is to conquer that feeling with simplicity and humility, and to agree with the Church. At present the Church has made herself heard, and unless she sanctions hereafter the doubts which still exist in some minds as to the validity of these Canons, we are certainly bound to include them in our act of faith in the teaching of the Catholic Church. That is really where we are. Admitting, as I do, that a great deal seems to be required from our faith by this definition of the privilege granted to St. Peter by our Saviour's words, would you find it easier to reconcile your mind to the Protestant notion, and to believe that

those most solemn words addressed to him meant nothing whatever? It is just like when they say that we make too much of the Blessed Virgin; perhaps we do. But is it more in accordance with the Gospel to do nothing, and to ignore the blessed Mother of our Lord? If, therefore, we do exceed in one direction, let it be in that of faith and love and trust. That the visible Church to which the promise was given is the Church founded on Peter is absolutely true; about that there is no doubt, or there is no visible Church. Let us, then, blindly obey her voice when it speaks to us distinctly. Some, I know, hold this Council (or some portions of it) to be invalid; but I don't think that we have at present any right to dwell upon that possibility. If it is so, time and the Church itself will tell us. . . . In the meantime, my own duty is to submit to it, and to compel my pride and my feelings to admit that those whom I disliked were in the right, and those whom I most loved and revered were in the wrong.

'I have heard nothing yet of our dear Bishop since he left Rome. In the meantime, even the definition is forgotten in the midst of the awful preoccupation which, on the very same day, took hold of men's minds. I don't think that on the whole I ever went through so much mental suffering of every description as I have this year; and certainly this war makes one feel unutterable things. For the first time in my life I am doubtful of the success of a French army, for the double reason that it is fighting in a bad cause (that is, without a cause), and fighting against a formidable adversary. I therefore cannot honestly feel that they ought to win, and yet their being defeated would go to my heart, so that about this also I am torn to pieces. The best would be, that there should be no crushing victory on either side; but how are we to expect that, when on both sides they have worked themselves into a fury?

There is nothing to do but to try and bear patiently this terrible suspense. In the meantime all our plans are upset. Germany is not to be thought of, so that for the present we remain here. As to next winter, who can say what anybody will be able to do then? At this moment I quite envy you being in England—quiet, and yet within the reach of all the people one would like to see, and of all the news. The only thing I don't regret is missing the exultation of our Anglo-Roman infallibilists.

'All things considered, I retract what I just now said, and had rather be here, all alone with my work and my chapel, than anywhere else in the world. I am going on with "Fleurange," and hope to have finished in about a month.'

Four of Mrs. Craven's nephews were engaged in the Franco-German War, and few held family ties more dearly than she did. Her ideal of an independent and sovereign Papacy at the head of an Italian federation was at least postponed by the seizure of Rome. There seemed little chance of making Mr. Craven's claim to an annuity heard in Germany. They remained at Castagneto, from whence Mrs. Craven wrote the letters that follow:

To Miss O'Connor Morris.

'CAVA DEI TIRRENI,
'*August* 26, 1870.

'You know why your very dear letter has remained so long unanswered, and you already expect that I shall not be able to answer it to-day, my whole thoughts being taken up by this awful, most awful struggle! You know what I thought of this war; you know that I never felt it was

either just or probable that France should come out of it triumphant. But what anticipation could ever have prepared me, and what reflections can comfort me for the immensity of this disaster? and leaving aside the mortal anxiety which all must feel who have friends or relations in either army, it is to me like a perturbation in the natural order of things, that France, in one short month, should have been brought to this state of humiliation, and I often feel as if it was impossible that all I am reading should be true.

'Thank you very much for Mr. de Vere's beautiful letter. . . . As usual, all his views and opinions move in a sphere far above that in which my inferior faculties exercise themselves, and I cannot follow him; but it is always good to look up, and that is especially the effect produced by his writings and conversation. In reality, I do not agree with him at all, as to the delight of living at a time when a General Council is sitting, because I don't see, as he does, that a General Council is in itself a joyful event. It is a great remedy; but great remedies are never wanted except at very unpleasant moments, that is, when there are great evils, and may be sometimes very painful indeed; of this we have had some experience, and may have more. I don't agree with him either as to craving for definitions, but rather with Newman, who so truly said that dogmas (involving as they do a fearful anathema) have never been promulgated as "a sort of luxury granted to the devotion of the faithful," but as the performance of a very stern and terrible duty. The Church (so I think, and I believe I am right) never reveals anything new to us; but where a cloud has fallen upon some portion of the treasure of truth confided to her by our Lord, she dispels it by a definition; but it is happier still that no cloud should have to be dispelled.'

To Miss O'Connor Morris.

'CAVA DEI TIRRENI,
'*October* 16, 1870.

'Since I saw you, we have had almost as much of private as of public anxiety and suffering. After the thunderbolt that fell upon my head that evening at Rome, when Aubrey de Vere was sitting with me, something very like an earthquake (at least it was quite as sudden a surprise) took place after we had been here some time; and now the war has brought on what seems to be a shipwreck; at all events, those are all the sensations which I feel as if I had gone through since this trial began. . . . Under these circumstances, however, it suddenly becomes a matter of quite unexpected importance to me to publish what I write; and the impossibility of doing so at present in France is a fresh disaster added to all those that have followed one another in quick succession since the month of May. . . . Can you, then, and will you, make some inquiries as to the possibility of publishing "Fleurange" in England, and could you tell me *à peu près*, in that case, what sort of terms would be proposed? . . . Your encouragement in the spring was very useful to me; I trusted to your judgment and sincerity, and it gave me great confidence to go on. It is now all but finished, and my own impression is that the third and fourth parts are better than the two first ones (part of which I had read to you). . . . I have not yet composed, however, my very difficult *dénouement*, but as I am quite come to it, it must now be brought about *de mon mieux*, and I must trust to Providence not to spoil everything by my ten last pages. And as it is essential to me not to fail, I hope to have a good inspiration, if nothing happens to interrupt me at the last. . . . Oh, how I wish that I could write in English! In that case, with a little energy and per-

severance I could perhaps do great things in this our present emergency. But, alas! in France all is at an end, for a long time to come; and no publisher in England, I dare say, can care to publish a French book.'

On November 1 Mrs. Craven wrote that they were on the eve of leaving Castagneto, and that her next address would be at the Duchess of Hamilton's, Palais Stéphanie, Baden.

It had become a sad necessity that Mrs. Craven should earn money, and the writer of this memoir had suggested to her that possibly the materials at her disposition might enable her to write another family history, dealing with the period anterior to that of 'Le Récit,' which might be published in England, pending some return to peace in France. Mrs. Craven wrote:

To Miss O'Connor Morris.

'CASTAGNETO,
'*November* 6, 1870.

'My departure has been delayed by a few days, which just gave me time to receive last night your kind answer to my last letter but one. I think Bentley would be favourable to the publication of something of mine; at least he said so, very graciously (on one occasion when I called there to remonstrate with him on having advertised the "Récit d'une Sœur" among the new novels of that day); but, then, he of course meant in English, and whatever you may say, and whatever my wish may be to do so (for motives not purely literary), I know too well the difference there is between writing a letter and writing a book, to have the least illusion as to my being able to write one in English that would be bearable; and a book to be worth reading should be a great deal more than that. I could

not, especially, do that for anything relating to my father's life, or to the recollections of the emigration, because all the letters and memoirs which I do possess, and hope to turn to account, could not and ought not to be translated. But I have a beautiful and true Sicilian story to relate, which, in order to disguise it better (as the heroine is still living), I should like to write in English if I could. But that to my mind is the insurmountable difficulty. . . . The present, and probably the future, state of France is too dreadful, too painful, to think of, and I wish I felt sure that all our miseries and humiliations were to end even with the crowning one of the only sort of peace we have any power or right to expect. But much—much has been for a long time very wrong, even *au fond* of what seemed to be the great and redeeming points of all that was absolutely and glaringly corrupt. I have felt it all long before this. Montalembert was quite of my mind, but as he was, as well as myself, *très cosmopolite*, that was supposed to account for our views whenever they were not quite French. I wish they had been mistaken as well as "foreign"!'

On November 9 Mrs. Craven ended a letter:

'These are the last—probably the very last lines I shall ever write at Castagneto! I am writing them now near my window, looking up now and then to watch the beauty of the light on the mountain (just now at sunset), and feeling that I shall never see it again. I am glad you have an idea of the place, because I know that you will thoroughly understand what my feelings are at this moment, especially as after I have left this I shan't have any home at all for some time to come.

'But although these things might be expected to be harder to bear late than early in life, I am thankful to feel that it is not so, and that, as it should be, I cling less than I did in my youth to what I most care for.'

XX.

KNOWING Mrs. Craven as the reader should do if he have read the preceding pages, it can be imagined what peculiar pain she suffered at the complete ruin of Mr. Craven's hopes. For him she felt far more than for herself, and only those who have seen those preceding Journals in which she laid her heart bare can read between the lines of her correspondence and measure her daily anxieties. With perhaps unnecessary enthusiasm of honesty she sold her diamonds as soon as the telegram announcing the disappearance of their remaining capital reached her at Rome in the spring. Mr. Aubrey de Vere was in her drawing-room at the moment of its arrival, and he bears witness to her calm self-possession. One ignominy she determined to escape, the ignominy of indebtedness while any way of relief remained open. In her haste her diamonds were sacrificed for a third of their value (and that was considerable), but she remained free of debt, as did Mr. Craven, who in his turn made sacrifices that entailed much loss, but left them clear of personal obligation.

Mrs. Craven made the journey from Naples to

Baden in three days, *viâ* Foggia, Bologna, and the Brenner, leaving her husband to complete some necessary business at Florence, though he soon rejoined her.

'I feel all the horrors of this prolonged war,' Mrs. Craven wrote, 'more than ever since I am come within reach of them, and a visit to the French wounded at Rastadt has brought it all home to me very differently from what it was in my quiet retreat at Castagneto, keenly as I suffered about it there.' In another way the humiliations of the war were brought home to Mrs. Craven: Boury was occupied by German soldiers.

To Miss O'Connor Morris.

'PALAIS STÉPHANIE, BADEN,
'*December* 14, 1870.

'I am most thankful, and ashamed of the trouble you have taken about "Fleurange." The answer you sent me was more favourable than I expected. Mrs. Sartoris, who had been asked a question about it, *à mon insu*, by a friend of mine, had answered that "nothing would induce Smith and Elder to publish anybody's French novel." The war will have most fearful results, for I dare not hope for any final success, and in the meantime each day adds to the ferocity of the conquerors, and, on both sides, to the hatred which puts off peace, and will, alas! last long after it is concluded. Never before, I believe, in so short a time, has so much harm been done to so many, and seeds of so much anger and danger sown for the future. Up to the surrender of Metz, I had been fortunate not to lose any of my nearest relations and friends, but now that everybody

is everywhere fighting, evil tidings come fast, and I quite dread the sight of a newspaper. . . .

'It is a comfort to be in a place where I can get at some of the French wounded and prisoners, and let them at least hear a few words spoken in their own language. They are treated very kindly, and great efforts are made to assist them, but their number, alas! is such that many of them still suffer very much.'

To Lady Georgiana Fullerton.

'PALAIS STÉPHANIE, BADEN,
'*January* 11, 1871.

'Thank you, dearest Lady G., for your kind letter of the 4th. I had hardly courage to write, even to you, at this saddest beginning of any year since we were born. I wish I could have been with you, and received courage and comfort from you—I very much need both—but I am afraid my journey to England is indefinitely put off. The cold is so intense here that it is almost impossible to think of moving, especially with the prospect of having to go across from Ostend, which nothing but absolute necessity would induce me to do, and that necessity does not exist. I cannot publish my book there, I don't exactly know where to go, and I rather dread at present the prospect of finding myself in any country house with a party. And besides all this, the Duchess is not well; she finds it impossible to travel with a baby in such weather as this, and in this empty and melancholy place at this time of the year she finds my company useful, I may say pleasant, and wishes me very much to remain with her as long as she is here. She has now an additional motive for staying here some time longer, as Carlo* is fighting with the Baden

* The Duchess of Hamilton's second son.

army against Garibaldi and Co., and perhaps soon against Bourbaki, very near the frontier, so that if he was wounded, and had to return here, it would be both painful and foolish to have moved out of the way. . . .

'I see that a fresh society has organized itself in England for the much-needed purpose of relieving also the unwounded prisoners, and I have written to Lady Lansdowne in hopes of getting her to take an interest in those detained in large numbers at Rastadt. . . .

'Adieu, bonne et chère amie; priez pour moi, j'en ai vraiment bien besoin; surtout pour ne me *plaindre de rien*, quelque dure que soit la phase actuelle de ma vie. God bless you, dearest Lady G.!

'Ever affectionately yours,

'P. LA F. CRAVEN.'

Still at Baden on February 23, 1871, Mrs. Craven wrote to Miss O'Connor Morris:

'By the time this letter reaches you peace will, I trust, be an accomplished fact, peace such as we can expect it, and such as it was proposed before the last four bloody months, during which nothing has been retrieved. Nevertheless, if this formidable trial has really brought us to our senses, if Aubrey de Vere's beautiful lines* are true as

* 'Laugh, thou that weep'st; or with thy weeping blend
The glory of that joy which mocks at pain:
Vain was thy pride; the penance is not vain:
Lo! this is the beginning, not the end:
Beyond that rain of fire I see descend
Armies of God t'ward yon ensanguined plain;
And these the cross, and those the crown sustain:—
Elect of Penitents, thy forehead bend;
Meet thou that crown in hope that springs from love!
Once more true greatness greets thee from above·
At last, while far away the tempests rave,

regards the future, as they are true as regards the past, then I shall be reconciled to even this last amount of useless bloodshed and of appalling misery! Of course those lines express all my feelings, hopes and wishes! If only they were realized! But there are still many alarming symptoms. We (the French) are still deluding ourselves, still asking others to delude us, still shrinking from facing the real cause of our disasters. As long as this is the case, as long as hatred and vengeance alone are thought of for the future, as long as we are only thinking of punishing our conquerors, instead of correcting what made the conquest possible, indeed inevitable, I shall hardly venture to indulge in the blessed hope that

'"This is the beginning, not the end."'

Mrs. Craven's prevision was correct. The revolt of the Paris Commune had yet to come. It shocked her all the more that it was so terrible a criticism of the democratic tendencies of society, from which the school of French Churchmen who had influenced her youth hoped so much. During the experiments of Louis Philippe's reign, though certainly not on account of them, religion had thriven in France, and in 1848 Lacordaire could sit, though not for long, at the extreme left of the first revolutionary chamber. Two years later M. de Falloux, as Minister of Public Instruction, had influence enough to secure the enfranchisement of primary education, to the benefit of the Christian cause. Larger and

Forth from the ashes of thy pagan boast
Leaps thy new life! Mid yon celestial host
Thy Clotilde triumphs, and thy Genevieve.'
('St. Peter's Chains,' by Aubrey de Vere, p. 28.)

larger doses of civil liberty seemed favourable to religion, and the *plébiscite* which reinstated Cæsarism was greeted by the *Univers* and by too many of the French clergy as a crowning mercy. While violently Ultramontane in their reception of the Syllabus, and more than Papal in their interpretations of it, they remained pitiably Gallican in their tolerance of Napoleon's 'Divine right' to carry out the schemes of secret societies in the name of his uncle's ideas. Fortunately the chief friends of Mrs. Craven, the writers of the *Correspondant*, had steered a straighter course. Their wish to enfranchise the human conscience had not flattered democracy; Sedan and the Commune were certainly not prepared by Montalembert and Lacordaire, though doubtless La Mennais, and even the saintly Gerbet, may have contributed to the plebiscites. Democracy, much reddened since 1830, and as yet unbaptized, had now become the terror of all who loved freedom. In their dismay many turned to the restoration of the Bourbon monarchy, as the readiest anchor by which society in France might ride out the storm.

Mrs. Craven, moving, as she hoped, towards Paris and her publisher, M. Didier, was detained at Brussels by the usurpation of the Commune. She wrote:

To Miss O'Connor Morris.

'29, CHAUSSÉE D'HAECHT, BRUSSELS,
'*May* 17, 1871.

'You ask me if I am of the Court of Henri V. Not actually, for though he is supposed to be in Belgium, I don't

know where he is ; but in heart and soul I am, not because I belong to those who have never served another cause—no, not at all on that account. Indeed, I was always accused of being a lukewarm Legitimist, and although my preference naturally went that way, I never had any of the sort of feeling that others had on that subject. I cared more for other things, and I did believe that if those other things were secured France might get on very well under a monarchy that was not the old one, and I think so still. But now that it is evident that all those experiments have failed, now that we are suffering so terribly from the want of truth, and that we are so evidently punished for our national disregard of religion, there is to me something consoling and refreshing, something that revives *hope*, in the straightforward and brave statement contained in the Comte de Chambord's letter, which I trust you have read, though the *Times* has not yet thought proper to publish it. It is the first time in my life that I feel quite irritated with the *Times*, but I ought to have known before that they can be fair and even lenient on all occasions (even as they now are in relating the acts of the Commune), except *lorsqu'il s'agit* of any man or any party that may be supposed to care for the protection of the Papacy. . . . If they dread so very much the notion of there being once more a King of France daring to call himself *très chrétien*, they should remember the liberal convictions of the younger branch, and ease their minds of their fears on that account. . . . I have seen Père Gratry here. I will speak of him and of Döllinger some other day ; there is too much to say to begin now. I must only tell you that I am daily happier and calmer in my firm adherence to the Church's decree. Our minds were disturbed by those who defended it, and by the manner in which they did it. But all that vanishes gradually. I am convinced that, if farther explanations are

needed, they will be given when the Council meets again. For my part I require none. Apropos, I have only now read "Lothair." I read very patiently, and even approvingly, the first volume; the second is disgusting as well as absurd, but I have more to say about it, and I must positively write again soon to do it.'

To Miss O'Connor Morris.

'CHÂTEAU DE LA LUCAZIÈRE,
'1871.

'A few lines to-day to let you know where I am, and where I am likely to remain for the next few weeks. I left Brussels ten days ago, and I spent a week at Versailles on my way here. . . . During my stay there I paid two visits to Paris, and realized the immensity and atrocity of the deeds of destruction that have been accomplished there.

'I should feel more horrified at the sort of apathy and indifference with which these dreadful events are talked of among the people in Paris, than even at those horrors themselves, if I did not hope that it partly arises from their being stunned and exhausted by all they have gone through. Nevertheless, I am not hopeful as I was at first. I fear the evil is too deeply rooted, too universal, too weakly counteracted, and the fear comes across my mind that it is too late; that the awful chastisement has not been understood, and that France is not to revive! . . .

'I am staying here at the Vicomtesse de Dreux Brézé's, my favourite niece (my eldest brother's daughter), and I shall remain with her till July 4.'

In the same despondent spirit Mrs. Craven wrote:

To Mr. Monsell.

'CHÂTEAU DE CHÈREPERRINE,
'*July* 14, 1871.

'Our dear Comte de Chambord has now put an end to his own prospects and to those of the monarchical party, by an act which looks noble, and is in reality, I may say, unjust. It is not true that he could not with dignity accept the colours of France, or that the duty of France was to accept his. It is a mistake and an alarming one, as revealing much of the old disposition of his race to say *l'Etat, c'est moi.* He dislikes the flag that was flying by the side of the scaffold of Louis XVI.—that is perfectly natural; but, however, many have fought under it and made it glorious, whose relations had in those days suffered with and for his own—indeed, if that same flag was not utterly disgraced during the last campaign, it is thanks to the Legitimists; he ought not to have forgotten it, and he might have shown himself as generously *français avant tout* as did his most devoted partisans, among whom the faithful old friends are now grieving, whilst the young ones are indignant and disgusted.'

Meantime the *Correspondant* had accepted gladly the MS. of 'Fleurange.' That 'Fleurange' should have any success in the conditions to which French literature found itself restricted was remarkable, but Mrs. Craven wrote, when in some anxiety about its translation into English: 'Here comes a letter from Father Hecker* from New York, announcing his

* Mrs. Craven had made acquaintance with the Rev. Isaac Hecker, at Rome, in the previous year; he was there as 'theologian' to the Archbishop of Baltimore. Early in life, before he became a Catholic, he had joined the Emersonian com-

intention to publish it in the *Catholic World*, and after that in two volumes; does not this put an end to the use of any other translation?'

Rarer even than good and careful art itself is appreciation of it; but 'Fleurange' had qualities which ensured success, not only among lovers of refined romance, but in the Académie. Apart from the merits

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munity at Brook Farm. His conversion followed soon after, and he founded the Paulist Congregation in 1852—'a new order,' as he said, 'for a new time.' He desired to reconcile liberty and intelligence, to aim at personal perfection, but in order thereto to cultivate independence of character.' The American note was to be added to the Church's harmony. 'What the age needs,' he said, quoting Ozanam, 'is an intellectual crusade, an intellectual propaganda.' We must, he believed, 'open a way by which the Rationalist may be brought to Baptism.' He felt no less grief than amazement on beholding in Catholics indifference and unconcern whenever they were asked to trouble themselves about these questions, as though dead heresies were likely to hurt them more than living Antichrists. He advocated an 'apostolate of the press.'

From the Vatican Council he dated 'an expanding era.' He considered that the controversies of Luther, Knox, and Calvin were closed, and that individual freedom under a recognised authority will be the new motive power of a Catholic renaissance, of which the basis was founded by Pius IX., and the superstructure continued by Leo XIII.

'Too little,' Father Hecker thought, 'is now left to the individual, and the formal or the stereotyped reigns almost without control. For the practical aim of all true religion is to bring each individual soul under the immediate guidance of the Holy Spirit.'

Father Hecker's health broke down, he became subject to attacks of angina pectoris, and his later years were years of suffering nobly borne. He died in 1888.

Meantime, can we wonder at the friendship and admiration Mrs. Craven felt for him?

of high thought and religious feeling which the reader expected from the author of 'Le Récit,' there are sketches of character, fragments of condensed social experience, and admirable good sense in its pages, which are seldom met in fiction. How living a personage is the Italian Marquis who talked well of everything, and could give interest to each subject discussed, whether it were society gossip, political news, social or literary questions, and who had no other fault than that of treating all subjects as of equal importance, and as if for him they were of equal interest. In short, an item of Cosmopolis so rolled and polished by his life that no characteristics remained! Every personage in the book is a finished study, probably from life, and of a life which few had so thoroughly observed as the author. The Russian Princess, an undisciplined yet highly-polished great lady, violent almost to blows, yet working towards her ends by intrigue, subject to the vapours of the most advanced civilization, yet enduring as a Cossack, is equally true to her race and her rank in the Sclavonic Court. Her son, amateur republican and conspirator through ennui, is equally well drawn. The excellent middle-class German family supplies Mrs. Craven with more ideal portraits, possessed of the calm will and of the sober judgment informed by religion, which were the virtues perhaps most highly esteemed by her. Even in conventual life it is those virtues that inspire her admirable description of Mère Madeleine, the Superior of the convent in which Fleurange is educated. There is in 'Le Récit' nothing lovelier

than the passage in which the wise nun explains to the heroine, in the moment of her distress, that she must not seek shelter in a convent because life is difficult.

Mrs. Craven's description of Mère Madeleine was selected by the late Lady Waterford as a subject for her brush. Its beauty evidently struck her fine sense of what could be done by art.

Mrs. Craven does not fear to make love the motive of the book or to paint its extremes. Nor does she fail to intimate the powers by which love can be restrained, and the suffering it causes healed of its bitterness. There is an echo of the story of Albert and Alexandrine in Mère Madeleine's words to Fleurange when in her sorest distress: 'There is an earthly love which, though it may lengthen the road that leads to God, yet does not prevent our following it. Often, indeed, by the virtues it requires of us, the sacrifices it imposes, and the sufferings which accompany it, such love seconds the noblest impulses of the soul.'

The story witnesses throughout to the author's conceptions of life, and to her personal experience when she points out the value of religion and of truth in such varied scenes as the Florentine circle of Princess Lamianoff, the home of the German Professor and the Court of the Czar in the confusion of 1825, a confusion that Mrs. Craven had herself witnessed.

XXI.

AFTER some visits in Belgium, among which was a fortnight's stay with the Comte and Comtesse de Flandres, Mr. and Mrs. Craven went to Sigmaringen, cradle of the Hohenzollern family, where they had excellent friends in their princely hosts—friends able and willing to second the Grand-Duchess Stéphanie of Baden in securing payment of the Margravine of Anspach's claim. In a letter from Mrs. Craven, she says that her hosts at Sigmaringen wished her and her husband to remain with them for the *Christkindchen*, and it is most likely that Prince Ferdinand, then five years old, was of the homely, happy party celebrating, in the marvellous old Schloss, the thousandth year of their family existence. The Schloss stands high above the town, which is surrounded on nearly every side by the winding Danube. Situated on the highlands of Suabia, it was a fitting nest for the immemorial princes of the ancient race; and so much has been added to the old walls that it is equally ready for modern hospitalities.

To Miss O'Connor Morris.

'PARIS, *February* 13, 1872.

'Though the fourth edition of "Fleurange" has just come out (of which I send you a copy by this day's post),

few papers have had any articles about it yet. . . . I therefore send you what I valued far more than any printed praise of the book, two letters about it of M. Foisset's,* who is one of our greatest purists and best critics. Montalembert used to say about him that he never felt sure that he had written anything well until Foisset said so, and Montalembert never published a work of any importance before it had been revised by him. His opinion was, therefore, of the greatest importance to me. A friend, to whom he had written the first letter, sent it to me that I might note the corrections and copy the whole, and though I feel rather foolish at sending you the compliments I have received, I enclose the copy and another letter of Foisset's, written after he had finished "Fleurange." By the way, if you read the whole of that letter dated from La Roche en Brény you will be interested by what he says about Montalembert's papers, which he is looking over in order to prepare a first publication about him. I send you also a letter of M. Léopold de Gaillard, the *rédacteur en chef* of the *Correspondant;* and lastly a letter from my brother-in-law, M. de Mun, who is a clever man, and a good and not habitually indulgent judge of literary matters. . . .

'We are told to expect great events in the political world, great monarchical efforts to bring about the one combination strong enough to counteract the reviving action of the Imperialists; but party spirit is, I fear, stronger than patriotism, and I hardly dare to hope for a result, and all seems to me darker and more doubtful than ever.'

The writer of this memoir was in Paris in the following February, and saw much of Mrs. Craven,

* M. Foisset was the friend and comrade of the Comte de Montalembert in his political action; author of the 'Life of Lacordaire' and other works; Honorary Councillor to the Court of Appeal at Dijon.

who, with her husband, was in a charming apartment in the Rue de Chaillot, lent to them by M. de Mun. Her features looked older and sadder, but her manner had its constant brightness and sympathy with every interest of her friends and of the day. As usual, she deprecated the exaggerated reaction of the 'white-flag' party, which alone was thought to prevent the fusion of Bourbon and Orleans interests. There were, she believed, four hundred monarchists, including every shade, in the Assembly; but (and it was an important but) M. Thiers had 'drifted to the Left.' Her nephews, Comte Robert and Comte Albert de Mun, were eagerly carrying forward their labours of conciliation among the working classes.

With her continuous trust in a good providence, but without any special faith in its visible agents, Mrs. Craven rejoiced in the revival of religious ceremonial. Her name was eagerly sought as patroness to many of the innumerable good works always maintained in Paris, to a degree we English seldom realize in our estimate of the *Ville Lumière*. Though she detested, and even feared, crowds, she took the present writer to a meeting of l'Œuvre du Patronage where were white perspectives of *sœurs de charité*, portly elders, lady patronesses in black, and girls in blue scarves, listening attentively to a report by the Comte de Melun of the good done by these young women during the siege and the Commune. Monseigneur Guibert, the venerable and aged successor of Monseigneur Darboy, presided. 'It is fortunate,' said a looker-on, 'that at last the Arch-

bishop of Paris has a chance of dying in his bed.' As we prayed in the Rue de Sèvres by the graves of five Jesuits, who had been murdered with unusual cruelty during the Commune, her thoughts of forgiveness and hope, and her personal readiness for any sacrifice, might almost be read on her countenance, as, indeed, on the faces of many who knelt there.

It was the Paris of Sardou's play, 'Rabagas,' a satire on Gambetta, applauded to the echo by everybody who went to see the piece—the Paris where the Church of the Madeleine was crowded two hours before the midnight Mass of Christmas, when the files of communicants passed and knelt before the altar for at least another hour—the Paris brimming with good intention, noisy with argument in favour of stable government, yet with a still too absolute reliance on the virtue of words, and too little proof of resolute will among the Conservatives, to carry out an expressed purpose.

A visit with Mrs. Craven to the Bishop of Orleans at Viroflay, and to a sitting of the Chambers, were occasions for her most eloquent conversation. Monseigneur Dupanloup had recently been received by the Comte de Chambord with but cold recognition of his efforts to promote the 'fusion' of monarchical parties. He described his work in his diocese, when it was occupied by the Prussians, with sad recognition of his country's shortcomings. In the Royal Theatre at Versailles, unchanged since the reign of Louis XVI., and where the Bourbon shield presided over the vociferous assembly, well might Mrs. Craven

wish, as she did, for the continuity of English political life. She could have forgiven some failure of logic in the debates of the English House of Commons in her admiration of the serious attitude of its leaders when important interests of England were at stake. The Bishop of Orleans was as surprised as edified by the public thanksgiving in London for the Prince of Wales's recovery, and it was pleasant to hear Mrs. Craven's explanation to him of the loyalty of the English, a word for which there is no equivalent in French.

The next letter from Mrs. Craven announced her coming arrival in England. On March 4, 1872, she wrote:

'My dear old friend Lady Cowper has been writing to me lately about old times and old friends in a way that has added to my wish of spending at least some few weeks amongst them in the spring; by that time something more defined will, perhaps, be visible in our troubled atmosphere on this side of the Channel, and it will be possible to decide whether prudence allows or forbids one to settle once more for good in Paris. I have often wondered what your general impression was after your short trip, in thinking over the very different impressions of those you saw; it is certainly difficult to form an opinion upon statements so very much opposed to one another as M. le Play's and our dear Bishop's, though I am inclined to think the views of the latter the more accurate of the two as to facts. Thanks for the *Fortnightly Review*. . . . Forgive me for saying that, after reading an article in it on Home Rule, I think the Irish more provoking than ever, but I am more sanguine as to the result, namely, as to the failure of this new attempt at Repeal; and I do hope, with all my heart, that nothing

will goad England into taking another course than the one she has been pursuing for the last few years. . . . You have had two great days of national protest against that sort of political rubbish, but we are, alas! *où nous étions.* The Antwerp pilgrims have come home. M. le Comte de Chambord has gone farther away; his cousins keep more than ever aloof, and hope has once more vanished out of sight. Notwithstanding which Paris looks brilliant in this sunshine, and much as if nothing had happened or was impending.'

To Miss O'Connor Morris.

'PARIS,
'*March* 30, 1872.

'This last month has been a most melancholy one, and I am sure you thought of us when you heard of the fatal failure of all our hopes of dear M. Cochin's recovery. My misgivings on that day at Versailles soon proved too well founded. His death was that of a saint, and worthy of a life which will be more fully appreciated when it is more completely known. . . . His home was the beau-ideal of Catholic goodness, intelligence, and piety; and now his admirable wife bears this crushing blow with the sort of simple courage and absolute submission which makes one feel, better than words can tell it, under what influence she has lived during these long and happy years, and is living still, for those two souls are not parted. I say "long and happy," for she had been married twenty-three years, and that, for this life, is a long spell of perfect happiness. But when one remembers that he was only forty-eight years of age, it makes one wonder at the inscrutable decree which has cut short such a life at such a time. To us his loss is irreparable. And what is to become of France if, one after another, those are taken away of whom, in her present state she is in the utmost need?'

In London Mrs. Craven had been seeing much of Mme. de Montalembert, who was on her way to Windsor to consult Mrs. Oliphant on the life of her husband, first attempted, strangely enough, in English, and by a Scotch and Protestant author. In the selection of letters and materials for it, Mr. Monsell took naturally an intense interest. He had been the close friend of M. de Montalembert, and of the leaders of the party who desired to make faith and liberty friends rather than foes. Mrs. Craven describes her part in the labour of love which writing of their friend was to both of them.

To Mr. Monsell.

'HAMPTON COURT,
'*May* 22, 1872.

'Having had three quiet days since I came here, I read with attention all these most interesting letters (after having replaced them separately in their right order according to their dates); in those addressed to yourself I have marked in pencil, without any scruple, the passages which ought to be omitted if these letters were published, although as a matter of course those passages are the most interesting of all. As to those to Lord Dunraven, I have only marked with a cross in red pencil those which seem to me particularly interesting or amusing. . . . Church matters in Germany seem to be assuming a very serious aspect, and all the results of the misunderstanding which were prophesied and apprehended by those who opposed the Definition are being but too completely realized. . . . In the end the simplicity and clearness of the doctrine will be felt by all. But not-

withstanding this certain hope and this firm faith, for those who dreaded all these evils that are now taking place, and wished to avoid provoking them, it is not pleasant to have to live through them with probably no chance of living long enough to see them end.'

The foregoing letter will show how consistent had been Mrs. Craven's feelings throughout those years of anxiety, and on what grounds the French members of the minority in the Council, and their lay supporters, had doubted the wisdom of raising a religious quarrel among European Catholics in face of the infidelity, socialistic errors, and angry passions of the day. That they were unduly alarmed seems now certain, but they never swerved from their obedience to the Church. 'In the end,' Mrs. Craven wrote, as the reader will observe, 'the simplicity and the clearness of the doctrine will be felt by all.' It would seem as if the action of the party which arrested exaggeration in 1869-70 had been the most far-seeing loyalty to the Pope. Looking back, it becomes evident that Mrs. Craven's friends, unconsciously perhaps, had maintained the finally-sanctioned doctrine in the face of violent reproaches for their apparent caution. It is to their enduring credit that the writers of the *Correspondant* pursued their labour of reconciliation between eternal truths and modern progress, keeping clear of intolerant despotism, civil and religious, and maintaining against plausible zealots the liberty of Christian men. Such men as Augustin Cochin, De Falloux, Gratry, and Dupanloup no doubt disliked and opposed the party which, having demanded freedom

for religion, sought to cripple it within the Church. They were bound to do their best to moderate that party, and they succeeded. A few, though not many, of the elder Ultramontanes lived to see all loyal friends to the Papacy reconciled in their common work of Christian evolution.

Many friends in London, and particularly Mme. de Montalembert, detained Mrs. Craven there; but after a visit to Mr. Frederick Leveson Gower's house (Holmbury, near Dorking) she arrived at Tunbridge Wells with her faithful maid and friend, Elisa, and her two little dogs. These were Maltese terriers of such determined courage and resolve to assert their position in the dog peerage, or 'doggage,' a word suggested by a friend of Mrs. Craven, that they incontinently turned out two St. Bernards, the usual occupants of the sitting-rooms. The astonished giants stood afraid with amazement at the drawing-room door while Zinga and Joy barked dismissal from the sofas.

Mrs. Craven enjoyed English country life even when it was of the simplest. A pony carriage amused her, and the vagaries of the pony did not disturb her; she took for granted that there could be no accident for a well-ordered English vehicle, and, as is common to imaginative natures, liked speed. The recent Galway election, in which for the first time the Bishop and priests of a Connaught county fought a political battle with its landlords, even though most of them were themselves of the old faith, somewhat disturbed the thoughts of more

cosmopolitan Roman Catholics. In a letter to Mr. Monsell Mrs. Craven wrote:

'I return this letter with a thousand thanks. I hope to talk it over soon with you (as well as other matters), as I am going to prolong my stay in England a little longer, and perhaps Augustus will come over and spend a fortnight with me at Holland House, which, though not quite London, is near enough to enable us to see a little more of our friends. . . . What I principally want to say to-day is that Anna de Montalembert and Madeleine* are coming over directly to meet Mrs. Oliphant.

'Have you a word of comfort to give me about the Galway election? And is it possible not to feel that the whole Catholic Church is injured by so grievous a scandal? If these are the last results of the sort of faith originally strengthened by persecution, it increases my dislike to the mode of revival you are looking forward to in Germany through the present attitude of Bismarck. I had much rather it had not been provoked, I own, and that German Catholics had simply insisted on extending to other parts of Germany the entire freedom which (since 1849) the Church possessed in Prussia.'

After leaving her friends of Tunbridge Wells, Mrs. Craven went to Holland House. She and her husband had lived in such constant intercourse at Naples with Lady Holland that there Mrs. Craven found many fragments that remained of her old society at Chiatamone, and most of her foreign friends who came to London.

* Now Comtesse François de Grünne, daughter of the Comte de Montalembert.

To Miss O'Connor Morris.

'HOLLAND HOUSE,
'*June* 20, 1872.

'You wonder, probably, at not having heard from me yet, but I am always bewildered now when I arrive anywhere and quite unable to do anything. And yet (to do justice to Holland House) I know no place where one could contrive to have more time to one's self (with only a little firmness to take possession of it).

'I have read with attention and with great delight your young friend's* little book. What a beautiful mind, and what a wonderful train of thought for one of that age! but how strange Protestant habit is with regard to the Blessed Virgin! Here is a chapter (and a beautiful one) on the Ministry of Angels, in which every angelic apparition mentioned in the Old and New Testament is recalled—all but one; and what is that one? *Ni plus ni moins, s'il vous plaît*, than the apparition of the Angel Gabriel to the Virgin! And that slight omission takes place in a page in which the ministry of women upon earth is considered and compared to that of angels, and that woman and that angel are not mentioned, nor yet the day on which they met, and what they met for. This makes me feel that, if there is sometimes on our side an excess of love, there is on theirs an excess of indifference, which extends farther and higher than the Blessed Virgin herself, and it makes it very clear to my mind that, even if we are inclined to exaggerate, it is at all events on the right side, and in a direction where no offence can be given.

'I have seen Mr. Monsell, and I find that he disapproves of Judge Keogh's charge as much as your good pastor did. Yet he is as indignant as we are at the conduct of the clergy

* Rose La Touche, second daughter of John La Touche, of Harristown, Ireland.

in that election, so at first I did not understand what he meant, and why this outrageous conduct was not to be denounced. He says, because the violence of the charge has enlisted on the other side those who had hitherto kept aloof from these madmen. So everybody is in the wrong, and that is the only comfort I get from him.

'You remember that you have both promised to come and see me here. . . . If Mary Fox* is at home, I will make her take us all over the house, as she is the best cicerone in the world; but if she is otherwise engaged (a thing not quite unlikely just now), you must be satisfied with my company and my most imperfect explanations and knowledge of the riches—literary and artistic—of this house.

'Young Prince Lichtenstein (the *futur*) is charming, pleasing, clever, and devoted to Mary; diamonds, emeralds, and pearls are positively pouring down upon her, and I never saw anything to equal the splendour of all these jewels except on royal occasions. Hers is certainly a singular fate. . . . Nothing seems to go with her the way it goes with others. She has been more admired than anyone, and yet she is not at all pretty (she may, indeed, be thought quite the reverse), but she is most attractive and clever (remarkably so), and altogether a very charming girl, to whom I wish every manner of happiness, and whose prospects seem at present to promise the perfect realization of that wish.'

* Miss Mary Fox, a child of French parentage, was adopted by Lord and Lady Holland in April, 1851. From the age of two and a half she shared their home and received the consideration their own daughter would have enjoyed. She married, in July, 1872, Prince Louis Lichtenstein.

XXII.

To Miss O'Connor Morris.

'NORMAN TOWER, WINDSOR CASTLE,
'*July* 7, 1872.

'Of Miss Fox's marriage I say nothing, as the newspapers of all kinds have abundantly supplied you with every detail concerning that certainly (all things considered) very extraordinary event; and, of course, the most extraordinary things are not told. . . . We had a glimpse of the young couple on their way through town last Tuesday to go to Scotland (after spending three days at St. Anne's Hill), and they are now at Dunrobin Castle, which the Duke of Sutherland has lent to them to finish their honeymoon. On that same Tuesday I came here to Mrs. H. Ponsonby,* a dear, young, old friend of mine; and I fancy that on Saturday next I start for Paris, but it is hard to say whether we shall or shall not tear ourselves away, even then. . . . We more and more think of taking an abode in England if we can, about October. I certainly feel an increasing interest in all I see and hear, and I fancy that if I were once settled here with my books about me again, I might do some

* Now the Hon. Lady Ponsonby. While still Miss Bulteel, she had, when she was very young, acted with Mrs. Craven on one occasion, taking a part in 'Don Cesar de Bazan,' of which Mr. Craven played the title-rôle.

things. I have come across a great deal more of that spirit which you were the first to reveal to me; indeed, I have been brought in contact with it in a way that has amazed and terrified, and also interested me greatly. Against this, Protestantism is so utterly powerless and disarmed that I believe the *raison d'être* of this dreadful form of error to be the manifestation of truth which it must call forth. I have a great deal to say about all this—a great deal more than any letter could contain, so I put it all off, to some not very distant time, I hope, when we may have a good long talk together.'

The spirit of which Mrs. Craven wrote as a 'dreadful form of error' was apparently unexpected by her in England, however used to its manifestations all Frenchmen have been for a century and a half. It has always existed among the countrymen of Hobbes and Lord Herbert of Cherbury. Agnosticism, as it is now called, had not, however, been common in English society as Mrs. Craven had known it some thirty or twenty years before.

Her next letter is dated from a temporary but charming apartment in which she lived after her return to Paris.

To Miss O'Connor Morris.

'PARIS,
'*August* 15, 1872.

'Your letter from Baden was sent back to me here, having been sent after me to Lumigny, which I left sooner than I had intended, to come and meet a very dear old Neapolitan friend of mine (Duchesse Ravaschieri, of whom you have heard me speak, certainly). With her I went to the séance at the Académie on the 8th, when "Fleurange"

was "crowned," as they call it (and then they explain the prize is a gold medal). In reality it is a sum of money, which, though not a very considerable one, I was not sorry to get, and certainly glad at what I got it for. And you, the first friend of "Fleurange," will be glad of it too, I am sure. . . . I think that when we write anything (I say this for you as well as myself) there ought always to be something within our subject (if I may so speak), which is like the soul of the body we are shaping. I suppose if I had time to explain my meaning that this would be, as I wish it to be, understood, the very reverse of realism, but I leave it to your ingenuity to understand me, as I am really to-day in a dreadful hurry.'

To Miss O'Connor Morris.

'PARIS.

'It is very kind of you to apologize for not writing whilst I felt myself so ungrateful not to have yet thanked you for the *Spectator*, where I found many interesting articles besides the one concerning "Fleurange," which surprised me both by what it praised and by what it found fault with, and yet on the whole was a very gratifying notice. Then the *Saturday*, with the article on Montalembert and before that your own,* in the previous one, which amused me exceedingly, as, unfortunately, it applies no less to our manners than to yours, so I don't see where the remedy is to come from. It is a pity that those charming old French manners are so completely disappearing. It is a pity for France and for all the world, as it is to France that that sort of influence belonged *par excellence*. However, it is all over, we talk slang, and we have passed without any transition from low curtseys to indiscriminate hand-shaking, about which, by the way, I am afraid I detected in your article a little touch of

* A paper entitled 'Drawing-room Slang.'

Urquhartism, which goes further than my objection. In all other respects, *que dire?* except that you are amusingly and painfully in the right throughout.

'Indeed, I began my own article* with no intention of protecting Mrs. Oliphant. I had long before that made up my mind that she had written an excellent book, and that I had nothing to do to prove it, but to go through it translating whole pages out of it, as I have done, with one great advantage on my side, that of giving in the original her quotations from Montalembert's speeches. In France there is but one opinion on the merit of this book. Mrs. Oliphant being a Protestant gives great interest to some parts of it, and I never felt that I had on that account to make any allowance wherever she describes the character of her hero, though she does make a few mistakes (not one of which have I omitted to rectify), but on other matters. It is my belief that most Catholic writers in England (if I am to judge of it by the notice I read in the *Dublin Review*), would have far more seriously misrepresented him. In France, M. Foisset has undertaken to write a "Life of Montalembert," whose friend he was, and has already published several detached parts of it in the *Correspondant*. . . . Mrs. Oliphant's pages on the *Avenir*, and the whole account of that important episode, seem to me quite masterly. I am not giving an opinion of her style (though the pages I have translated have struck many people), but I mean the wonderful manner in which she has described the position and feelings of those three pilgrims at Rome. As far as concerns P. Lacordaire's impressions and demeanour there, it surpasses anything that has been said about it, often as that story has been told. Nothing more striking or more

* A study of Mrs. Oliphant's 'Life of Montalembert,' which appeared first in the *Correspondant*, and was afterwards reprinted.

true could have been imagined than that magnificent comparison of Rome to a mother, "who is also a Queen," and all she says of Lacordaire's feelings in that royal presence. Now, one needs to be French, and almost to have lived through those times, to appreciate the value of an opinion totally unbiased on a subject that has excited such violent party spirit, and how it gives an extraordinary originality to the whole statement (familiar as the facts are to everyone). The opponents of La Mennais in France have always grudged Lacordaire the immense credit due to his wonderful clear-sightedness and humility, and they have not yet forgiven Montalembert's more obstinate clinging (at that time) to his chief. On the other hand, their friends have always been inclined to exaggerate and to criticise the discouragement they met with at Rome, so that, in reality, no one in France has made a statement so fair towards them and at the same time so favourable to Rome as this one; in fact, no one has said the whole truth so completely as this quiet, honest, intelligent Scotchwoman, looking at it all from the distance of time, place and creed, and without any party spirit in her, or about her, on the subject.

'I am so glad that you are not angry with me for my little remark on Ireland, or, rather, for my agreeing with Mrs. D. in thinking that it is always what the Irish secure after fighting for it, that they think (or pretend to think) of no value after it is conceded. I was quite afraid of what you would think, and I am relieved to find that you look upon what I added to that remark as sufficiently attenuating it. . . .

'Mme. de Montalembert and her daughter are at Rome, where the Holy Father most graciously and spontaneously told Monseigneur de Mérode to ask them to take up their abode with him, so they are actually lodged at the Vatican.'

Monabri, the name of Princess Sayn Wittgenstein's ample châlet just between Lausanne and Ouchy, will often be mentioned by Mrs. Craven. It was, perhaps, of all residences where she was a guest, that which best suited her. Her intense love of beautiful landscape was always in new delight before the changing aspects of the Savoy mountains beyond the Lake Leman, which at that point is nearly ten miles in breadth and almost as blue as the Mediterranean, while perhaps more lovely on calm days, when the snows and crags of the distant mountains are reflected in its calms in opaline variety of soft colour. The invigorating Swiss air revived her energies, and she experienced at Monabri a pause and freedom from anxiety which nearly every year restored her active spirit.

Her hostess, Princess Sayn Wittgenstein, wrote of Mrs. Craven to the compiler of this memoir:

'It was after the war of 1870 that I saw her more often. Intercourse with her was so easy; she was so simple and natural, and knew so well how to efface her own superiority, that all constraint disappeared in her presence. It was these qualities which caused me to desire her friendship, and it was soon after 1870 that she often stayed with me at Monabri, and it was during those visits that she frequently met the Empress Augusta of Germany, who, better than anyone else, was able to appreciate her. I was greatly struck by the singular contrasts in her character. Her naïveté was almost childlike, yet her spirit was thoughtful and serious. She loved all that was graceful and tended to comfort, yet she had extraordinary appreciation for austere virtue and for renunciation of this world's vanities. At first

her taste for the refinements of life might have suggested a certain frivolity, but further knowledge of her, and more attentive study of her nature under this deceptive exterior, showed her soul to be firmly anchored to supernatural truth. When we had witnessed her frequent and devout Communions, after which she remained absorbed in prayer and meditation, we saw her as she really was, and were able to arrive at a true idea of the worth of this great Christian.

'Better than anybody I can speak of her, having had the happiness of her presence under my roof, often for two or three months at a time, during the summer and autumn. Her extreme modesty continually astonished me, when on the arrival of the post I saw her frankly surprised by the expressions of admiration which came to her from persons altogether unknown to her, but who, thanking her for the good her books had been to them, expressed keen desire to make her personal acquaintance. Her charity to the poor was inexhaustible, and no one could have suspected the loss of fortune which she had suffered, and continued to suffer with a dignity and courage worthy of her noble soul.

'Her residence in Russia was still fresh in her memory, notwithstanding the many years that had since elapsed. Her happy youth, when she enjoyed fête after fête in the most brilliant and dazzling Court in the world, had not been forgotten, and everywhere her friends were of the most distinguished society in Europe.'

To Miss O'Connor Morris.

'MONABRI,
'*October* 2, 1872.

'I have not been able to do much here—the country about this beautiful lake is too lovely, the weather has been too fine, and when at home in this perfection of a châlet, *en tête-à-tête* with a very dear friend, the inducement was too

great to have resisted the temptation of spending a great deal of time out of doors, and of losing a great deal of it indoors (if pleasant conversation is ever time lost). . . . I feel at this moment ready to fight anyone here in behalf of Monseigneur Mermillod, who is being most unfairly used, in fact quite persecuted, by the Government of Geneva. . . .

'The last article in the *Saturday* on the Cologne meeting, if written by Mr. Oxenham, gives me some hopes that he is giving up the untenable position of the Old Catholics. But I fear their number is increasing, as it naturally must, since they admit every description of believers and non-believers, such as Dean Stanley, the Bishop of Lincoln, and Père Hyacinthe! What did you feel when you read his nuptial epistle?

'If Aubrey de Vere is anywhere within reach, give him my kindest remembrances. . . . *Un tenero abbraccino* to Donagh and Gletscher.* They are, I trust, as flourishing as my little white inseparables, who would, I have no doubt, send many dutiful messages if they were not at this moment fast asleep at my feet. Can you tell what was properly the object of the Cambridge Camden Society (in 1842), and something about it?'

To introduce Mrs. Oliphant's admirable life of Montalembert to the readers of the *Correspondant* was a labour of love; and in the pages written at Maiche, one of his old residences, Mrs. Craven is at her best. To praise, to feel enthusiasm, was delightful to her; her fault-finding was always tentative, and even timid. To judge anew of that chivalrous

* Donagh and Gletscher were the two St. Bernards who hardly dared approach Mrs. Craven in presence of her Maltese pets.

crusader's early eloquence, she studied the *Avenir* once more, and rose to its eloquent heights with a fresh joy in noble Christian aspiration. She seems to breathe her native air as she quotes her old friend's article, *La Croix*, published in February, 1831. She reminds her readers that Montalembert did not represent the historical past, however dear its memories were to him. He neither then nor ever desired to 'unite the immortal destinies of the Church with those of any earthly dynasty. Such alliance seemed to him a peril for that Church herself,' though the article is addressed to 'those who love the things that were.' To their trained devotion and faith, and to their traditions of spiritual life rather than of social forms, he commended the cause of the Cross. We all know that the *Avenir* was condemned at Rome, but Mrs. Craven's heart beat again as she reminded her readers that, alone of the leaders of new thought, the three chief writers of the *Avenir* laid their aspirations at the feet of St. Peter's successor. Remarking on Mrs. Oliphant's surprise that Montalembert before his death, and at the moment when parties struggled most severely within the Vatican Council, expressed his absolute acceptance of its decrees, 'whatever they might be,' Mrs. Craven says: 'The author appears to think, very mistakenly, that we do not base our faith on conviction. Yet she has too well studied our belief not to know that its very foundation is our immutable conviction that Divine truth speaks to us by the authority and the voice of the Church.'

To Miss O'Connor Morris.

'MAICHE, DOUBS,
'*October* 12, 1872.

'I left Lausanne on Tuesday, and came by rail and road to this place through almost the most lovely country I ever saw. From Le Locle, a place at some distance from Neuchâtel, where I left the railroad, I had, however, to travel in rather a singular fashion, having performed the last thirty miles of my journey in a one-horse open vehicle, such as is not to be met with anywhere but in France (the most *arrièré* of all countries with regard to country locomotion). This is the strangest place you ever saw, and certainly no description of mine could give you an idea of how exceedingly unlike anything that is conveyed to an English mind by the word "country-house" this old mansion is. And yet it is so quaint and full of character, and there is about it a certain stamp given by Montalembert to all the places they lived in, a something combining study and repose, and almost monastic order, which is altogether very delightful, sad as it is to realize the loss of his presence. I feel happy here, and more able to work than has been the case with me anywhere for a very long time. The society of Mme. de Montalembert is to me very interesting: her daughters are the most charming creatures I know anywhere. Montalembert's study has been given up for my exclusive use, and it is actually on his table, and surrounded by everything belonging to him, that I am studying this book on his life, and writing myself about it!

'We dine here at twelve o'clock, and the bell is ringing, so good-bye, dearest M.'

The writer and her friend Mrs. Burrowes determined to spend Christmas, 1872, in Paris, and found Mr. and Mrs. Craven established in their new apart-

ment. Both had a real genius for making an 'interior' appropriate to themselves, and comfortable to their two faithful servants, who followed them in every circumstance of their wandering lives. Luigi and Elisa were part of the home which their master and mistress created wherever they were. Mr. and Mrs. Craven's friends were theirs, and no small comfort to Mrs. Craven was Elisa's careful control of the little household. The rooms were still dignified by the fine portraits of the Margravine of Anspach, and of her sons Keppel and Berkeley Craven, by Romney, and some other family pictures and a few Italian ones hung on the walls. Though the library at Castagneto had been sold with the house, Mr. Craven's books were still multitudinous, and his wife surrounded herself with memorials and gifts of her varied life, some of which were precious, and all of them had charm and a cachet of distinction, if not in themselves, in the associations they recalled. In her welcome to her guests among these Lares and Penates, whatever were the dimensions of her sitting-room, she was indescribably courteous, *très grande dame*, of a race and generation not yet oblivious of the old order, when society in France was carried to a perfection of careful study and long experience the like of which will not be seen again until centuries of fresh tradition recast it. Mrs. Craven's courtesy was from the heart, and never superficial; those for whom she felt no attraction were greeted kindly and set at their ease, though occasionally the author of 'Le Récit' found her sympathy claimed by strangers not exactly of her

world. She was still much cheered by the religious reaction, which that Christmas had not yet died out. Little more than a year and a half had elapsed since the scare of the Commune.

At the Christmas Mass of midnight in the Madeleine, there was, before eleven o'clock, scarcely standing room within the immense temple, and Communions were innumerable at the altar whence the curé, the saintly Abbé Deguerry, had been torn in 1871. Again was abundantly proved the Athenian readiness of Parisians for good and for evil, and their sympathetic enthusiasm of faith when faith is prevalent, too often defeated by their equal readiness to follow the sophists of the moment. The writer and her friend dined with Mr. and Mrs. Craven that night, and the happy season revived in her every bright and appropriate thought, and not those more selfish regrets and reminiscences that it well might have excited.

Some days later, when Miss O'Connor Morris had left Paris, she received in England the following letter. It describes a work which grew out of the disasters of France, and was but one of the many hopeful tokens of that country's reaction towards sounder doctrines of social revival based on religion. Count Albert de Mun, the second son of Mrs. Craven's beloved sister, Eugénie, had served in the war of 1870. He had belonged to one of the indignant corps shut up in Metz by political intrigue, and he was afterwards prisoner in Germany. He and his friend in captivity, Count de la Tour du Pin, had hardly returned to Paris, when, with Count

Robert de Mun, they resolved to do what in them lay to reconcile the warring interests of labourers and capitalists.

The three men, young, rich, and independent, with every means of honourable and leisurely life in private, might well have thought that they had sufficiently served their country; or, at least, might have given themselves to a Parliamentary career, and to personal loyalty towards their friend, the Comte de Chambord.

But they appreciated their duty differently. They were possessed with the Christian thought of giving their hearts and minds, and in due measure their purses, to 'levelling up' the working men of Europe. Not less than Montalembert, if not according to his phraseology, they were of those who think that only 'on the good in man can the better be built.' They determined to found clubs where men of goodwill, in whatever class, might be welcomed by the title of common respect and Catholic faith. The idea was formulated two days before Christmas, 1871. It was taken up eagerly and with brilliant success, though later on, when the blouses found that revolution or the desire for unearned cakes and ale was combated by the leaders, and that a return to a wiser past in social affairs was recommended rather than novelties, the popularity of the clubs did not increase as at the first, though they still keep alive in every considerable French town the tradition and practice of good work and righteous 'patronage.'

The 'great event' of which Mrs. Craven wrote refers to the death, at Chislehurst, of the Emperor Napoleon.

To Miss O'Connor Morris.

'PARIS,
'*January* 13, 1873.

'I wish you had not been so brave, and had remained on here a few days longer at a really very interesting meeting, which took place at Vaugirard for the inauguration of another *cercle d'ouvriers* in that part of the world. The Archbishop presided, and Albert de Mun made a brilliant speech, which I wish you had heard. I had never myself heard him speak in public before, and I was amazed at his eloquence, moved by his deep conviction, and pleased at his wonderfully beautiful and fluent language. It was certainly most singular to look at this good-looking young man in his dragoon's uniform, holding forth, I assure you, *ni plus ni moins* than if he had been preaching from the pulpit, with the name of our Saviour and that of Catholicism on his lips, without a vestige of respect of persons—indeed, perhaps a little too much in the opposite extreme. I belong to another school, and there is, I think, something in his daring which might have the effect of provoking enmity instead of disarming it. I am not quite sure that the kind old Archbishop in his answer did not give a gentle hint to that effect; nevertheless, it was on the whole most interesting, and to me most satisfactory. There was also something peculiar about it which I wish you had seen. They had all been standing on a platform against a dark-red curtain, which, when all the speeches were over, was withdrawn, and there was an altar lighted up, and the Benediction was given, the large tent in which all this was taking place assuming in a moment the look of a church filled with a certainly most edifying congregation, workmen, soldiers, ladies and gentlemen, looking equally devout.

'The great event which has happened since your return

to England has produced, I think, more sensation here than is admitted. We are in such wretched hands at present, and, in spite of M. le Play's hopefulness, the future is so dark that the immense amount of insult which has been heaped on the Emperor is now remembered with something like compunction.'

XXIII.

MRS. CRAVEN writes in January, 1873:

'All those whom party spirit has not turned mad here are deeply touched at the behaviour of the English to the dying and dead Emperor. We have gone farther, to fare so very much worse, that we have no reason not to be thankful that some homage should be paid to him; and on the whole it has been looked upon by all those I saw as a demonstration very creditable to England. From the French account of the Agricultural strike, I felt all on their side. Yet attending the London meeting seems on the part of our Archbishop (Manning) an odd proceeding. What does he mean by it? and how is it judged? May one be a Radical though not a Liberal? . . . Let me thank you for the enclosed letter, which interested me deeply, as Mr. A. de Vere's letters always do. . . . They do one the same good, morally and spiritually, as climbing a high mountain, and breathing the air at the top of it, does to one's health.'

To Miss O'Connor Morris.

'PARIS,
'*March* 13, 1873.

'I do wish that I could talk to you instead of writing; there is so much to talk about, and so little that it is

possible even to *effleurer* in a letter. I thank you very much indeed for the number of the *Fortnightly;* painful, dreadfully painful, as it is to realize the state of mind of those whose principal organ it is. That article "Are we Christians?" is astounding as a revelation of the state of the atmosphere in which such statements can be made without contradiction, and in itself more astounding still. . . . Is it not enough that a man should say gravely (as if he were talking sense) that "Comte kept up the practice of prayer, although he denied that there was a God and Creator to whom those prayers could be addressed," and that as a homage to humanity he used to make this prayer of his by the side of a woman's dead body! If absurdity does not refute itself by simply being so expressed, I see no hope, as certainly something is amiss with the brain of those bold deniers, and as a punishment for having trifled with *Il ben dell' intelletto* they have lost it! . . .

'Sit down at once and tell me all you think about the Irish Education Bill, which is throwing you into a *crise*. From Lady Georgiana Fullerton I had one view of the case, and that view is yours, probably, as I see that the whole of Catholic and clerical Ireland is banded with rabid "No Popery" Conservatives and infidel Radicals to oppose it, and that the result is the fall of the one Ministry which in our life-time has appeared (to us spectators on this side of the Channel) to have honestly and truly wished well and done good to Ireland! All this requires to be explained to me. We in France (Catholic though it is) have had to accept gratefully such compromises, to put up with such difficulties, and even to run such risks, in order to secure something like a Catholic education, that we cannot understand the *tout ou rien* system which prevails in all religious matters (Catholic) both in Ireland and in England. . . .

'We had Monseigneur Maret at dinner a few days ago, and

most charming, interesting, and edifying he was. I wished every present or possible "Old Catholic" had heard him! It would have taught them what is meant by the words faith, submission, and humility. But I also longed that some of our friends had been present to be reminded of what is meant, on the other hand, by charity and liberty in the right and Catholic sense of the word.'

Writing on April 19, 1873, the shrewd sense and true moderation of Mrs. Craven rebels against the idolatry of ideals which is shown when excellent but fanatic men prefer the logic of their own conclusions, too frequently based on mistaken premises, to the logic of facts. Mrs. Craven could not 'feel at home' among those who support the 'no compromise system.'

'And now I ask, she says, What have we gained by it? The close of the Monarchical Assembly is approaching, how have we used our opportunity? I am looked upon as *très terre à terre*, and as relying on human means, and in fact there is no reasoning at present with anyone. Never in all my life, during which, alas! party spirit has been active enough in France, do I remember anything like what it is at present.

'My nephew, Count Albert de Mun, has lately been speaking very well indeed at a *réunion d'ouvriers*, and it is delightful to me to hear him, and to hear people say around me, "C'est bien là le fils d'Eugénie!" But two days afterwards the poor fellow lost his eldest boy, who died of one of those pernicious sore throats that have been so prevalent in Paris, and have carried off so many children. He

had spoken of resignation with great eloquence on that Sunday, and on the following Tuesday he was called upon to realize the full meaning of the word. This sad reason kept me away from the Académie, where the Duc d'Aumale had kindly kept for me one of the best places in the "centre." I should have enjoyed greatly that séance, and it was really an effort to give it up. It was most interesting, by all accounts, and I thought the speech an excellent one. So did Mme. de Montalembert, the best judge of all. It was also, they say, charmingly delivered, and even the Legitimists present admitted that it had been "digne d'un Prince, d'un Bourbon, et d'un Chrétien." '*

To print all the letters during these years from Mrs. Craven to her friend in England would be almost to supply a political history of the Republic, but that were beyond the limits of this work. The reader may be referred to M. de Falloux's 'Mémoires d'un Royaliste' for an account of the period. Mrs. Craven's ideas largely sympathized with his.

In one letter she wrote: 'Poor dear Castagneto is sold, and I am bound to refrain from grieving at the thoughts of never seeing it again. It is sold very badly too, but it could not be helped; the Neapolitans of this period travel in the summer, and villas are no longer in request. I never wrote anything worth reading except in that gray room. I wonder whether I ever shall anywhere else?'

There could not but be a certain ground-swell

* It was the occasion of the Duc d'Aumale's reception by the French Academy. He succeeded to the chair of the Comte de Montalembert.

throughout the Catholic world after the storms of 1870, and Mrs. Craven was sensitive to the ungenerous tone used by parties outside the Church, and, indeed, by some of its own sons who were still sore from blows taken and received in the great disputes of the Vatican Council. Monseigneur Strossmayer, the Bishop of Bosnia, had been her friend; Montalembert had named him as 'un vrai pasteur des âmes,' and he was a prominent figure of the minority. Efforts had been persistently made to minimize his final submission to the decree of the unconcluded Council which defined Papal Infallibility. False views of his action were prevalent, not only among 'Old Catholics,' but among Anglicans, to whom a flaw in the Catholic armour was welcome. A translation in English of what proved to be a gross forgery was circulated in the press, and appeared in a Kentish paper. The Rev. Joseph Searle, parish priest at Tunbridge Wells, drew the attention of Mrs. Craven's correspondent to the mischief that it was doing. She mentioned the use made of Monseigneur Strossmayer's name to Mrs. Craven, who wrote, with a tinge of impatience that such forgeries should be possible:

To Miss O'Connor Morris.

'PARIS,
'*June* 8, 1873.

'The speech is a complete forgery. It has been denied in the German newspapers by Monseigneur Strossmayer himself, and I hope to get for you the German paper in which the denial was published. The Bishop of Kerry,*

* Dr. Moriarty, one of the most distinguished Irish bishops, who supported the arguments of the minority at the Council.

who was here and dined with us yesterday, had read the supposed speech, and was astonished that anyone could believe it.

'I dined at the English Embassy on Tuesday, and met a number of acquaintances of whose presence in Paris I was ignorant—Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, Lady M. Beaumont, Lady Louisa Mills, Lady Wharncliffe, Mr. ffrench, and many others, not one of them seemingly having got hold of any other view than that of our ingratitude to M. Thiers! I hate his being held cheap now, and turned into ridicule, but if what the Assembly has done is ungrateful, then it is ungrateful to jump out of a carriage that is being driven towards a precipice; it may be dangerous to do so, and very difficult to get another coachman safely on the box, but when the thing is accomplished, when not the smallest illegality has been committed, no harm done to anyone, except to the party of actual destroyers, and when for once French partisans from true patriotism have given up party spirit (that fatal curse of France), it is hard to get no credit for it, and to find it almost impossible to get even a hearing for one's reasons. . . . On the other hand, I don't know England either, if people are right in attributing these opinions to her jealousy of us and fear of our reviving, and wishing us to be a second-rate Power like herself. In the first place, I don't believe that she has this humble opinion of herself, and for my part I don't think she ought to have it. I have lived in Palmerstonian days, when "the strong arm and the vigilant eye of England" were everywhere, and I remember that the result for herself was, to be more hated than feared, and to be to other countries very questionably useful by her interference, so that in that respect I like the present system best. I don't think, either, that envy or mean fear of another's advantage are among England's faults.'

XXIV.

From Mr. Craven to Miss O'Connor Morris.

'PARIS,
'*June* 24, 1873.

'I enclose the article contained in the number of the Cologne *Volkszeitung* of February 16 last, with Bishop Strossmayer's peremptory denial of the absurd speech attributed to him by some ignorant but wicked enemy of the Church, and published as having been pronounced by him within the walls of the Vatican Council. In Germany, where it appears to have originated, the invention was of short duration, and had scarcely appeared (six months ago), when Bishop Strossmayer, in reply to the laconic question of a friend whether or no there was any truth in the story, returned by telegraph the equally laconic answer, "Most decidedly not, nor on any other occasion whatever [*nein und nie*]. The decrees of the Council are published" —thereby on the one hand disclaiming the heretical language placed on his lips, and on the other manifesting and proclaiming his submission to the Vatican decrees, by publishing them in his own diocese.'

The writer of this memoir was honoured by an autograph letter in the same sense from Bishop Strossmayer, and Mrs. Craven writes:

'MONABRI,
'*July* 14, 1873.

'You have indeed succeeded at last, and I wish on all occasions we could obtain such a satisfactory result. . . . And now, don't you think it wonderful, after all we saw and heard and feared at Rome, that the whole Church, the Episcopate without any exception, should now be gathered round the Pope, more strongly united than they ever were before? Don't you feel that this is a case in which there is great pleasure in humbling one's self, and in acknowledging the vanity of one's own little personal opinions? It is such a comfort, after all, to be leaning on something so much greater and stronger than one's self.

'On my way here I stopped a day at Paray-le-Monial, and I don't know when and where I ever spent such another. In old days at Rome, perhaps, on one or two occasions, but nowhere else. . . . My friend here, Princess Léonille Wittgenstein, who is a fervent convert, has an idea of organizing a meeting at Paray-le-Monial of pilgrim-converts of all nations, as a sort of public and general act of thanksgiving and homage of the many who within the last twenty years have joined the Catholic Church. Don't you think it a fine idea? though, of course, it would be misunderstood, as everything is by scoffing on-lookers. Anyhow, it is impossible to over-rate the striking character of what has just taken place in France. When 15,000 people at a time arrive from long distances by crowded trains, and all arrive fasting in order to receive Holy Communion on their arrival, there is, to say the least, something very uncommon in this fact. It proves them, at all events, to be very much in earnest, and puts an end to all idea of its being nothing but *une partie de plaisir*, as some have called these excursions. Indeed, for most of the pilgrims there were hardships and

difficulties of all sorts to put up with. I thought of you a great deal when I was at Paray, and wished you had been there to describe it all.'

To Miss O'Connor Morris.

'La Roche-en-Brény,
'*August* 8, 1873.

'And now in reply to the part of your letter concerning Paray. I think the best thing I can do is to send you my article on the pilgrimage. I felt that my day at Paray had been both delightful and useful, and that it had made me enter more deeply into the real meaning of the devotion to the Sacred Heart; and I believe it is the same with all those great devotions fully sanctioned by the Church (which is not the case with many of those which yet are dear to many Catholics). I believe that we at first take to them like children, simply through obedience and imitation of the example of others, and then, when we get a stronger intellect and more real knowledge, we plunge deeper into the immensity of their meaning. It is so for the devotion to the Blessed Virgin or to the Blessed Sacrament, and it is so also, it appears to me, for this very dear devotion to the Heart which has been so properly called "le foyer de l'amour éternel."'

To Miss O'Connor Morris.

'Lumigny,
'*November* 21, 1873.

'You know how patient I am with English absurdities; but, on the whole, I think the English people have the best notion of what justice and fair play mean (often and often as they fail to act up to that notion). But at this moment they try me beyond all endurance, on all subjects, or, at least, on three principal ones: (1) The *Fusion* and

French politics; (2) the German persecutions of the Church; (3) the pilgrimages.'

Mrs. Craven's letters during the following months relate chiefly to the personal affliction suffered by the writer in the death of her dear friend, Mrs. Burrowes, who died on October 9. In one only is there a flash of Mrs. Craven's indignation at the final failure of the Bourbon *fusion*, and the tone of the English press on it and on other subjects important to her.

From her visits in Switzerland and Burgundy Mrs. Craven returned to a different apartment in the Rue de Miromesnil. It was somewhat larger than that in the Boulevard Malesherbes, and in the same neighbourhood. After her re-establishment in Paris, she devoted herself to writing a new story, which she had promised to the editor of the *Correspondant* for March, 1874. Many cares were again thickening around her, and pressed heavily on her for more than five years after this date. The little capital put together by the sale of private effects waned, and no permanent income was secured.

To Mr. Craven it was especially hard to see his dear and noble wife denying herself in daily trifles, by which her family affections and her ordinary tastes were constantly cramped. Many of us suffer little or nothing when we renounce a visit to a friend or a relation, when we cannot afford to please ourselves by the usual gifts, and where almost necessary hospitality has to be restricted. But to both Mr. and Mrs. Craven such complete abandonment of their social traditions was specially disheartening, nor had he, perhaps, the will and somewhat stern

courage that could have established them in a position absolutely suited to their resources.

In the following May Mrs. Craven so required rest and change (for she had had a return of the aguish attack which was a legacy of her Italian evenings), that she came to England for a few visits. Hampton Court, Wrest Park, the Norman Tower at Windsor, Hampden and Holland House, had the happiness of receiving her. When the writer of this memoir saw her at Holland House she looked harassed and weary. A topic she and her friend had at heart was her very remarkable novel 'Le Mot de l'énigme.' For a true estimate of Mrs. Craven's character, this should be, perhaps, more studied than any of her literary work. It belongs to that epoch of her life when existence was to her more intense, and its circumstances were more real and more closely enfolding her, than even during her hours at Boury, her English experiences, her intellectual and political, or even her theological, phases. The book recalls the free individuality of her Neapolitan life, where there was less of convention and less regard for the pasteboard effects of the daily comedy of society, than in England or in the Faubourg St. Germain. The social sea at Naples was by no means smooth. Passion and whim, tragic emotion and all the situations of drama, abounded in the last years of Bourbon rule. Mrs. Craven was the guiding star to many adrift on the waves, incomparably pure and yet helpful, 'a spirit yet a woman too,' who could give free rein to all her impulses because they were so right. Her keenly sympathetic and artistic nature

was in Italy at its fullest stretch. There is a pulse of her beating heart in her letters to the Duchesse Ravaschieri which is hardly felt elsewhere. Lina lived, Lina died, and the rift made in the surface of Mrs. Craven's life by her loss gives us insight into the earnestness of passion which gleams in 'Le Mot de l'énigme. In the book she had for once slightly lifted the veil always drawn round herself. Many of its strangest circumstances are literal facts. Her other novels are delightful essays in conventional romance founded on wide social experience. 'Le Mot de l'énigme' is written without a purpose, other than that of telling the truth in a circumstance where supernatural influences controlled natural emotions. An altogether higher region is entered with a doubled effect upon the Neapolitan background. It is the region where faith protects morals, rather than where morals patronize faith. It is not perhaps strange that the book missed the crown of the Académie, and puzzled and somewhat startled many of Mrs. Craven's habitual readers.

XXV.

DURING the winter of 1873-74 Mrs. Craven had renewed what had been a slight acquaintance with, perhaps, the most sympathetic of those admirers who, while not Catholic, understand the value of 'Le Récit.'

Few circumstances afforded Mrs. Craven greater pleasure than to find the story of her family appreciated as it deserved. She had braved much in publishing it to a world like that of the Faubourg St. Germain, where the word 'love' had to be used under protest, and always qualified as the love of God, or the love of relations, or the love of humanity. Love considered as the highest of emotions was held in that society to be a highly dangerous explosive. Good mothers belonging to it had even been heard to say they should prefer that their girls should read Paul de Kock rather than that marvellous history of passion as it can be, the altar-flame of sacrifice.

Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff has been good enough to write a note of his early acquaintance with Mrs. Craven, which is subjoined:

Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff to the writer of this Memoir.

'YORK HOUSE, TWICKENHAM,
'MIDDLESEX,
'*January* 19, 1893.

'MY DEAR MRS. BISHOP,

'My interest in Mrs. Craven was first excited by a friend, whose opinion I respected, telling me, early in the sixties, that she was the cleverest woman he had ever met. Soon after this I met Mr. Craven in London, but his wife was not then, I believe, in England. In 1866 I read at the Athenæum an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, by Montégut, called, I think, "Un Amour Chrétien," and found it exceedingly interesting; but I was overwhelmed at the time with work of a kind to absorb all my thoughts, and the whole subject of Mrs. Craven and her book went quite out of my mind, never returning to it till, on June 12, 1872, I met her at breakfast at our friend Lord Emly's. She seemed to me quite charming, and we had a good deal of talk, but I did not again come into relation with her or her circle of ideas and interests till about a year had gone by. At the Whitsuntide of 1873 my wife and I went abroad for the Parliamentary recess with two of the most agreeable companions Europe could furnish—Lubbock and Hooker. We had a delightful little tour among the extinct volcanoes of the Eifel, and some specially pleasant spring botanizing in the Valley of the Aar. It was on my way back from this little interlude to the House of Commons and the India Office that I bought at the railway-station in Brussels the "Récit d'une Sœur."

'You know the rest. You know that, although I belonged and belong to a school of opinion widely different from that to which Mrs. Craven and those whose story she

has told were so devoted, it would be hardly possible for anyone to admire her book more than I do.

'It seems to me that if the Catholic Church could say nothing more for itself than, "At least I produced the 'Récit d'une Sœur,'" it would have proved its right to be considered one of the greatest benefactors of mankind.

'It is close now on twenty years since I first read the "Récit." I have re-read it, in whole and in part, Heaven only knows how often—and the charm is no degree less strong than it was at first.

'Send me any other questions; I shall be delighted to reply, and believe me,

'Affectionately yours,

'M. E. GRANT DUFF.'

Mrs. Craven's first letter to her new friend follows:

To Mr. Grant Duff.

'PARIS,

'*February* 10, 1874.

'What I feel most touched by and most thankful for, in the letter I have just received from you, is your saying that the "Récit d'une Sœur" is not a book. You know, therefore, also that you are not receiving at this moment the thanks of an author. But as you feel also (for no one seems to have sympathized with me so thoroughly) that there must have been on my part a great deal of reluctance and of dread to overcome before I could bring myself to publish a story so dear, so *intime*, so thoroughly my own, you must understand how deeply thankful I am when I find that I did well to overcome that reluctance, and that I was justified in introducing my dear beloved ones to many who never knew them upon earth, and in hoping that the recollection of their lives might be useful and consoling to others beside myself.

'I have to thank you from my heart for giving me this assurance.

'I hope to see you soon, either here or in England, and then I can say to you what I will not now attempt to write.

'Thank you for remembering what yesterday and this day are to me. . . .

'Mr. Craven begs to be most kindly remembered to you. He has never forgotten meeting you at Sir John Simeon's, any more than I have our breakfast at Lord Emly's eighteen months ago.'

In the following letter to Mr. Grant Duff, Mrs. Craven lays one of the corner-stones on which their future unchanging friendship was based. She resolved that he should not misunderstand her in questions of her faith, the ultimate interest to which all others were subordinated.

To Mr. Grant Duff.

'15*a*, GROSVENOR SQUARE,
'LONDON, 1874.

'I have read, and, moreover, understood, the whole of your speech—that is, as much as I ever understand anything that relates to financial matters, but enough to feel that you are arguing in the sense with which I always sympathize; and although I could not take in all you say about the means in discussion, I feel that your aim is good and great, and that you are quite right. But you say that on these matters the *mot de l'énigme* has not been spoken yet. I wish you believed, as I do, that on some other and far greater ones, it has. You tell me that those are regions beyond science; so I say also, only it seems to me that the man of science who ignores these regions deprives his intellect and his soul of their proper food, and is less reasonable than the man who, whilst plunging in the deepest in-

vestigations of science, still knows that they will not reveal to him anything concerning that great inward world which everyone feels (whatever may be said about it) to be more interesting and important to all of us than the whole of the marvellous outward world.

'As to Ginevra, her story is true—at least, that part of it that seems the most incredible. I heard it from the lips of one to whom this great grace (as I call it) was granted. I am absolutely certain of her veracity. I witnessed the durable effects of that one moment's illumination, and I don't think it would have been easy to persuade her that all these results were only produced by "some subtle working of her own brain."'

The next letter is to Miss O'Connor Morris:

'MONABRI,
'*August* 22, 1874.

'No, my dearest friend, I don't suppose that in real life Lorenzo ought to die (is this to be called Irish?—*scusate*); he dies, indeed, in my story simply because Ginevra could not otherwise have refused Gilbert. And besides this, as there is no time to develop the character of Lorenzo under its second aspect, it seemed to me in keeping with the impression already produced (and perhaps the real truth of such a character), that a long spell of uniformity and happiness would be dangerous for him; and if so, it seems to me a rather original and not an improbable trait that he should feel this himself, and see that the safest thing for him was to die. An English friend of mine writes to me that she thinks Gilbert "rather shadowy, whereas Lorenzo is decidedly flesh and blood," which criticism had also, I believe, suggested itself to you; but, on the whole, I rather take it as a compliment, for Gilbert was not intended to monopolize the interest of the reader. The story is not that of his

struggle, but of Ginevra's; and if he only can be felt to be attractive enough to justify her temptation, it makes it not an improbable one. It was enough; I intended no more.

'I am much the better for my stay in this delightful place. The mountains and the blue water recall Neapolitan reminiscences, and I enjoy this spell of repose. . . . The Empress of Germany has been here (in this châlet) on a visit of three days to my friend, and we had some very interesting conversations. I think that no woman in her station ever got less of the credit she really deserves for the noblest qualities of heart and mind. But when *en scène* she is rather affected—looks as if she made "phrases," and is not her real self as I have seen her here. Yesterday we had a visit from M. de Charette, fresh from the Catholic meeting at Geneva.'

To Miss O'Connor Morris.

'PARIS,
'*October* 15, 1874.

'In general, I have no belief in the close union of Catholicism with any political party whatever; and when one thinks of what the Bourbons of Spain in particular were, it seems to me the most arrogant mistake to identify their cause with that of the Church. I, for my part, have no idea, and, indeed, no wish, that the Pope should recover his independence and the necessary power to govern the Catholic world through the interference of any foreign army. The day of his liberty will come assuredly, but I cannot imagine that it will be brought about in that manner, and I don't think it possible to do more injury to Catholicism than by making it one with Carlism. Besides all this, if I must tell you all, I should have admired Don Carlos' determination if, in the distracted state of Spain (at his first appearance in the northern provinces), he had been able to march to Madrid—in other words, if outside these provinces

he had succeeded in winning partisans, and when all Government was upset, established his own. But I confess that, having utterly failed in doing this, this frightful and useless slaughter horrifies and disgusts me, and when I hear of *mitrailleuses* being ordered to exterminate more of his subjects before he can succeed in reaching his (!) throne, I feel that the time is past for that sort of thing, and I don't believe that any French Royalist, for instance, would accept the restoration of Henri V. at such a price! . . . I am, at last, quite myself again, though I had two or three touches of fever even in the pure delightful air of Switzerland. . . . The "Mot de l'énigme" makes its way as far as readers go; it has gone through five editions already. But *le monde des journalistes* seems to have determined to spare me no longer, and to put an end to me if they can. There have been most spiteful articles, not critical, which I could bear to any amount, but personally abusive, àpropos of this book, and one of these writers has really devoted four pages to nothing else but abuse. It is my first trial of that sort. What makes it worse is that those detractors belong to what I must call my own party. It is a symptom of the ill temper everybody is in now. So much hatred pervades the atmosphere that there are no harmless topics; everything gets heated by that cruel fire.'

In a letter to Miss O'Connor Morris, Mrs. Craven wrote:

'LUMIGNY,
'*September* 9, 1874.

'We have had here in this *milieu* (the most French in the world) two visitors of an unusual sort (and very different from one another), in the shape of Lady Herbert of Lea, who caused great admiration here by her beauty and her eloquence, and my friend (or, rather, Alexandrine's friend),

Mr. Grant Duff, who, still continuing to care about the "Récit d'une Sœur" in the same strange way, came here for no other purpose but to visit Eugénie's tomb and the place that was her home. He is on his way to India now. He left me the number of the *Fortnightly Review* of this month, in which there is an article of his, where I find many reminiscences of my books, and some even of my thoughts, that is, of Catholic thought.'

To Mr. Grant Duff.

'PARIS,

'*January* 15, 1875.

'Your letter of November 17 from the Agra Camp reached me yesterday, and if this reply to it reaches you quite as soon as it is now possible, I hope you will feel inclined to forgive me for not having written sooner. I wished to do so, and I meant it, having a great deal to thank you for, but I am not a good manager of time, which all comes from my not getting up early enough, and so losing those precious early hours of the day, during which, according to Mme. Swetchine, "La qualité du temps est la meilleure." But now let me tell you how grateful I was to you for coming to Lumigny, and for your purpose in coming there. I can't tell you how I feel this, nor can I tell you either how often I am puzzled, and wonder at your sympathy for all these dearest remembrances of my life, because I cannot help always seeing and feeling that we are so very wide apart on the very subjects which form to me the real substance and *raison d'être* of the "Récit." All this came to my mind very much again when I read your excellent reply to Cassandra.* How much I had to say, and wished

* An address delivered to the Philosophical Institution at Edinburgh in reply to a work by Mr. W. R. Greg, entitled: 'Rocks Ahead; or, The Warnings of Cassandra' (1874).

to write about it! But now we must put that off till you return in a few months, and I will tell you all I thought about it; how pleased I was at some things, and then grieved at others, especially as I know that no words can express the motive of that grief or remove its cause. That I was immensely flattered at your quotation from the "Mot de l'énigme," and more than flattered at your allusions to the "Récit," I cannot deny, and this leads me to a little digression. You must know that in a book (a great book on subjects of high spirituality, whose author is Rodriguez,* a compatriot of St. Teresa), it is said that the first degree of humility is to receive abuse without emotion; the second and highest, to receive praise with indifference. Well, I find that I have only reached No. 1, as your praise of that one good thing I have done in my life gives me a great deal more pleasure than I have felt pain at the extraordinary abuse that has been poured upon me since the publication of the "Mot de l'énigme," on which occasion one critic has really exhausted the French language in his invectives against me, both literary and personal. I cannot say how much the account of your journey as far as Agra interested me. The Taj, to my shame be it said, I had never read a description of, till your mention of it made me look for one, and now I am expecting yours with impatience. It is so pleasant that some people who know how to look at things should travel for the benefit of those who stay at home. You must feel that you are doing good to others as well as to yourself.

'I should like to fancy the impression produced by Mr. Gladstone's singular onslaught upon us when heard of for the first time under an Indian sky. I cannot help

* Blessed Alfonsus Rodriguez, S.J., born at Valladolid in 1526, died in 1616, the well-known author of the 'Practice of Christian Perfection.'

fancying and hoping that I am not quite mistaken as to your appreciation of the vagary.

'Àpropos of that, I am now writing a few pages, which, if they are not torn up long before you return, you will have to read patiently.'

In January, 1875, the writer of this memoir spent, after her marriage, a fortnight in Paris, during which she frequently saw Mrs. Craven, and one night enjoyed in her and Mr. Craven's company a good representation of 'Les Précieuses Ridicules' at the Comédie Française. As she watched Mrs. Craven's face, it was not difficult to conceive her past successes in comedy. Every point was seized; each detail of the finished acting was appreciated with as hearty approval as if she had never seen it before.

Yet at that time Mr. and Mrs. Craven were living with no certainty of income. The arrangements which finally secured them an annuity in lieu of the Margravine of Anspach's claim were not concluded. The German Emperor and the English Foreign Office supported their contention, but the Bavarian Government still held back.

Meantime, Mrs. Craven's pen was busy. The article published by Mr. Gladstone in the *Contemporary Review* of October, 1874, entitled 'Ritualism and Ritual,' roused the well-known controversy on the loyalty of Catholics to their Queen and country. The article, which caused many protests from Catholics, was followed on November 7 by a pamphlet, in which Mr. Gladstone analyzed the decrees of the Vatican Council and the Syllabus as having

imposed a contradictory allegiance on English citizens. It is interesting to find Mrs. Craven eagerly defending the true sense of the Papal action. Always recognising that it was not for her to discuss any abstruse rights of the Church, she contented herself with a sketch of the effects of Mr. Gladstone's revival of English prejudices. In a brief but admirable account of the part played by Catholics since England separated her ecclesiastical system from that of Rome, Mrs. Craven, quoting several historical documents, efficiently asserts Catholic loyalty in every national crisis.

Her paper appeared in the *Correspondant* for January 25, 1875, on the same day as did Cardinal Newman's letter to the Duke of Norfolk, to be again followed by Mr. Gladstone's 'Vaticanism.' Mrs. Craven—the wish being father to the thought—believed that she saw in Mr. Gladstone's tone some leaning towards Newman's faith, a belief which has, alas! not since been verified.

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,
'*February* 3, 1875.

'This article of mine is liked here by many people and criticised by others. One man said to me that, "though he could only glance at my novels and had not quite got through any of them, he had devoured these pages," and "that I had better stick to that sort of thing." Another found fault with them as being un-French, which puzzled me very much, until it struck me that I ought to have explained in a note (which I thought useless) that loyalty in English does not mean *loyauté*. I had said as much, as I thought, in the text, but it appears that I did not sufficiently

remember Montalembert's advice, which was "to treat one's readers as if they knew nothing, and explain everything to them." (He made me add a note in the "Récit" to say who Mme. la Dauphine, the daughter of Louis XVI., was!) . . . Lord Lyons, with whom we dined yesterday at the Embassy, was rather ungracious about the article, which I had sent him, thinking him fair-minded enough to read it patiently. He said things that really made me imagine those statements were quite new to him, and that he thought them exaggerated. It was pleasant to remember that I was supported in the most important ones by Fox, Hume, and Burke.'

To Mr. Grant Duff.

'PARIS,

'*April* 5, 1875.

'I send you by this day's post the pamphlet I spoke of, and which I very much wish Mr. Gladstone to read. I think he is fair enough to consent to do so, and it is written in such good Italian that he will not, I think, find it a tiresome task. The author of it is an Oratorian, a great friend of mine—a man equal to Newman in learning, talent, moderation, and excellence, and also, like him, a great master of his own language. I always dream of a time when such minds as his and Mr Gladstone's, and the many who are at present at war, simply because they do not understand each other—I dream, I say, of a time when, at all events, misunderstandings will cease. There will always be enough real well-founded animosity and hatred, alas! in the world, even when there is none of it wasted upon those whom it would be possible to like and to approve of, even if one did not agree with them."

XXVI.

THE illness of the Comtesse Charles de la Ferronnays, Mrs. Craven's widowed sister-in-law, who will be remembered by readers of 'Le Récit' as Emma, detained Mrs. Craven in Paris in the following spring, when she was to have come to London. In one of her letters Mrs. Craven amusingly describes an old friend who sympathized, as she thought, too decidedly with Dr. Döllinger, but who would not allow himself to be drawn into discussion, 'so, as they say truly that "pour se quereller il faut être deux," and as he was determined not to "come on," I had to pocket my pugnaciousness, which made me feel false and not myself. I wish I could hope that his reluctance to speak arose from the feeling that he had nothing to say for himself. The 'Mot de l'énigme' has found favour with readers, and more so than any of my books, except "Le Récit."'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'MONABRI,
'*July* 14, 1875.

'I should have answered your first letter before I received your last, had I not been exceedingly busy since I got to

this place, where I have really nothing to do, and all my time to myself. But I had got so incapable of writing, or of doing anything, in Paris, that I quite seriously thought the power of work and thought was gone from me. A few days of perfect silence here, with a lovely view to look at, and the knowledge beforehand that no one would trouble me for three or four hours, have enabled me to resume my attempt to write Natalie Narischkin's life, and I went on with it for a few days without interruption and without allowing myself to do anything else, "pour me refaire la main"; so now I have got your two letters, and I will answer both at the same time; the last, however, I have no doubt Augustus has already answered, as he was sure to know where F. Hecker was. My idea is that he is at Ragatz. But I am very curious to know why Lord Emly was so anxious to see him. The fate of his pamphlet has hitherto been rather singular. I have met with people not at all violent Ultramontanes, who thought it savoured of novelty and liberalism of the wrong sort, whilst the extreme ones of that party (I mean the Ultramontanes) praised it and approved of it in all their papers.'

To Mr. Grant Duff.

'MONABRI,
'*August* 11, 1875.

'I am quite ashamed of myself for not having thanked you yet for the two last numbers of the *Contemporary*. I go on reading your Indian notes with the utmost interest, and bad as I am at realizing the description of any place I have not seen, you have succeeded in making me feel as if I had been to Jummoo, for instance, and to several other places. As to the Taj, no stretch of imagination was needed to follow your description of that, as I have it always before my eyes on that pretty brooch which I never cease to admire.

'Your recollection of the gravestone at Lumigny touched me very much. I wish the sky over it was as blue as it is over that other strange Indian tomb, which (by contrast) recalled it to your mind.* It grieves me more than you can imagine, that everything at Boury is so desolate. Often and often have I had to comfort myself with the thought that, at least, what I could do to honour those dear memories I have done. However, since I have mentioned Boury, I am sure you will be pleased to hear that I am at last going to have a little my own way about it, and the poor little churchyard is going to be restored to something like what it was when Alexandrine used to go and sit there every day; it will soon now, I trust, look very different to what it did when you saw it. . . .

'I am enjoying immensely my quiet stay in this lovely place. We have had few visitors, though one of some importance, since the Empress-Queen spent three days here last week. She is the very great friend of my friend here, and she comes to this châlet once a year. This is the second time I have met her in this way, *en tête à trois*, and I found her again, as I have done before, far above any of the other women in her station in the world that I have ever known anywhere. But, of course, in such times as these, when from one reason or another there is less of justice, perhaps, in these parts of Europe than there ever was before, this opinion would, I suppose, be disputed by many. . . . I am going on with the life of another charming and holy friend of mine, but I am afraid Natalie Narischkin will fail to please you.'

No literary labour could have been more agreeable to Mrs. Craven than her life of the Sister of Charity, Natalie Narischkin. It carried her back to the

* 'Notes of an Indian Journey,' by M. E. Grant Duff, p. 141.

atmosphere of 'Le Récit,' for Natalie had been the friend of Olga de la Ferronnays, and was one of the two sisters whom to the last the dying girl hoped to see, but who arrived at Brussels an hour too late. Both were of the Russian Church, both became Catholic, in spite of those national and political difficulties which are more powerful than any theological reasons for the separation of the two great Christian communities. Natalie had in time perceived that, to use Mrs. Craven's words, 'La vérité connue oblige.' Soon after she entered the great community founded by St. Vincent de Paul, and immediately after her reception she was sent to visit Mme. Albert de la Ferronnays. Two days later Alexandrine died. Her last words to the novice were, 'Happy girl!' It can be imagined how beautiful is Mrs. Craven's treatment of her theme. Already in 'Fleurange' she had written nobly of religious vocation, and probably in no work of hers has she equalled the eloquent enthusiasm for the beauty and good of human life displayed in "Natalie Narischkin." One passage in it describes her own work so well that it may be translated here:

'The suffering of sacrifice can be loved and become a thousand-fold more precious than pleasure. This is to be learned in the study of holy souls of whatever period; and truly such study is more important for those interested in the destiny of our race than the contemplation of the obvious and slightly commonplace results of blind and ungoverned passion in hearts abandoned to it. No doubt it is more difficult to study the sanctity of holy souls, as

it is more difficult to discover precious stones than to pick up wayside pebbles.'

Natalie Narischkin, one of that Narischkin family who refused titles because the mother of Peter the Great sufficiently illustrated their race, was in another way a sympathetic subject for one of Mrs. Craven's biographies. She belonged to that Russian society with which Mrs. Craven had so many ties through her father's embassy at St. Petersburg.

Certainly Mrs. Craven's pen was never more assured in its pleading for the true ends of civilization than in the thirteenth chapter of 'Natalie Narischkin,' where she describes the part played in human advance by the Sisters of Charity. 'Work like theirs,' she remarks, 'cannot but engage the attention of eminent and zealous men concerned in the amelioration of humanity; but it must be confessed that while they speak, reason, compare, and write in eulogy, they give but little practical effect to their theories.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'LA ROCHE-EN-BRÉNY,
'*September* 12, 1875.

'I left Monabri a week ago with much regret. It is a positive mercy that once a year I can have a glimpse at something like beautiful scenery. . . . I am now here, however, in what is also a very pleasant and enjoyable part of the world, and I like what I know of Burgundy better than any other part of France; and it is always delightful to me to be in this place, full as it is of old memories, and with Mme. de Montalembert and her two daughters (Madeleine de Grünne being here at present), whom I love

as if they were my own children. It is a most original place. . . . It bears strongly the stamp of those who have lived in and belonged to it, and the influence of the dear, great friend who made this old house his home is visible everywhere. . . .

'Augustus is coming here to-day with F. Hecker, the latter only, I fear, for twenty-four hours. Augustus has seen a great deal of him lately, and has been more and more interested in him. He certainly has ideas that are unlike those of many in this generation; but his faith and submission are such that, though he sometimes surprises one, one never can feel alarmed about him.'

To Mr. Grant Duff.

'CHÂTEAU DE MENOU,
'*October* 6, 1875.

'You must have thought me both remiss and ungrateful never to have answered your letter of August 23, never once to have written to you during the whole of my stay at La Roche-en-Brény, never to have thanked you for the fifth number of the Indian Notes—never, in short, to have given you *signe d'être* since I left Monabri; and yet not only have I read those notes with the same interest and pleasure as the preceding ones, but both at La Roche and here I have met with people who duly appreciated them, and who hope some day to have the opportunity of talking them over with you. One of these intelligent readers (whom you must know as soon as you can) is the young Comtesse de Grünne, whom you must remember meeting as Madeleine de Montalembert at that same breakfast at Lord Emly's where I had the pleasure of meeting you for the first time. She is the most charming and remarkable Frenchwoman of her generation, but now she has married a Belgian, so it is to Brussels you must go to become (as I hope you will)

thoroughly acquainted with her, and with her husband also, who is a charming young man and worthy of his extraordinary good fortune. If ever you go that way you must let me introduce you to them. As to this place, it is one where you already possess (besides myself) a very great friend, in the person of Bertrand de Blacas, to whom I found that I had no information to give concerning the Indian Notes, as he had taken in the *Contemporary Review* on purpose to read them, and he had been so much interested in them, that his one wish in the world is that you should come here and let him ask you a thousand questions on that and many other subjects. A wish, let me tell you, with which his father and mother so thoroughly sympathize, that I cannot help feeling very sorry that you are not coming over in October instead of November; and then I should have asked you to come and pay us here your promised visit, as it would have given them as much pleasure as myself. I am afraid your other plans won't allow of your doing this, and yet I must say a few more words about it, in case of there being a possibility of your doing what we should all so much like you to do.

'In the first place, I suppose that you know who these relations of mine are? and that such a kind reader of the "Récit" as yourself has not forgotten that my aunt, the Duchesse de Blacas (my cousin's mother), was my own dear mother's only sister. He is Xavier, the one mentioned by Albert, at Vienna, in 1835, as having then kept "sa jolie mine d'autrefois. . . ."

'His wife and son and daughter are entirely devoted to him, and their whole life is spent in making his home as cheerful and pleasant as, under these circumstances, it possibly can be. You know Bertrand; Beatrix, his sister, is quite as nice and pleasing as himself. Mme. de Blacas was the daughter of the Duc de Rauzan, the granddaughter of

the Duchesse de Duras, who had some literary celebrity forty years ago. There! now you know all about them, and if you could and would come and see them and myself here before the end of this month, the way is to leave Paris for Cosne at eleven o'clock, and at Cosne (where you arrive at about three o'clock) you would find their carriage to bring you here. I leave all this for you to consider, hoping (probably against hope) that something may come of it.

'Have you an idea of who Sir Arthur Hallam Elton is? He lives at a place called Clevedon Court, near Somerset. He has written me a most charming letter about the "Récit," which he has only just read whilst in deep grief for the loss of his wife. I should like to know a little more about him. His letter touched me very much.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'CHÂTEAU DE MENOU,
'*October* 7, 1875.

'I am very sorry that you did not see F. Hecker. . . . I admit that he is eccentric. . . . But, I suppose, what strikes me as strange is simply American. Anyhow, he has plunged very deep and risen very high in spiritual life, and whatever people may think of his political or temporal religious views, there can be but one way of thinking as to his feelings and language on spiritual matters, or as to his love, devotion, and obedience to the Church. I feel quite as you do about sectarian narrowness. . . . I have the strongest possible conviction that though some individuals will be converted by that method, the general feeling of the country—I don't mean of the bad and irreligious who always must hate us, but of the good and pious Protestants—will be more and more set against us, and yet the good and pious among them ought to (and might) belong to us, and our duty, it seems to me, is to think of them, of what will help

them, of what will remove stumbling-blocks out of their way; in short, withdraw the veil that prevents them from seeing the Church as it is, rather than satisfying the devotion of those Catholics who are already safe. But, then, I feel sure that all these exaggerations will come to an end, and the next generation will, I trust, preserve the piety of the converts of our time and lose some of their peculiarities, which certainly have nothing to do with the substance and truth of Catholicism.

'I am now staying at my dear cousins', the Blacas. . . . I am very happy with them, and altogether, though I have lost so much, and in many ways have been rather sorely tried, I cannot bless God enough for the many dear and kind friends He has left me. . . . I am alone here with them, and Beatrix and Bertrand, whom you both know. Augustus left me a few days ago, and is now gone back to Paris. He has written (*selon moi*) an excellent article on the Bonn Conference. Has he written to you about it? I hope he has. I am anxious that he should, if possible, get it published as it is, or as it was when he read it to me at La Roche. I am always afraid of his altering and then writing over again, and at last giving up what he has written, as he has too often done, to the detriment of what might have been to him a useful and satisfactory occupation.'

To Mr. Grant Duff.

'MENOU,
'*October* 14, 1875.

'It seems almost unfair to take advantage of your kind acceptance of our proposal, since you have but one whole day to give us, and I need not tell you that to such stay-at-home people as the French almost all of them are (though they have no word for it), the notion of expecting anyone who has an engagement at the Hague on the 23rd, and at

Berlin on the 28th, to be *au fond du Nivernais* on the 26th, would never have suggested itself.'

Mrs. Craven suggests the best trains, and continues:

'To propose all this, I must remember that I saw you starting for India with a cold that would have kept anyone else in bed. I therefore make no more apology about it, but simply and truly repeat that if you can manage to come it will give us all the greatest pleasure. The Comte Xavier de Blacas (my dear invalid cousin, who is so anxious that you should be his guest) is the brother of the late Duke, who died a few years ago, and whose collection of antiques was bought by Mr. Newton for the British Museum. Their father was the friend of Louis XVIII., and the rather noted representative of ultra-Royalism. His sons have inherited his fidelity, but not his crotchets: one of them is almost always with the Comte de Chambord, the second is a Jesuit. The third is the one under whose roof I am expecting you. What would some of your friends think of your venturing into such a legitimo-clerical atmosphere? But you are a brave man, and I almost venture to say *à revoir*.'

Mr. Grant Duff arrived at Menou on October 25. The château was twenty-nine kilometres from the station of Cosne. He writes of the place: 'The house dates from 1680, but is built in the style of Louis XIII., which lingered long in this remote province. It lies very high, almost on the water parting between the basin of the Loire and the Yonne. The views are extensive but featureless—miles upon miles of scrubby forest with hardly a good tree in it. The population is largely employed in woodcutting, and very rough.'

To Mr. Grant Duff.

'LUMIGNY,
'*November* 10, 1875.

'Not one moment could I spare to thank you for your most interesting letters from Berlin, and for that kind memorial which brought, through you, to the grave of poor Pauline I.,* a recollection of Alexandrine as well as of myself. It is singular and striking indeed, that this event should have happened so as to make this possible. I shall be most anxious to hear all you have got to say about Berlin and those you saw there. I am afraid I shall miss you on your way to Italy ; but on your return it will be a great pleasure to look forward to seeing Mrs. Grant Duff and yourself, I trust, for some few days comfortably in Paris.

'As to my poor deaf and dumb Capriote. If you fall in with Mr. Wreford, the former *Times* correspondent, who, if he is alive, is to be found at Capri in the winter, he will be able to tell you all about her, and will, I dare say, kindly let her know that she is to come and pay you a visit. She lives at Anacapri ; her name is Giovannina Viva. . . . I am now anxious to read your article on Russia, about the progress of which people do talk here a great deal of nonsense.'

The Capriote mentioned—thanks to the charity of Mrs. Craven—was saved from the gutter, and reared

* Pauline I., Mdlle. de Splitgerber, afterwards Mme. Wollf, a friend of Alexandrine de la Ferronnays ; so called because Alexandrine had known her before Mrs. Craven (see 'Récit,' vol. i., p. 68).

In November Mr. Grant Duff wrote in his diary : 'On the morning of the fifth I took to 142 Friedrichstrasse, where Mme. Wollf died, a wreath of myrtle and the most beautiful cross of white flowers that Berlin could produce, explaining in a note that I did so on behalf of Mrs. Craven.

and educated at her expense. She had taken her into her service at Castagneto, and when that home was lost, Mrs. Craven gave her a small annuity, and left her, out of the savings of her last years, 4,000 francs. 'On receiving it,' says the Duchesse Ravaschieri, 'the poor soul wept—wept as though she had lost a mother,' when she understood that her benefactress was dead.

To Mr. Grant Duff.

'LUMIGNY,
'*Monday, November* 15, 1875.

'Here is the letter I promised for my very dear friend the Duchesse Ravaschieri. If (as I hope and trust she will be) she is well again, and able to see you, I know that you will thank me for giving you the opportunity of knowing her. When I think of your being at Naples, that old *quasi patria* of mine, I envy you very much, and I wish I was there also to show you all those places which are constantly before "my mind's eye."

'When you asked me yesterday a question about Jesuit literature, I might have asked you whether you had ever glanced at their *Études Religieuses et Littéraires*, a periodical which used to appear in Paris, and was then certainly as remarkable as any of our French reviews, and more so than most of them. I have not seen any number of it myself lately; it is now published at Lyons, and may be inferior to what it was, but it was certainly worth reading some years ago. Then, as you like biographies, have you read Père de Ravignan's life, by Père de Ponlevoy? A Jesuit's life by a Jesuit! What would all your friends say if they read this? and what would they not suspect me of? However, as I am only answering a question, my mind is at ease,

and I can safely say that you are the author of this Popish plot. But what I am going to recommend you (*de mon chef*) to read, if you have never done so, is the "Journal de Maine de Biran"; that is a curious book, and will interest you, I believe.

'Quite enough about books, which you will have no time to read during your Neapolitan excursion. But if ever you carried about with you the "Récit d'une Sœur," pray have it with you when you climb the hill of the Vomero, or that of Castellamare. In the latter place the little villa (then called Villa Dechenhausen) where Albert and Alexandrine went after their marriage, and where we all lived together (for the last time), stands to the left, after the third winding of the hill (going up to Quisisana). . . . The house where Alexandrine lived with her mother, next door to ours at the end of the Riviera di Chiaja, is now the Palazzo Bagnano, and (*par parenthèse*) should you happen to meet with the Marchesa Bagnano, to whom it belongs, she is a charming person whom I have known all her life. Her *belle mère* was an Englishwoman, a sister of Mr. Higgins (Jacob Omnium).'

XXVII.

In January, 1876, Mrs. Craven suffered the loss of her friend Louisa Hardy,* who had been one of her earliest acquaintances when she first came to England in 1836; and in February the widow of her elder brother died. 'She was so connected with the dear past,' wrote Mrs. Craven, 'that I feel the loss most deeply. She was the only one remaining (except my sister, Mme. de la Panouse, who was too young at the time to remember it so well) who lived with me through those early, happy, brilliant years which seem to me now to belong to another existence.'

In the following letter, which recommends Miss O'Meara's† 'Life of Frederic Ozanam' to the kind

* The daughter of Sir Thomas Hardy, the friend of Nelson and Governor of Greenwich Hospital. He married a daughter of Admiral Sir G. C. Berkeley. Miss Hardy after her father's death lived in Hampton Court Palace, where Mrs. Craven occasionally visited her.

† In 1875 Mrs. Craven formed an acquaintance, which soon ripened into sincere friendship, with Mrs. O'Meara and her daughters Kathleen and Geraldine. They were nearly related to Dr. Barry O'Meara, the physician of Napoleon at St. Helena. His devotion to the fallen Emperor roused the dislike of Sir

offices of Mr. Grant Duff with an English publisher, Mrs. Craven omits what was, and perhaps will still be, M. Ozanam's chief title to honour. He was the principal founder in 1833 of the lay society of St. Vincent de Paul, a society by no means to be confounded with the Sisterhood called by that name. The society is meant to direct the goodwill of the men who are enrolled in it to intelligent and perfectly unsectarian and unpolitical helping of the poor. It has proved a useful effort towards that lay action within the Church by which its bases may be widened, and ecclesiastics may gain the co-operation of men of all classes, in reconciling the traditions of the past with modern inventions, whether in the material or the intellectual order.

Hudson Lowe, who procured his recall from the English Government.

Miss Kathleen O'Meara, who for some years wrote under the pseudonym 'Grace Ramsay,' published much and successfully. Her first story of French life, 'Mabel Stanhope,' at once secured her position as a writer of refined fiction. 'Iza's Story' was an able and touching picture of Polish life. Her life of Dr. Grant, the first Roman Catholic Bishop of Southwark, gained for her a letter from Cardinal Newman, in which he wrote: 'You have a genius for biography.'

Mrs. O'Meara, left a widow early in life, came to France in the first decade of the Second Empire, for the education of her daughters, and afterwards they made Paris their home.

There, after a few days' illness, Mrs. O'Meara died in 1887. Though her daughters met her death with the resignation born of earnest faith, grief told on the physical strength of Kathleen, who succumbed to a severe chill within a year. Among the most effective workers in the cause of good literature, Kathleen O'Meara's loss is severely felt both in England and America.

The society spread rapidly, and has branches in most European cities.

To Mr. Grant Duff.

'PARIS,
'*February* 17, 1876.

'I cannot help thinking that Ozanam's life would interest many people even among Protestants. He belonged to that knot of men who are associated with the best of my recollections of French religious society. They were unlike any of those that had preceded them, still more unlike those that have come since; and although at present their memory is under a sort of cloud among people of a particular party, I feel convinced that it will clear away; and I am deeply convinced also that the peace I dream of will never be brought about by any other means than those they used. By peace, of course, I don't mean the vague confusion of doctrinal indifference; I mean the power and the wish to place the truth which they and I care for in the light that will allow it to be seen as it is, not as it is often made to appear by the violence or awkwardness of some of those who defend it. Ozanam was of the same school as Montalembert, Lacordaire, Abbé Perreyve, Père Gratry, Augustin Cochin. They all loved true and honourable liberty, not its excesses (who does?) . . . . Ozanam, as it happens, was a Republican, not of the Gambetta sort, I need not tell you, but yet a Republican. This gives originality to his life, and an interest which passing events seem to revive. "Grace Ramsay" is a charming writer, and she has had opportunities which few English have of knowing French society. In short, she is my friend, and I am most anxious for her success.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,

'*February* 19, 1876.

'You know, of course, that since the death of my dear Xavier de Blacas I have lost my sister-in-law, Mme. Charles de la Ferronnays, and just before the first of these sad events, and after Louisa Hardy's death, I had attended the death-bed of another relation of mine here. In short, since January 26 I have three times witnessed that most solemn and awful scene. . . . At my age death has quite a different meaning from what it had formerly, and brings with it less of fear, and more of hope and promise. Apropos of this, the Princess Murat (of all people, an American and a Protestant, though I believe about to be a Catholic) lent me the other day a tiny book, a poem called "Near Home at Last," by a clergyman, a ritualist called John Monsell* (a chaplain to the Queen, I think). He is now dead, and wrote this little book for private circulation; it contains most beautiful things on purgatory and death. . . .

Why is there among Catholics in England an objection to M. le Play's book? Probably because it is too favourable to their institutions, which it is the crotchet of some English people to run down. He seems to prove (in a useful way for us) that the political side which we foolishly try to imitate is not the real secret of English prosperity, but just that part of their social system which they, though Protestants, have left as it had been handed down to them from Catholic ages, and which we French, though Catholics, destroyed eighty years ago. I dare say you will not approve of an article of mine which will appear in the *Correspondant*

* The Rev. John Bewley Monsell, LL.D., a cousin of Lord Emly.

on the 25th, I believe. It is about Broadlands as it was in Palmerstonian times and as it is now. It looks as if I had rushed into personalities in an unwarrantable way, does it not? . . . . Yes, dear friend, we do intend to go to England, and I look forward with great joy to the prospect of taking advantage of your kind invitation, and of really spending this year a few quiet days before I go to Holland House, where we are bound to go if we go to England. But at this moment the mere thought of that brilliant and worldly world (even in its quietest moments) is very repugnant to me. I wish I could spend with you a month in complete solitude somewhere! But these are dreams.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'PARIS,
'*March* 30, 1876.

'My only work latterly has been the translation into French of a short pamphlet by F. Hecker. But his name does not appear in the original, nor does mine in the translation. It is to be, and to remain, an anonymous work. You have perhaps read it; it is called "An Exposition of the Church in View of Recent Controversies and Difficulties and the Present Needs of the Age." It has been favourably reviewed in the *Weekly Register*. I feel strongly that some change must take place in the method of English Catholics before we can hope to see any real return to truth (I mean not only individual returns).'

In a letter to Mr. Grant Duff dated April 10, 1876, Mrs. Craven writes of the Kultur-Kampf then raging in Germany with natural indignation, and afterwards expresses her delight at the election of 'Eugénie's son' to the Chamber.

'Albert has had an extraordinary success; friends and foes agreed to praise his first speech; everyone seemed surprised to see in that Assembly a gentleman, and his looks added, I dare say, much to the effect of his eloquence. He has real talent, however, and although in some things we disagree, he is not *en guerre avec la raison humaine* any more than I am. Of course to be at war with human reason is to be bereft of reason.'

On May 4, 1876, Mrs. Craven wrote to Mrs. Bishop:

'I shall bury myself at Lumigny till I get over my task. I say no more at present of what I hope and intend to do next, as I have quite determined now never more to plan, propose, expect or hope for anything (except *dans mon for intérieur*).

'I return this most interesting letter. I envy A. de Vere's uplifted state of mind, and I wish I really could think that it is our merits alone which are producing distrust and repulsion. I cannot believe, however, that truth is ever hated by those who honestly differ from us, but only the aspect which is given to it, and I can't say that I think the present method an attractive one; read, for instance, the speeches made here the other day at the Catholic Congress, and remember those made at Malines in 1865! The falling off in the way of talent, power, I might even say in point of love and charity, seems to me very great. I cannot wonder that no one is converted, and that those only are edified who were pious and good before, and needed no looking after.'

Mr. Grant Duff had asked Mrs. Craven to be sponsor to his second daughter.

To Mr. Grant Duff.

'PARIS,
'*June* 2, 1876.

'You were right in thinking that Protestant baptism, when duly administered, is quite recognised by Catholics, and I need not mention another little religious difficulty that might have come in my way, because that is not the reason that prevents me from acceding to your most kind and gratifying request, but this is it: For many years I have made the resolution never again to be godmother to any child, in consequence of three successive misfortunes which made me feel as if I did not bring good luck to the poor babies to whom I had stood in this relation. From that time to this I have adhered to that rule, and I could not depart from it now without feeling uncomfortable (which you will think superstitious), but also without annoying those (my nephews, for instance) whom I have refused for the same reason, and other friends besides.*

'I am quite grieved at having to put off my journey to England; I long to get away for some little time from this uncomfortable Fatherland of mine. But I really must finish "Natalie," and the notion of doing that in June in London, or even in July at Holland House, was too great a delusion. . . .

* The Crown Princess of Prussia was godmother to Mr. Grant Duff's baby, who was christened Victoria Adelaide Alexandrine. Though Mrs. Craven had not been actually sponsor, she was commemorated in the third name given to the child. In his unpublished diary of that date, Sir M. Grant Duff wrote of his little girl: 'Truly she could not bear the names of any two persons who would better represent all that is best in the Europe that is coming on, and in the Europe that is passing away.'

'Albert's election is invalidated by the *bon plaisir* of our absolute sovereigns, so is Prince de Lucinge's without even a reason given; there was no clerical pressure there; in short: "La raison du plus fort est toujours la meilleure," and there is not much more to be said about it. Yesterday I left off my mourning, and I wore for the first time your beautiful cross at the wedding of young Prince de Ligne (who was married to one of my nieces).'

To Mr. Grant Duff.

'LUMIGNY,
'*July* 6, 1876.

'Although I have not written to you for a long time, I have been lately (indirectly) in frequent communication with you. Mrs. Bishop has communicated to me your "Hyacinthine" impressions, including those of your friend written in pencil during the meeting, all of which has been soothing to my feelings (though it is a subject about which I am still excited), and this morning she sent me the last number of the *Contemporary*, in which I have just read your article on "The Pulse of Europe." Its conclusion will not quite satisfy, I am afraid, the impatient politicians I am likely to meet with here, who think (or talk as if they thought) it the easiest thing in the world to *balayer les Turcs*. As to myself, whether it is that I have good reasons to have a high opinion of your fairness, or that your very peculiar habit of knowing exactly what you are talking about inclines me to think that (except on one subject) you are always in the right, the fact is that I agree with you almost on all occasions, and in this case very readily, as my reflections have led me to see the truth of the question where you see it. *Ce qui n'empêche pas*, I suppose, that Europe may be in a blaze before the end of the summer!

But what am I to say to you about those passages at the beginning of this article which (having fortunately received it here) I was able to communicate at once to those, besides myself, most interested in them? My brother-in-law was so pleased and touched at your mention of his son, and so flattered at the passage concerning his own book,* that he means to write to you himself, and to tell you all about it; and I was touched also, I assure you, by what falls to my share in that most kind mention of us all, but on that subject you have accustomed me to such an amount of indulgence *que je m'attends à tout de votre part.*

'I was amused, however, at your turning old Helvetius to account! As a fact, there is about Albert a great mixture of the two races he comes from; he is by no means of a naturally submissive disposition. His mother's faith and the great moral shock of 1870 have made him what he is, but leave him much of the inquiring and *caustique* spirit of his great-grandfather. If you have time, or can take the trouble, to read the Commission's report on his election, you will not feel so hopeful as you seem to be as to the justice which men of Albert's way of thinking have to expect from their antagonists.'

In the spring of 1876 Mrs. Craven's 'Reminiscences' of her life in England appeared in the *Correspondant*. There were many misprints in the book, and she wrote to Mrs. Bishop that 'fortunately there are few readers of the review in England.' In the same letter she introduced the Dominican Père Chocarne, the friend of Lacordaire, and the author of an admirable life of him, with the words, 'I know that you will like him and appreciate his large

* The Marquis de Mun published a book entitled 'Un Château en Seine et Marne en 1870.' He was Maire of his commune, and stayed at Lumigny throughout the Prussian invasion.

mind, his eloquence and holiness,' and adds: 'I expect we are now going to pass through an ordeal which will put an end to all these miserable quarrels and attacks on the Liberal Catholic party, and will bring to the front again all those poor faithful champions who have been so studiously kept in the background for some time past. The real enemy has now got the upper hand, the time for our fighting with each other is over, and I hope there is an end of what always seemed to me a most cruel civil war.'

The welcome given to M. Loyson (Père Hyacinthe) during that summer by some of her English friends much disturbed Mrs. Craven. Soon after her article on Broadlands appeared he stayed there with Mme. Loyson. 'He ventured to write to me,' indignantly remarks its author, 'to complain of the last page, in which he assumed that I had alluded to him. As a fact, the passage did not refer to him, but to Father Achilli, who became a Protestant when Dr. Newman became a Catholic.'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'MONABRI,
'*August* 28, 1876.

'Your letter finds me here enjoying, as you imagined, "many things physical and spiritual," and among the latter the presence of the Bishop of Orleans, who has passed nearly a week here alone with us (the Princess and myself), and only left us this morning. It was great repose for him after his hard-fought battle in the senate, and the many

ways in which his bodily, mental and moral strength is tried; and for us I need not tell you what a real blessing it has been. It is next to impossible to find him alone, and to converse comfortably with him, either in Paris or at Versailles, so it was quite an unlooked-for treat to meet him in this way. He spoke of you with his usual paternal affection and regard, and hopes that whenever you come to France you will go and see him. He had not received your letter nor the book you speak of. Where did you direct them? If to Orleans, I suppose they got there after he was gone, and although forty letters were sent after him here, I suppose it was only from those who knew where they might overtake him, and those sent to Orleans will only be given to him when he goes back there next week. But what induced Mr. M. Arnold to send him his book?'

To Mrs. Bishop.

'LUMIGNY,
'*October* 24, 1876.

'My book is not out. Didier dawdles to that degree that I am only now correcting the fourteenth chapter (there are twenty), so that I hardly expect to see it really published till the middle of next month. Pray say this to Mr. de Vere, and also thank him for those two little French poems he sent me, one of which I admired extremely. It was the one on Calvary; I did not like the other one as well, but this vivid meditation on the "Via Crucis" touched me very much. Thanks for this most interesting letter of his. You will find a few words concerning Abbé Gerbet's conversation in "Sœur Natalie" which I could apply just as well to Mr. A. de Vere's letters. I laughed at his fling at the Catholic Liberals, but I don't admit that they are the reverse of bigoted Catholics. I feel, for one, that I am

both one and the other (within due limits). But when people, because they are not liberal, think it right to be illiberal, uncharitable, narrow-minded and crotchety, I don't think they are that into which we are all to develop when we have been three minutes in heaven. But I will say no more, and I do not and will not relinquish my hope of seeing you.

'My nephew Albert de Mun is here, and for the first time for ever so long we have spent a whole month together, in a most satisfactory way. He is a dear and attractive creature.'

END OF VOL. I.

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